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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

VI.

ISABEL ARCHER was a young person of many theories; her imagination was remarkably active. It had been her fortune to possess a finer mind than most of the persons among whom her lot was cast; to have a larger perception of surrounding facts, and to care for knowledge that was tinged with the unfamiliar. It is true that among her contemporaries she passed for a young woman of extraordinary profundity; for these excellent people never withheld their admiration from a reach of intellect of which they themselves were not conscious, and spoke of Isabel as a prodigy of learning, a young lady reputed to have read the classic authors—in translations. Her paternal aunt, Mrs. Varian, once spread the rumour that Isabel was writing a book—Mrs. Varian having a reverence for books—and averred that Isabel would distinguish herself in print. Mrs. Varian thought highly of literature, for which she entertained that esteem that is connected with a sense of privation. Her own large house, remarkable for its assortment of mosaic tables and decorated ceilings, was unfurnished with a library, and in the way of printed volumes contained nothing but half a dozen novels in paper, on a shelf in the apartment of one of the

Miss Varians. Practically, Mrs. Varian's acquaintance with literature was confined to the *New York Interviewer*; as she very justly said, after you had read the *Interviewer*, you had no time for anything else. Her tendency, however, was rather to keep the *Interviewer* out of the way of her daughters; she was determined to bring them up seriously, and they read nothing at all. Her impression with regard to Isabel's labours was quite illusory; the girl never attempted to write a book, and had no desire to do so. She had no talent for expression, and had none of the consciousness of genius; she only had a general idea that people were right when they treated her as if she were rather superior. Whether or no she were superior, people were right in admiring her if they thought her so; for it seemed to her often that her mind moved more quickly than theirs, and this encouraged an impatience that might easily be confounded with superiority. It may be affirmed, without delay, that Isabel was probably very liable to the sin of self-esteem; she often surveyed with complacency the field of her own nature; she was in the habit of taking for granted, on scanty evidence, that she was right; impulsively, she often admired herself. Meanwhile her errors and delusions were frequently such as a biographer

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

interested in preserving the dignity of his heroine must shrink from specifying. Her head was full of premature convictions and unproportioned images, which had never been corrected by the judgment of people who seemed to her to speak with authority. Intellectually, morally, she had had her own way, and it had led her into a thousand ridiculous zigzags. Every now and then she found out she was wrong, and then she treated herself to a week of passionate humility. After this she held her head higher than ever again; for it was of no use, she had an unquenchable desire to think well of herself. She had a theory that it was only on this condition that life was worth living; that one should be one of the best, should be conscious of a fine organisation (she could not help knowing her organisation was fine), should move in a realm of light, of natural wisdom, of happy impulse, of inspiration gracefully chronic. It was almost as unnecessary to cultivate doubt of oneself as to cultivate doubt of one's best friend; one should try to be one's own best friend, and to give oneself, in this manner, distinguished company. The girl had a certain nobleness of imagination which rendered her a good many services, and played her a great many tricks. She spent half her time in thinking of beauty, and bravery, and magnanimity; she had a fixed determination to regard the world as a place of brightness, of free expansion, of irresistible action; she thought it would be detestable to be afraid or ashamed. She had an infinite hope that she should never do anything wrong. She had resented so strongly, after discovering them, her mere errors of feeling (the discovery always made her tremble, as if she had escaped from a trap which might have caught her and smothered her), that the chance of inflicting a sensible injury upon another person, presented only as a contingency, caused her at moments to hold her breath. That always seemed to her the worst thing

that could happen to one. On the whole, reflectively, she was in no uncertainty about the things that were wrong. She had no taste for thinking of them, but whenever she looked at them fixedly she recognised them. It was wrong to be mean, to be jealous, to be false, to be cruel; she had seen very little of the evil of the world, but she had seen women who lied and who tried to hurt each other. Seeing such things had quickened her high spirit; it seemed right to scorn them. Of course the danger of a high spirit is the danger of inconsistency—the danger of keeping up the flag after the place has surrendered; a sort of behaviour so anomalous as to be almost a dishonour to the flag. But Isabel, who knew nothing of the forces that life might bring against her, flattered herself that such contradictions would never be observed in her own conduct. Her life should always be in harmony with the most pleasing impression she should produce; she would be what she appeared, and she would appear what she was. Sometimes she went so far as to wish that she should find herself some day in a difficult position, so that she might have the pleasure of being as largely heroic as the occasion demanded. Altogether, with her meagre knowledge, her inflated ideals, her confidence at once innocent and dogmatic, her temper at once exacting and indulgent, her mixture of curiosity and fastidiousness, of vivacity and indifference, her desire to look very well and to be, if possible, even better; her determination to see, to try, to know; her combination of the delicate, desultory, flame-like spirit and the eager and personal young girl, she would be an easy victim of scientific criticism, if she were not intended to awaken on the reader's part an impulse more tender and more purely expectant.

It was one of her theories that Isabel Archer was very fortunate in being independent, and that she ought to make some very enlightened use of

her independence. She never called it loneliness; she thought that weak; and besides, her sister Lily constantly urged her to come and stay with her. She had a friend whose acquaintance she had made shortly before her father's death, who offered so laudable an example of useful activity that Isabel always thought of her as a model. Henrietta Stackpole had the advantage of a remarkable talent; she was thoroughly launched in journalism, and her letters to the *Interviewer*, from Washington, Newport, the White Mountains, and other places, were universally admired. Isabel did not accept them unrestrictedly, but she esteemed the courage, energy, and good-humour of her friend, who, without parents and without property, had adopted three of the children of an infirm and widowed sister, and was paying their school-bills out of the proceeds of her literary labour. Henrietta was a great radical, and had clear-cut views on most subjects; her cherished desire had long been to come to Europe and write a series of letters to the *Interviewer*, from the radical point of view—an enterprise the less difficult as she knew perfectly in advance what her opinions would be, and to how many objections most European institutions lay open. When she heard that Isabel was coming, she wished to start at once; thinking, naturally, that it would be delightful that they should travel together. She had been obliged, however, to postpone this enterprise. She thought Isabel a glorious creature, and had spoken of her, covertly, in some of her letters, though she never mentioned the fact to her friend, who would not have taken pleasure in it, and was not a regular reader of the *Interviewer*. Henrietta, for Isabel, was chiefly a proof that a woman might suffice to herself and be happy. Her resources were of the obvious kind; but even if one had not the journalistic talent and a genius for guessing, as Henrietta said, what the public was going to want, one was not

therefore to conclude that one had no vocation, no beneficent aptitude of any sort, and resign oneself to being trivial and superficial. Isabel was resolutely determined not to be superficial. If one should wait expectantly and trustfully, one would find some happy work to his hand. Of course, among her theories, this young lady was not without a collection of opinions on the question of marriage. The first on the list was a conviction that it was very vulgar to think too much about it. From lapsing into a state of eagerness on this point, she earnestly prayed that she might be delivered; she held that a woman ought to be able to make up her life in singleness, and that it was perfectly possible to be happy without the society of a more or less coarse-minded person of another sex. The girl's prayer was very sufficiently answered; something pure and proud that there was in her—something cold and stiff, an unappreciated suitor with a taste for analysis might have called it—had hitherto kept her from any great vanity of conjecture on the subject of possible husbands. Few of the men she saw seemed worth an expenditure of imagination, and it made her smile to think that one of them should present himself as an incentive to hope and a reward of patience. Deep in her soul—it was the deepest thing there—lay a belief that if a certain impulse should be stirred, she could give herself completely; but this image, on the whole, was too formidable to be attractive. Isabel's thoughts hovered about it, but they seldom rested on it long; after a little it ended by frightening her. It often seemed to her that she thought too much about herself; you could have made her blush, any day in the year, by telling her that she was selfish. She was always planning out her own development, desiring her own perfection, observing her own progress. Her nature had for her own imagination a certain garden-like quality, a suggestion of perfume and murmuring boughs, of shady bowers and length-

ening vistas, which made her feel that introspection was after all an exercise in the open air, and that a visit to the recesses of one's mind was harmless when one returned from it with a lapful of roses. But she was often reminded that there were other gardens in the world than those of her virginal soul, and that there were moreover a great many places that were not gardens at all—only dusky, pestiferous tracts, planted thick with ugliness and misery. In the current of that easy eagerness on which she had lately been floating, which had conveyed her to this beautiful old England and might carry her much further still, she often checked herself with the thought of the thousands of people who were less happy than herself—a thought which for the moment made her absorbing happiness appear to her a kind of immodesty. What should one do with the misery of the world in a scheme of the agreeable for oneself? It must be confessed that this question never held her long. She was too young, too impatient to live, too unacquainted with pain. She always returned to her theory that a young woman whom, after all, every one thought clever should begin by getting a general impression of life. This was necessary to prevent mistakes, and after it should be secured, she might make the unfortunate condition of others an object of special attention.

England was a revelation to her, and she found herself as entertained as a child at a pantomime. In her infantine excursions to Europe she had seen only the Continent, and seen it from the nursery window; Paris, not London, was her father's Mecca. The impressions of that time, moreover, had become faint and remote, and the old-world quality in everything that she now saw had all the charm of strangeness. Her uncle's house seemed a picture made real; no refinement of the agreeable was lost upon Isabel; the rich perfection of Gardencourt appealed to her as a spectacle, and

gratified her as a sensation. The large, low rooms, with brown ceilings and dusky corners, the deep embrasures and curious casements, the quiet light on dark, polished panels, the deep greenness outside, that seemed always peeping in, the sense of well-ordered privacy, in the centre of a "property"—a place where sounds were felicitously accidental, where the tread was muffled by the earth itself, and in the thick mild air all shrillness dropped out of conversation—these things were much to the taste of our young lady, whose taste played a considerable part in her emotions. She formed a fast friendship with her uncle, and often sat by his chair when he had had it moved out to the lawn. He passed hours in the open air, sitting placidly with folded hands, like a good old man who had done his work and received his wages, and was trying to grow used to weeks and months made up only of off-days. Isabel amused him more than she suspected—the effect she produced upon people was often different from what she supposed—and he frequently gave himself the pleasure of making her chatter. It was by this term that he qualified her conversation, which had much of the vivacity observable in that of the young ladies of her country, to whom the ear of the world is more directly presented than to their sisters in other lands. Like the majority of American girls, Isabel had been encouraged to express herself; her remarks had been attended to; she had been expected to have emotions and opinions. Many of her opinions had doubtless but a slender value, many of her emotions passed away in the utterance; but they had left a trace in giving her the habit of seeming at least to feel and think, and in imparting moreover to her words, when she was really moved, that maidenly eloquence which so many people had regarded as a sign of superiority. Mr. Touchett used to think that she reminded him of his wife when his wife was in her teens. It was because she was fresh and

natural and quick to understand, to speak—so many characteristics of her niece—that he had fallen in love with Mrs. Touchett. He never expressed this analogy to the girl herself, however; for if Mrs. Touchett had once been like Isabel, Isabel was not at all like Mrs. Touchett. The old man was full of kindness for her; it was a long time, as he said, since they had had any young life in the house; and our rustling, quickly-moving, clear-voiced heroine was as agreeable to his sense as the sound of flowing water. He wished to do something for her, he wished she would ask something of him. But Isabel asked nothing but questions; it is true that of these she asked a great many. Her uncle had a great fund of answers, though interrogation sometimes came in forms that puzzled him. She questioned him immensely about England, about the British constitution, the English character, the state of politics, the manners and customs of the royal family, the peculiarities of the aristocracy, the way of living and thinking of his neighbours; and in asking to be enlightened on these points she usually inquired whether they correspond with the descriptions in all the books. The old man always looked at her a little, with his fine dry smile, while he smoothed down the shawl that was spread across his legs.

"The books?" he once said; "well, I don't know much about the books. You must ask Ralph about that. I have always ascertained for myself—got my information in the natural form. I never asked many questions even; I just kept quiet and took notice. Of course, I have had very good opportunities—better than what a young lady would naturally have. I am of an inquisitive disposition, though you mightn't think it if you were to watch me; however much you might watch me, I should be watching you more. I have been watching these people for upwards of thirty-five years, and I don't hesitate to say that I have acquired considerable information. It's

a very fine country on the whole—finer perhaps than what we give it credit for on the other side. There are several improvements that I should like to see introduced; but the necessity of them doesn't seem to be generally felt as yet. When the necessity of a thing is generally felt, they usually manage to accomplish it; but they seem to feel pretty comfortable about waiting till then. I certainly feel more at home among them than I expected to when I first came over; I suppose it's because I have had a considerable degree of success. When you are successful, you naturally feel more at home."

"Do you suppose that if I am successful I shall feel at home?" Isabel asked.

"I should think it very probable, and you certainly will be successful. They like American young ladies very much over here; they show them a great deal of kindness. But you mustn't feel too much at home, you know."

"Oh, I am by no means sure I shall like it," said Isabel, somewhat judiciously. "I like the place very much, but I am not sure I shall like the people."

"The people are very good people; especially if you like them."

"I have no doubt they are good," Isabel rejoined; "but are they pleasant in society? They won't rob me nor beat me; but will they make themselves agreeable to me? That's what I like people to do. I don't hesitate to say so, because I always appreciate it. I don't believe they are very nice to girls; they are not nice to them in the novels."

"I don't know about the novels," said Mr. Touchett. "I believe the novels have a great deal of ability, but I don't suppose they are very accurate. We once had a lady who wrote novels staying here; she was a friend of Ralph's and he asked her down. She was very positive, very positive; but she was not the sort of person that you could depend on her

testimony. Too much imagination—I suppose, that was it. She afterwards published a work of fiction in which she was understood to have given a representation—something in the nature of a caricature, as you might say—of my unworthy self. I didn't read it, but Ralph just handed me the book, with the principal passages marked. It was understood to be a description of my conversation; American peculiarities, nasal twang, Yankee notions, stars and stripes. Well, it was not at all accurate; she couldn't have listened very attentively. I had no objection to her giving a report of my conversation, if she liked; but I didn't like the idea that she hadn't taken the trouble to listen to it. Of course I talk like an American—I can't talk like a Hottentot. However I talk, I have made them understand me pretty well over here. But I don't talk like the old gentleman in that lady's novel. He wasn't an American; we wouldn't have him over there! I just mention that fact to show you that they are not always accurate. Of course, as I have no daughters, and as Mrs. Touchett resides in Florence, I haven't had much chance to notice about the young ladies. It sometimes appears as if the young women in the lower class were not very well treated; but I guess their position is better in the upper class."

"Dear me!" Isabel exclaimed; "how many classes have they? About fifty, I suppose."

"Well, I don't know that I ever counted them. I never took much notice of the classes. That's the advantage of being an American here; you don't belong to any class."

"I hope so," said Isabel. "Imagine one's belonging to an English class!"

"Well, I guess some of them are pretty comfortable—especially towards the top. But for me there are only two classes: the people I trust, and the people I don't. Of those two, my dear Isabel, you belong to the first."

"I am much obliged to you," said the young girl, quickly. Her way of

taking compliments seemed sometimes rather dry; she got rid of them as rapidly as possible. But as regards this, she was sometimes misjudged; she was thought insensible to them, whereas in fact she was simply unwilling to show how infinitely they pleased her. To show that was to show too much. "I am sure the English are very conventional," she added.

"They have got everything pretty well fixed," Mr. Touchett admitted. "It's all settled beforehand—they don't leave it to the last moment."

"I don't like to have everything settled beforehand," said the girl. "I like more unexpectedness."

Her uncle seemed amused at her distinctness of preference. "Well, it's settled beforehand that you will have great success," he rejoined. "I suppose you will like that."

"I shall not have success if they are conventional. I am not in the least conventional. I am just the contrary. That's what they won't like."

"No, no, you are all wrong," said the old man. "You can't tell what they will like. They are very inconsistent; that's their principal interest."

"Ah well," said Isabel, standing before her uncle with her hands clasped about the belt of her black dress, and looking up and down the lawn—"that will suit me perfectly!"

VII.

THE two amused themselves, time and again, with talking of the attitude of the British public, as if the young lady had been in a position to appeal to it; but in fact the British public remained for the present profoundly indifferent to Miss Isabel Archer, whose fortune had dropped her, as her cousin said, into the dullest house in England. Her gouty uncle received very little company, and Mrs. Touchett, not having cultivated relations with her husband's neighbours, was not warranted in expecting visits from

them. She had, however, a peculiar taste; she liked to receive cards. For what is usually called social intercourse she had very little relish; but nothing pleased her more than to find her hall-table whitened with oblong morsels of symbolic pasteboard. She flattered herself that she was a very just woman and had mastered the sovereign truth that nothing in this world is got for nothing. She had played no social part as mistress of Gardencourt, and it was not to be supposed that, in the surrounding country, a minute account should be kept of her comings and goings. But it is by no means certain that she did not feel it to be wrong that so little notice was taken of them, and that her failure (really very gratuitous) to make herself important in the neighbourhood had not much to do with the acrimony of her allusions to her husband's adopted country. Isabel presently found herself in the singular situation of defending the British constitution against her aunt; Mrs. Touchett having formed the habit of sticking pins into this venerable instrument. Isabel always felt an impulse to remove the pins; not that she imagined they inflicted any damage on the tough old parchment, but because it seemed to her that her aunt might make better use of her sharpness. She was very critical herself—it was incidental to her age, her sex, and her nationality; but she was very sentimental as well, and there was something in Mrs. Touchett's dryness that set her own moral fountains flowing.

"Now what is your point of view?" she asked of her aunt. "When you criticise everything here, you should have a point of view. Yours doesn't seem to be American—you thought everything over there so disagreeable. When I criticise, I have mine;—it's thoroughly American!"

"My dear young lady," said Mrs. Touchett, "there are as many points of view in the world as there are people of sense. You may say that doesn't make them very numerous!

American? Never in the world; that's shockingly narrow. My point of view, thank God, is personal!"

Isabel thought this a better answer than she admitted; it was a tolerable description of her own manner of judging, and it would not have sounded well for her to say it; on the lips of a person less advanced in life, and less enlightened by experience than Mrs. Touchett, such a declaration would savour of immodesty, even of arrogance. She risked it nevertheless, in talking with Ralph, with whom she talked a great deal, and with whom her conversation was of a sort that gave a large licence to violent statements. Her cousin used, as the phrase is, to chaff her; he very soon established with her a reputation for treating everything as a joke, and he was not a man to neglect the privileges such a reputation conferred. She accused him of an odious want of seriousness, of laughing at all things, beginning with herself. Such slender faculty of reverence as he possessed centred wholly upon his father; for the rest, he exercised his wit indiscriminately upon himself, his weak lungs, his useless life, his anomalous mother, his friends (Lord Warburton in especial), his adopted and his native country, his charming new-found cousin. "I keep a band of music in my ante-room," he said once to her. "It has orders to play without stopping; it renders me two excellent services. It keeps the sounds of the world from reaching the private apartments, and it makes the world think that dancing is going on within." It was dance-music indeed that you usually heard when you came within ear-shot of Ralph's band; the liveliest waltzes seemed to float upon the air. Isabel often found herself irritated by this barrier of sound; she would have liked to pass through the ante-room, as her cousin called it, and enter the private apartments. It mattered little that he had assured her that they were a very dismal place; she would have been glad to undertake to sweep them

and set them in order. It was but half-hospitality to let her remain outside; to punish him for which, Isabel administered innumerable taps with the ferrule of her straight young wit. It must be said that her wit was exercised to a large extent in self-defence, for her cousin amused himself with calling her "Columbia," and accusing her of a patriotism so fervid that it scorched. He drew a caricature of her, in which she was represented as a very pretty young woman, dressed, in the height of the prevailing fashion, in the folds of the national banner. Isabel's chief dread in life, at this period of her development, was that she should appear narrow-minded; what she feared next afterwards was that she should be so. But she nevertheless made no scruple of abounding in her cousin's sense, and pretending to sigh for the charms of her native land. She would be as American as it pleased him to regard her, and if he chose to laugh at her, she would give him plenty of occupation. She defended England against his mother, but when Ralph sang its praises, on purpose, as she said, to torment her, she found herself able to differ from him on a variety of points. In reality the quality of this small ripe country seemed as sweet to her as the taste of an October pear; and her satisfaction was at the root of the good spirits which enabled her to take her cousin's chaff and return it in kind. If her good-humour flagged at moments, it was not because she thought herself ill-used, but because she suddenly felt sorry for Ralph. It seemed to her that he was talking as a blind, and had little heart in what he said.

"I don't know what is the matter with you," she said to him once, "but I suspect you are a great humbug."

"That's your privilege," Ralph answered, who had not been used to being so crudely addressed.

"I don't know what you care for; I don't think you care for anything. You don't really care for England

when you praise it; you don't care for America even when you pretend to abuse it."

"I care for nothing but you, dear cousin," said Ralph.

"If I could believe even that, I should be very glad."

"Ah, well, I should hope so!" the young man exclaimed.

Isabel might have believed it, and not have been far from the truth. He thought a great deal about her; she was constantly present to his mind. At a time when his thoughts had been a good deal of a burden to him, her sudden arrival, which had promised nothing and was an open-handed gift of fate, had refreshed and quickened them, given them wings and something to fly for. Poor Ralph for many weeks had been steeped in melancholy; his out-look, habitually sombre, lay under the shadow of a deeper cloud. He had grown anxious about his father, whose gout, hitherto confined to his legs, had begun to ascend into regions more perilous. The old man had been gravely ill in the spring, and the doctors had whispered to Ralph that another attack would be less easy to deal with. Just now he appeared tolerably comfortable, but Ralph could not rid himself of a suspicion that this was a subterfuge of the enemy, who was waiting to take him off his guard. If this manœuvre should succeed, there would be little hope of any great resistance. Ralph had always taken for granted that his father would survive him—that his own name would be the first called. The father and son had been close companions, and the idea of being left alone with the remnant of an alienated life on his hands was not gratifying to the young man, who had always and tacitly counted upon his elder's help in making the best of a poor business. At the prospect of losing his great motive, Ralph was indeed mightily disgusted. If they might die at the same time, it would be all very well; but without the encouragement of his father's society,

he should barely have patience to await his own turn. He had not the incentive of feeling that he was absolutely indispensable to his mother; it was a rule with his mother to have no regrets. He bethought himself, of course, that it had been a small kindness to his father to wish that, of the two, the active, rather than the passive, party should know the pain of loss; he remembered that the old man had always treated his own forecast of an uncompleted career as a clever fallacy, which he should be delighted to discredit, so far as he might, by dying first. But of the two triumphs, that of refuting a sophistical son and that of holding on a while longer to a state of being which, with all abatements, he enjoyed, Ralph deemed it no sin to hope that the latter might be vouchsafed to Mr. Touchett.

These were nice questions, but Isabel's arrival put a stop to his puzzling over them. It even suggested that there might be a compensation for the intolerable *ennui* of surviving his genial sire. He wondered whether he were falling in love with this spontaneous young woman from Albany; but he decided that on the whole he was not. After he had known her for a week, he quite made up his mind to this, and every day he felt a little more sure. Lord Warburton had been right about her; she was a thoroughly interesting woman. Ralph wondered how Lord Warburton had found it out so soon; and then he said it was only another proof of his friend's high abilities, which he had always greatly admired. If his cousin were to be nothing more than an entertainment to him, Ralph was conscious that she was an entertainment of a high order. "A character like that," he said to himself, "is the finest thing in nature. It is finer than the finest work of art—than a Greek bas-relief, than a great Titian, than a Gothic cathedral. It is very pleasant to be so well-treated where one least looked for it.

I had never been more blue, more bored, than for a week before she came; I had never expected less that something agreeable would happen. Suddenly I receive a Titian, by the post, to hang on my wall—a Greek bas-relief to stick over my chimney-piece. The key of a beautiful edifice is thrust into my hand, and I am told to walk in and admire. My poor boy, you have been sadly ungrateful, and now you had better keep very quiet, and never grumble again." The sentiment of these reflections was very just; but it was not exactly true that Ralph Touchett had had a key put into his hand. His cousin was a very brilliant girl, who would take, as he said, a good deal of knowing; but she needed the knowing, and his attitude with regard to her, though it was contemplative and critical, was not judicial. He surveyed the edifice from the outside, and admired it greatly; he looked in at the windows, and received an impression of proportions equally fair. But he felt that he saw it only by glimpses, and that he had not yet stood under the roof;—the door was fastened, and though he had keys in his pocket, he had a conviction that none of them would fit. She was intelligent and generous; it was a fine free nature; but what was she going to do with herself? This question was irregular, for with most women one had no occasion to ask it. Most women did with themselves nothing at all; they waited, in attitudes more or less gracefully, passive for a man to come along and furnish them with a destiny. Isabel's originality was that she gave one an impression of having intuitions of her own. "Whenever she executes them," said Ralph, "may I be there to see!"

It devolved upon him of course to do the honours of the place. Mr. Touchett was confined to his chair, and his wife's position was that of a rather grim visitor; so that in the line of conduct that opened itself to Ralph, duty and inclination were

harmoniously mingled. He was not a great walker, but he strolled about the grounds with his cousin—a pastime for which the weather remained favourable with a persistency not allowed for in Isabel's somewhat lugubrious prevision of the climate; and in the long afternoons, of which the length was but the measure of her gratified eagerness, they took a boat on the river, the dear little river, as Isabel called it, when the opposite shore seemed still a part of the foreground of the landscape; or drove over the country in a phaeton—a low, capacious, thick-wheeled phaeton, formerly much used by Mr. Touchett, but which he had now ceased to enjoy. Isabel enjoyed it largely, and, handling the reins in a manner which approved itself to the groom as “knowing,” was never weary of driving her uncle's capital horses through winding lanes and byways full of the rural incidents she had confidently expected to find, past cottages thatched and timbered, past ale-houses latticed and sanded, past patches of ancient common and glimpses of empty parks, between hedgerows made thick by midsummer. When they reached home, they usually found that tea had been served upon the lawn, and that Mrs. Touchett had not absolved herself from the obligation of handing her husband his cup. But the two for the most part sat silent; the old man with his head back and his eyes closed, his wife occupied with her knitting, and wearing that appearance of extraordinary meditation with which some ladies contemplate the movement of their needles.

One day, however, a visitor had arrived. The two young people, after spending an hour upon the river, strolled back to the house and perceived Lord Warburton sitting under the trees and engaged in conversation, of which even at a distance the desultory character was appreciable, with Mrs. Touchett. He had driven over from his own place with a portmanteau, and had asked, as the father

and son had often invited him to do, for a dinner and a lodging. Isabel, seeing him for half an hour on the day of her arrival, had discovered in this brief space that she liked him; he had made indeed a tolerably vivid impression on her mind, and she had thought of him several times. She had hoped that she should see him again—hoped too that she should see a few others. Gardencourt was not dull; the place itself was so delightful, her uncle was such a perfection of an uncle, and Ralph was so unlike any cousin she had ever encountered—her view of cousins being rather monotonous. Then her impressions were still so fresh and so quickly renewed that there was as yet hardly a sense of vacancy in the prospect. But Isabel had need to remind herself that she was interested in human nature and that her foremost hope in coming abroad had been that she should see a great many people. When Ralph said to her, as he had done several times—“I wonder you find this enduring; you ought to see some of the neighbours and some of our friends—because we have really got a few, though you would never suppose it”—when he offered to invite what he called a “lot of people,” and make the young girl acquainted with English society, she encouraged the hospitable impulse and promised, in advance, to be delighted. Little, however, for the present, had come of Ralph's offers, and it may be confided to the reader that, if the young man delayed to carry them out, it was because he found the labour of entertaining his cousin by no means so severe as to require extraneous help. Isabel had spoken to him very often about “specimens”; it was a word that played a considerable part in her vocabulary; she had given him to understand that she wished to see as many specimens as possible, and specimens of everything.

“Well now, there's a specimen,” he said to her, as they walked up

from the river-side, and he recognised Lord Warburton.

"A specimen of what?" asked the girl.

"A specimen of an English gentleman."

"Do you mean they are all like him?"

"Oh no; they are not all like him."

"He's a favourable specimen, then," said Isabel; "because I am sure he is good."

"Yes, he is very good. And he is very fortunate."

The fortunate Lord Warburton exchanged a handshake with our heroine, and hoped she was very well. "But I needn't ask that," he said, "since you have been handling the oars."

"I have been rowing a little," Isabel answered; "but how should you know it?"

"Oh, I know *he* doesn't row; he's too lazy," said his lordship, indicating Ralph Touchett, with a laugh.

"He has a good excuse for his laziness," Isabel rejoined, lowering her voice a little.

"Ah, he has a good excuse for everything!" cried Lord Warburton, still with his deep, agreeable laugh.

"My excuse for not rowing is that my cousin rows so well," said Ralph. "She does everything well. She touches nothing that she doesn't adorn!"

"It makes one want to be touched, Miss Archer," Lord Warburton declared.

"Be touched in the right sense, and you will never look the worse for it," said Isabel, who, if it pleased her to hear it said that her accomplishments were numerous, was happily able to reflect that such complacency was not the indication of a feeble mind, inasmuch as there were several things in which she excelled. Her desire to think well of herself always needed to be supported by proof; though it is possible that this fact is not the sign of a milder egotism.

Lord Warburton not only spent the night at Gardencourt but he was persuaded to remain over the second day; and when the second day was ended, he determined to postpone his departure till the morrow. During this period he addressed much of his conversation to Isabel, who accepted this evidence of his esteem with a very good grace. She found herself liking him extremely; the first impression he had made upon her was pleasant, but at the end of an evening spent in his society she thought him quite one of the most laudable persons she had met. She retired to rest with a sense of good fortune, with a quickened consciousness of the pleasantness of life. "It's very nice to know two such charming people as those," she said, meaning by "those" her cousin and her cousin's friend. It must be added, moreover, that an incident had occurred which might have seemed to put her good humour to the test. Mr. Touchett went to bed at half-past nine o'clock, but his wife remained in the drawing-room with the other members of the party. She prolonged her vigil for something less than an hour, and then rising, she said to Isabel that it was time they should bid the gentlemen good-night. Isabel had as yet no desire to go to bed; the occasion wore, to her sense, a festive character, and feasts were not in the habit of terminating so early. So, without further thought, she replied, very simply—

"Need I go, dear aunt? I will come up in half an hour."

"It's impossible I should wait for you," Mrs. Touchett answered.

"Ah, you needn't wait! Ralph will light my candle," said Isabel, smiling.

"I will light your candle; do let me light your candle, Miss Archer!" Lord Warburton exclaimed. "Only I beg it shall not be before midnight!"

Mrs. Touchett fixed her bright little eyes upon him for a moment, and then transferred them to her niece.

"You can't stay alone with the gentlemen. You are not—you are not at Albany, my dear!"

Isabel rose, blushing.

"I wish I were!" she said.

"Oh, I say, mother!" Ralph broke out.

"My dear Mrs. Touchett!" Lord Warburton murmured.

"I didn't make your country, my lord," Mrs. Touchett said majestically.

"I must take it as I find it!"

"Can't I stay with my own cousin?" Isabel inquired.

"I am not aware that Lord Warburton is your cousin!"

"Perhaps I had better go to bed," the nobleman exclaimed. "That will arrange it."

Mrs. Touchett gave a little look of despair, and sat down again.

"Oh, if it's necessary, I will stay up till midnight," she said.

Ralph meanwhile handed Isabel her candlestick. He had been watching her; it had seemed to him that her temper was stirred—an accident that might be interesting. But if he had expected an exhibition of temper, he was disappointed, for the girl simply laughed a little, nodded good-night, and withdrew, accompanied by her aunt. For himself he was annoyed at his mother, though he thought she was right. Above stairs, the two ladies separated at Mrs. Touchett's door. Isabel had said nothing on her way up.

"Of course you are displeased at my interfering with you," said Mrs. Touchett.

Isabel reflected a moment.

"I am not displeased, but I am surprised—and a good deal puzzled. Was it not proper I should remain in the drawing-room?"

"Not in the least. Young girls here don't sit alone with the gentlemen late at night."

"You were very right to tell me then," said Isabel. "I don't understand it, but I am very glad to know it."

"I shall always tell you," her aunt

answered, "whenever I see you taking what seems to be too much liberty."

"Pray do; but I don't say I shall always think your remonstrance just."

"Very likely not. You are too fond of your liberty."

"Yes, I think I am very fond of it. But I always want to know the things one shouldn't do."

"So as to do them?" asked her aunt.

"So as to choose," said Isabel.

VIII.

As she was much interested in the picturesque, Lord Warburton ventured to express a hope that she would come some day and see his house, which was a very curious old place. He extracted from Mrs. Touchett a promise that she would bring her niece to Lockleigh, and Ralph signified his willingness to attend upon the ladies if his father should be able to spare him. Lord Warburton assured our heroine that in the meantime his sisters would come and see her. She knew something about his sisters, having interrogated him, during the hours they spent together while he was at Gardencourt, on many points connected with his family. When Isabel was interested, she asked a great many questions, and as her companion was a copious talker, she asked him on this occasion by no means in vain. He told her that he had four sisters and two brothers, and had lost both his parents. The brothers and sisters were very good people—"not particularly clever, you know," he said, "but simple and respectable and trustworthy," and he was so good as to hope that Miss Archer should know them well. One of the brothers was in the Church, settled in the parsonage at Lockleigh, which was rather a largeish parish, and was an excellent fellow in spite of his thinking differently from himself on every conceivable topic. And then Lord Warburton mentioned some of the opinions held by his

brother, which were opinions that Isabel had often heard expressed and that she supposed to be entertained by a considerable portion of the human family. Many of them, indeed, she supposed she had held herself, till he assured her that she was quite mistaken, that it was really impossible, that she had doubtless imagined she entertained them, but that she might depend that, if she thought them over a little, she would find they were awful rubbish. When she answered that she had already thought several of them over very attentively, he declared that she was only another example of what he had often been struck with—the fact that, of all the people in the world, the Americans were most plagued in misty superstitions. They were rank Tories and inquisitors, every one of them; there were no conservatives like American conservatives. Her uncle there and her cousin were both proof; nothing could be more mediæval than many of their views; they had ideas that people in England nowadays were ashamed to confess to; and they had the impudence, moreover, said his lordship, laughing, to pretend they know more about the needs and dangers of this poor, dear, stupid old England than he who was born in it, and owned a considerable part of it—the more shame to him! From all of which Isabel gathered that Lord Warburton was a nobleman of the newest pattern, a reformer, a radical, a contemner of ancient ways. His other brother, who who was in the army in India, was rather wild and pig-headed, and had not been of much use as yet but to make debts for Warburton to pay—one of the most precious privileges of an elder brother. “I don’t think I will pay any more,” said Warburton; “he lives a monstrous deal better than I do, enjoys unheard-of luxuries, and thinks himself a much finer gentleman than I. As I am a consistent radical, I go in only for equality; I don’t go in for the superiority of the younger brothers.” Two of his four sisters, the

second and fourth, were married, one of them having done very well, as they said, the other only so-so. The husband of the elder, Lord Haycock, was a very good fellow, but unfortunately a horrid Tory; and his wife, like all good English wives, was worse than her husband. The other had espoused a smallish squire in Norfolk, and, though she was married only the other day, had already five children. This information and much more Lord Warburton imparted to his young American listener, taking pains to make many things clear, and to lay bare to her apprehension the peculiarities of English life. Isabel was often amused at his explicitness and at the small allowance he seemed to make either for her own experience or for her imagination. “He thinks I am a barbarian,” she said, “and that I have never seen forks and spoons;” and she used to ask him artless questions for the pleasure of hearing him answer seriously. Then, when he had fallen into the trap—“It’s a pity you can’t see me in my war-paint and feathers,” she remarked; “if I had known how kind you are to the poor savages, I would have brought over my national costume!” Lord Warburton had travelled through the United States, and knew much more about them than Isabel; he was so good as to say that America was the most charming country in the world, but his recollections of it appeared to encourage the idea that Americans in England would need to have a great many things explained to them. “If I had only had you to explain things to me in America!” he said. “I was rather puzzled in your country; in fact I was quite bewildered, and the trouble was that the explanations only puzzled me more. You know I think they often gave me the wrong ones on purpose; they are rather clever about that over there. But when I explain, you can trust me; about what I tell you there is no mistake.” There was no mistake at least about his being very intelligent and cultivated, and

knowing almost everything in the world. Although he said the most interesting and entertaining things, Isabel perceived that he never said them to exhibit himself, and though he had a great good fortune, he was as far as possible from making a merit of it. He had enjoyed the best things of life, but they had not spoiled his sense of proportion. His composition was a mixture of good-humoured manly force and a modesty that at times was almost boyish; the sweet and wholesome savour of which—it was as agreeable as something tasted—lost nothing from the addition of a tone of kindness which was not boyish, inasmuch as there was a good deal of reflection and of conscience in it.

"I like your specimen English gentleman very much," Isabel said to Ralph, after Lord Warburton had gone.

"I like him too—I love him well," said Ralph. "But I pity him more."

Isabel stared.

"Why, that seems to me his only fault—that one couldn't pity him a little. He appears to have everything, to know everything, to be everything!"

"Oh, he's in a bad way," Ralph insisted.

"I suppose you don't mean in health?"

"No, as to that, he is detestably robust. What I mean is that he is a man with a great position, who is playing all sorts of tricks with it. He doesn't take himself seriously."

"Does he regard himself as a joke?"

"Much worse; he regards himself as an imposition—as an abuse."

"Well, perhaps he is," said Isabel.

"Perhaps he is—though on the whole I don't think so. But in that case, what is more pitiable than a sentient, self-conscious abuse, planted by other hands, deeply rooted, but aching with a sense of its injustice? For me, I could take Lord Warburton very seriously; he occupies a position that appeals to my imagination. Great

responsibilities, great opportunities, great consideration, great wealth, great power, a natural share in the public affairs of a great country. But he is all in a muddle about himself, his position, his power, and everything else. He is the victim of a critical age; he has ceased to believe in himself, and he doesn't know what to believe in. When I attempt to tell him (because if I were he, I know very well what I should believe in), he calls me an old-fashioned and narrow-minded person. I believe he seriously thinks me an awful Philistine; he says I don't understand my time. I understand it certainly better than he, who can neither abolish himself as a nuisance nor maintain himself as an institution."

"He doesn't look very wretched," Isabel observed.

"Possibly not; though, being a man of imagination, I think he often has uncomfortable hours. But what is it to say of a man of his opportunities that he is not miserable? Besides, I believe he is."

"I don't," said Isabel.

"Well," her cousin rejoined, "if he is not, he ought to be!"

In the afternoon she spent an hour with her uncle on the lawn, where the old man sat, as usual, with his shawl over his legs and his large cup of diluted tea in his hands. In the course of conversation he asked her what she thought of their late visitor.

"I think he is charming," Isabel answered.

"He's a fine fellow," said Mr. Touchett, "but I don't recommend you to fall in love with him."

"I shall not do it then; I shall never fall in love but on your recommendation. Moreover," Isabel added, "my cousin gives me a rather sad account of Lord Warburton."

"Oh, indeed? I don't know what there may be to say, but you must remember that Ralph is rather fanciful."

"He thinks Lord Warburton is too radical—or not radical enough! I

don't quite understand which," said Isabel.

The old man shook his head slowly, smiled, and put down his cup.

"I don't know which, either. He goes very far, but it is quite possible he doesn't go far enough. He seems to want to do away with a good many things, but he seems to want to remain himself. I suppose that is natural; but it is rather inconsistent."

"Oh, I hope he will remain himself," said Isabel. "If he were to be done away with, his friends would miss him sadly."

"Well," said the old man, "I guess he'll stay and amuse his friends. I should certainly miss him very much here at Gardencourt. He always amuses me when he comes over, and I think he amuses himself as well. There is a considerable number like him, round in society; they are very fashionable just now. I don't know what they are trying to do—whether they are trying to get up a revolution; I hope at any rate they will put it off till after I am gone. You see they want to disestablish everything; but I'm a pretty big landowner here, and I don't want to be disestablished. I wouldn't have come over if I had thought they were going to behave like that," Mr. Touchett went on, with expanding hilarity. "I came over because I thought England was a safe country. I call it a regular fraud, if they are going to introduce any considerable changes; there'll be a large number disappointed in that case."

"Oh, I do hope they will make a revolution!" Isabel exclaimed. "I should delight in seeing a revolution!"

"Let me see," said her uncle, with a humorous intention; "I forget whether you are a liberal or a conservative. I have heard you take such opposite views."

"I am both. I think I am a little of everything. In a revolution—after it was well begun—I think I should be a conservative. One sympathises

more with them, and they have a chance to behave so picturesquely."

"I don't know that I understand what you mean by behaving picturesquely, but it seems to me that you do that always, my dear."

"Oh, you lovely man, if I could believe that!" the girl interrupted.

"I am afraid, after all, you won't have the pleasure of seeing a revolution here just now," Mr. Touchett went on. "If you want to see one, you must pay us a long visit. You see, when you come to the point, it wouldn't suit them to be taken at their word."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Well, I mean Lord Warburton and his friends—the radicals of the upper class. Of course I only know the way it strikes me. They talk about changes, but I don't think they quite realise. You and I, you know, we know what it is to have lived under democratic institutions; I always thought them very comfortable, but I was used to them from the first. But then, I ain't a lord; you're a lady, my dear, but I ain't a lord. Now, over here, I don't think it quite comes home to them. It's a matter of every day and every hour, and I don't think many of them would find it as pleasant as what they've got. Of course if they want to try, it's their own business; but I expect they won't try very hard!"

"Don't you think they are sincere?" Isabel asked.

"Well, they are very conscientious," Mr. Touchett allowed; "but it seems as if they took it out in theories, mostly. Their radical views are a kind of amusement; they have got to have some amusement, and they might have coarser tastes than that. You see they are very luxurious, and these progressive ideas are about their biggest luxury. They make them feel moral, and yet they don't affect their position. They think a great deal of their position; don't let one of them ever persuade you he doesn't, for if you were to proceed on that basis, you would

find that you had made a great mistake."

Isabel followed her uncle's argument, which he unfolded with his mild, reflective, optimistic accent, most attentively, and though she was unacquainted with the British aristocracy, she found it in harmony with her general impressions of human nature. But she felt moved to put in a protest on Lord Warburton's behalf.

"I don't believe Lord Warburton's a humbug," she said; "I don't care what the others are. I should like to see Lord Warburton put to the test."

"Heaven deliver me from my friends!" Mr. Touchett answered. "Lord Warburton is a very amiable young man—a very fine young man. He has a hundred thousand a year. He owns fifty thousand acres of the soil of this little island. He has half a dozen houses to live in. He has a seat in Parliament as I have one at my own dinner-table. He has very cultivated tastes—cares for literature, for art, for science, for charming young ladies. The most cultivated is his taste for the new views. It affords him a great deal of entertainment—more perhaps than anything else, except the young ladies. His old house over there—what does he call it, Lockleigh?—is very attractive; but I don't think it is as pleasant as this. That doesn't matter, however—he has got so many others. His views don't hurt any one, as far as I can see; they certainly don't hurt himself. And if there were to be a revolution, he would come off very easily; they wouldn't touch him, they would leave him as he is; he is too much liked."

"Ah, he couldn't be a martyr even if he wished!" Isabel exclaimed. "That's a very poor position!"

"He will never be a martyr unless you make him one," said the old man.

Isabel shook her head; there might have been something laughable in the fact that she did it with a touch of sadness.

"I shall never make a martyr!"

"You will never be one, I hope."

"I hope not. But you don't pity Lord Warburton, then, as Ralph does?"

Her uncle looked at her a while, with genial acuteness.

"Yes, I do, after all."

IX.

THE two Misses Molyneux, this nobleman's sisters, came presently to call upon her, and Isabel took a fancy to the young ladies, who appeared to her to have a very original stamp. It is true that, when she spoke of them to her cousin as original, he declared that no epithet could be less applicable than this to the two Misses Molyneux, for that there were fifty thousand young women in England who exactly resembled them. Deprived of this advantage, however, Isabel's visitors retained that of an extreme sweetness and shyness of demeanour, and of having, as she thought, the kindest eyes in the world.

"They are not morbid, at any rate, whatever they are," our heroine said to herself; and she deemed this a great charm, for two or three of the friends of her girlhood had been regrettably open to the charge (they would have been so nice without it), to say nothing of Isabel's having occasionally suspected that it might become a fault of her own. The Misses Molyneux were not in their first youth, but they had bright, fresh complexions, and something of the smile of childhood. Their eyes, which Isabel admired so much, were quiet and contented, and their figures, of a generous roundness, were encased in sealskin jackets. Their friendliness was great, so great that they were almost embarrassed to show it; they seemed somewhat afraid of the young lady from the other side of the world, and rather looked than spoke their good wishes. But they made it clear to her that they hoped she would come to lunch at Lockleigh, where they lived with their

brother, and then they might see her very, very often. They wondered whether she wouldn't come over some day and sleep; they were expecting some people on the twenty-ninth, and perhaps she would come while the people were there.

"I'm afraid it isn't any one very remarkable," said the elder sister; "but I daresay you will take us as you find us."

"I shall find you delightful; I think you are enchanting just as you are," replied Isabel, who was often very liberal in her expression of esteem.

Her visitors blushed, and her cousin told her, after they were gone, that, if she said such things to those poor girls, they would think she was quizzing them; he was sure it was the first time they had been called enchanting.

"I can't help it," Isabel answered. "I think it's lovely to be so quiet, and reasonable, and satisfied. I should like to be like that."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Ralph, with ardour.

"I mean to try and imitate them," said Isabel. "I want very much to see them at home."

She had this pleasure a few days later, when, with Ralph and his mother, she drove over to Lockleigh. She found the Misses Molyneux sitting in a vast drawing-room (she perceived afterwards it was one of several), in a wilderness of faded chintz; they were dressed on this occasion in black velvet. Isabel liked them even better at home than she had done at Gardencourt, and was more than ever struck with the fact that they were not morbid. It had seemed to her before that, if they had a fault, it was a want of vivacity; but she presently saw that they were capable of deep emotion. Before lunch she was alone with them, for some time, on one side of the room, while Lord Warburton, at a distance, talked to Mrs. Touchett.

"Is it true that your brother is

such a great radical?" Isabel asked. She knew it was true, but we have seen that her interest in human nature was keen, and she had a desire to draw the Misses Molyneux out.

"Oh dear, yes; he's immensely advanced," said Mildred, the younger sister.

"At the same time, Warburton is very reasonable," Miss Molyneux observed.

Isabel watched him a moment, at the other side of the room; he was evidently trying hard to make himself agreeable to Mrs. Touchett. Ralph was playing with one of the dogs before the fire which the temperature of an English August, in the ancient, spacious room, had not made an impertinence. "Do you suppose your brother is sincere?" Isabel inquired with a smile.

"Oh, he must be, you know!" Mildred exclaimed, quickly; while the elder sister gazed at our heroine in silence.

"Do you think he would stand the test?"

"The test?"

"I mean, for instance, having to give up all this!"

"Having to give up Lockleigh?" said Miss Molyneux, finding her voice.

"Yes, and the other places; what are they called?"

The two sisters exchanged an almost frightened glance. "Do you mean—do you mean on account of the expense?" the younger one asked.

"I daresay he might let one or two of his houses," said the other.

"Let them for nothing?" Isabel inquired.

"I can't fancy his giving up his property!" said Miss Molyneux.

"Ah, I am afraid he is an impostor!" Isabel exclaimed. "Don't you think it's a false position?"

Her companions, evidently, were rapidly getting bewildered. "My brother's position?" Miss Molyneux inquired.

"It's thought a very good position,"

said the younger sister. "It's the first position in the county."

"I am afraid you think me very irreverent," Isabel took occasion to observe. "I suppose you revere your brother, and are rather afraid of him."

"Of course one looks up to one's brother," said Miss Molyneux, simply.

"If you do that, he must be very good—because you, evidently, are very good."

"He is most kind. It will never be known, the good he does."

"His ability is known," Mildred added; "every one thinks it's immense."

"Oh, I can see that," said Isabel. "But if I were he, I should wish to be a conservative. I should wish to keep everything."

"I think one ought to be liberal," Mildred argued, gently. "We have always been so, even from the earliest times."

"Ah well," said Isabel, "you have made a great success of it; I don't wonder you like it. I see you are very fond of crewels."

When Lord Warburton showed her the house, after lunch, it seemed to her a matter of course that it should be a noble picture. Within, it had been a good deal modernised—some of its best points had lost their purity; but as they saw it from the gardens, a stout, grey pile, of the softest, deepest, most weather-fretted hue, rising from a broad, still moat, it seemed to Isabel a castle in a fairy tale. The day was cool and rather lustreless; the first note of autumn had been struck; and the watery sunshine rested on the walls in blurred and desultory gleams, washing them, as it were, in places tenderly chosen, where the ache of antiquity was keenest. Her host's brother, the Vicar, had come to lunch, and Isabel had had five minutes' talk with him—time enough to institute a search for theological characteristics and give it up as vain. The characteristics of the

Vicar of Lockleigh were a big, athletic figure, a candid, natural countenance, a capacious appetite, and a tendency to abundant laughter. Isabel learned afterwards from her cousin that, before taking orders, he had been a mighty wrestler, and that he was still, on occasion—in the privacy of the family circle as it were—quite capable of flooring his man. Isabel liked him—she was in the mood for liking everything; but her imagination was a good deal taxed to think of him as a source of spiritual aid. The whole party, on leaving lunch, went to walk in the grounds; but Lord Warburton exercised some ingenuity in engaging his youngest visitor in a stroll somewhat apart from the others.

"I wish you to see the place properly, seriously," he said. "You can't do so if your attention is distracted by irrelevant gossip." His own conversation (though he told Isabel a good deal about the house, which had a very curious history) was not purely archæological; he reverted at intervals to matters more personal—matters personal to the young lady as well as to himself. But at last, after a pause of some duration, returning for a moment to their ostensible theme, "Ah, well," he said, "I am very glad indeed you like the old house. I wish you could see more of it—that you could stay here a while. My sisters have taken an immense fancy to you—if that would be any inducement."

"There is no want of inducements," Isabel answered; "but I am afraid I can't make engagements. I am quite in my aunt's hands."

"Ah, excuse me if I say I don't exactly believe that. I am pretty sure you can do whatever you want."

"I am sorry if I make that impression on you; I don't think it's a nice impression to make."

"It has the merit of permitting me to hope." And Lord Warburton paused a moment.

"To hope what?"

"That in future I may see you often."

"Ah," said Isabel, "to enjoy that pleasure, I needn't be so terribly emancipated!"

"Doubtless not; and yet at the same time I don't think your uncle likes me."

"You are very much mistaken. I have heard him speak very highly of you."

"I am glad you have talked about me," said Lord Warburton. "But, all the same, I don't think he would like me to keep coming to Gardencourt."

"I can't answer for my uncle's tastes," the girl rejoined, "though I ought, as far as possible, to take them into account. But, for myself, I shall be very glad to see you."

"Now that's what I like to hear you say! I am charmed when you say that."

"You are easily charmed, my lord," said Isabel.

"No, I am not easily charmed!" And then he stopped a moment. "But you have charmed me, Miss Archer," he added.

These words were uttered with an indefinable sound which startled the girl; it struck her as the prelude to something grave; she had heard the sound before and she recognised it. She had no wish, however, that for the moment such a prelude should have a sequel, and she said, as gaily as possible and as quickly as an appreciable degree of agitation would allow her, "I am afraid there is no prospect of my being able to come here again."

"Never?" said Lord Warburton.

"I won't say 'never'; I should feel very melodramatic."

"May I come and see you then some day next week?"

"Most assuredly. What is there to prevent it?"

"Nothing tangible. But with you I never feel safe. I have a sort of sense that you are always judging people."

"You don't of necessity lose by that."

"It is very kind of you to say so; but even if I gain, stern justice is not what I most love. Is Mrs. Touchett going to take you abroad?"

"I hope so."

"Is England not good enough for you?"

"That's a very Machiavellian speech; it doesn't deserve an answer. I want very much to see foreign lands as well."

"Then you will go on judging, I suppose."

"Enjoying, I hope, too."

"Yes, that's what you enjoy most; I can't make out what you are up to," said Lord Warburton. "You strike me as having mysterious purposes—vast designs!"

"You are so good as to have a theory about me which I don't at all fill out. Is there anything mysterious in a purpose entertained and executed every year, in the most public manner, by fifty thousand of my fellow-countrymen—the purpose of improving one's mind by foreign travel?"

"You can't improve your mind, Miss Archer," her companion declared. "It's already a most formidable instrument. It looks down on us all; it despises us."

"Despises you? You are making fun of me," said Isabel, seriously.

"Well, you think us picturesque—that's the same thing. I won't be thought picturesque, to begin with; I am not so in the least. I protest."

"That protest is one of the most picturesque things I have ever heard," Isabel answered, with a smile.

Lord Warburton was silent a moment. "You judge only from the outside—you don't care!" he said presently. "You only care to amuse yourself!" The note she had heard in his voice a moment before reappeared, and mixed with it now was an audible strain of bitterness—a bitterness so abrupt and inconsequent that the girl felt a painful alarm.

She had often heard that the English were a highly eccentric people; and she had even read in some ingenious author that they were, at bottom, the most romantic of races. Was Lord Warburton suddenly turning romantic—was he going to make a scene, in his own house, only the third time they had met? She was reassured, quickly enough, by her sense of his great good manners, which was not impaired by the fact that he had already touched the furthest limit of good taste in expressing his admiration of a young lady who had confided in his hospitality. She was right in trusting to his good manners, for he presently went on, laughing a little, and without a trace of the accent that had discomposed her—"I don't mean, of course, that you amuse yourself with trifles. You select great materials; the foibles, the afflictions of human nature, the peculiarities of nations!"

"As regards that," said Isabel, "I should find in my own nation entertainment for a lifetime. But we have a long drive, and my aunt will soon wish to start." She turned back toward the others, and Lord Warburton walked beside her in silence. But before they reached the others—"I shall come and see you next week," he said.

She had received an appreciable shock, but as it died away, she felt that she could not pretend to herself that it was altogether a painful one. Nevertheless, she made answer to this declaration, coldly enough, "Just as you please." And her coldness was not coquetry—a quality which she possessed in a much smaller degree than would have seemed probable to many critics; it came from a certain fear.

X.

THE day after her visit to Lockleigh she received a note from her friend, Miss Stackpole—a note of which the

envelope, exhibiting in conjunction the postmark of Liverpool and the neat calligraphy of the quick-fingered Henrietta, caused her some liveliness of emotion. "Here I am, my lovely friend," Miss Stackpole wrote; "I managed to get off at last. I decided only the night before I left New York—the *Interviewer* having come round to my figure. I put a few things into a bag, like a veteran journalist, and came down to the steamer in a street-car. Where are you, and where can we meet? I suppose you are visiting at some castle or other, and have already acquired the correct accent. Perhaps, even, you have married a lord; I almost hope you have, for I want some introductions to the first people, and shall count on you for a few. The *Interviewer* wants some light on the nobility. My first impressions (of the people at large) are not rose-coloured; but I wish to talk them over with you, and you know that whatever I am, at least I am not superficial. I have also something very particular to tell you. Do appoint a meeting as quickly as you can; come to London (I should like so much to visit the sights with you), or else let me come to you, *wherever you are*. I will do so with pleasure; for you know everything interests me, and I wish to see as much as possible of the inner life."

Isabel did not show this letter to her uncle; but she acquainted him with its purport, and, as she expected, he begged her instantly to assure Miss Stackpole, in his name, that he should be delighted to receive her at Gardencourt. "Though she is a literary lady," he said, "I suppose that, being an American, she won't reproduce me, as that other one did. She has seen others like me."

"She has seen no other so delightful!" Isabel answered; but she was not altogether at ease about Henrietta's reproductive instincts, which belonged to that side of her friend's character which she viewed with least

complacency. She wrote to Miss Stackpole, however, that she would be very welcome under Mr. Touchett's roof; and this enterprising young woman lost no time in signifying her intention of arriving. She had gone up to London, and it was from the metropolis that she took the train for the station nearest to Gardencourt, where Isabel and Ralph were in waiting to receive the visitor.

"Shall I love her, or shall I hate her?" asked Ralph, while they stood on the platform, before the advent of the train.

"Which ever you do will matter very little to her," said Isabel. "She doesn't care a straw what men think of her."

"As a man I am bound to dislike her, then. She must be a kind of monster. Is she very ugly?"

"No, she is decidedly pretty."

"A female interviewer—a reporter in petticoats? I am very curious to see her," Ralph declared.

"It is very easy to laugh at her, but it is not easy to be as brave as she."

"I should think not; interviewing requires bravery. Do you suppose she will interview me?"

"Never in the world. She will not think you of enough importance."

"You will see," said Ralph. "She will send a description of us all, including Bunchie, to her newspaper."

"I shall ask her not to," Isabel answered.

"You think she is capable of it, then."

"Perfectly."

"And yet you have made her your bosom friend!"

"I have not made her my bosom friend; but I like her, in spite of her faults."

"Ah, well," said Ralph, "I am afraid I shall dislike her, in spite of her merits."

"You will probably fall in love with her at the end of three days."

"And have my love-letters pub-

lished in the *Interviewer*? Never!" cried the young man.

The train presently arrived, and Miss Stackpole, promptly descending, proved to be, as Isabel had said, decidedly pretty. She was a fair, plump person, of medium stature, with a round face, a small mouth, a delicate complexion, a bunch of light brown ringlets at the back of her head, and a peculiarly open, surprised-looking eye. The most striking point in her appearance was the remarkable fixedness of this organ, which rested without impudence or defiance, but as if in conscientious exercise of a natural right, upon every object it happened to encounter. It rested in this manner upon Ralph himself, who was somewhat disconcerted by Miss Stackpole's gracious and comfortable aspect, which seemed to indicate that it would not be so easy as he had assumed to disapprove of her. She was very well dressed, in fresh, dove-coloured draperies, and Ralph saw at a glance that she was scrupulously, fastidiously neat. From top to toe she carried not an ink-stain. She spoke in a clear, high voice—a voice not rich, but loud, though after she had taken her place, with her companions, in Mr. Touchett's carriage, she struck him, rather to his surprise, as not an abundant talker. She answered the inquiries made of her by Isabel, however, and in which the young man ventured to join, with a great deal of precision and distinctness; and later, in the library at Gardencourt, when she had made the acquaintance of Mr. Touchett (his wife not having thought it necessary to appear), did more to give the measure of her conversational powers.

"Well, I should like to know whether you consider yourselves American or English," she said. "If once I knew, I could talk to you accordingly."

"Talk to us anyhow, and we shall be thankful," Ralph answered, liberally.

She fixed her eyes upon him, and there was something in their character that reminded him of large, polished buttons; he seemed to see the reflection of surrounding objects upon the pupil. The expression of a button is not usually deemed human, but there was something in Miss Stackpole's gaze that made him, as he was a very modest man, feel vaguely embarrassed and uncomfortable. This sensation, it must be added, after he had spent a day or two in her company, sensibly diminished, though it never wholly disappeared. "I don't suppose that you are going to undertake to persuade me that *you* are an American," she said.

"To please you, I will be an Englishman, I will be a Turk!"

"Well, if you can change about that way, you are very welcome," Miss Stackpole rejoined.

"I am sure you understand everything, and that differences of nationality are no barrier to you," Ralph went on.

Miss Stackpole gazed at him still. "Do you mean the foreign languages?"

"The languages are nothing. I mean the spirit—the genius."

"I am not sure that I understand *you*," said the correspondent of the *Interviewer*; "but I expect I shall before I leave."

"He is what is called a cosmopolitan," Isabel suggested.

"That means he's a little of everything and not much of any! I must say I think patriotism is like charity—it begins at home."

"Ah, but where does home begin, Miss Stackpole?" Ralph inquired.

"I don't know where it begins, but I know where it ends. It ended a long time before I got here."

"Don't you like it over here?" asked Mr. Touchett, with his mild, wise, aged, innocent voice.

"Well, sir, I haven't quite made up my mind what ground I shall take. I feel a good deal cramped.

I felt it on the journey from Liverpool to London."

"Perhaps you were in a crowded carriage," Ralph suggested.

"Yes, but it was crowded with friends—a party of Americans whose acquaintance I had made upon the steamer; a most lovely group, from Little Rock, Arkansas. In spite of that I felt cramped—I felt something pressing upon me; I couldn't tell what it was. I felt at the very commencement as if I were not going to sympathise with the atmosphere. But I suppose I shall make my own atmosphere. Your surroundings seem very attractive."

"Ah, we too are a lovely group!" said Ralph. "Wait a little and you will see."

Miss Stackpole showed every disposition to wait, and evidently was prepared to make a considerable stay at Gardencourt. She occupied herself in the mornings with literary labour; but in spite of this Isabel spent many hours with her friend, who, once her daily task performed, was of an eminently social tendency. Isabel speedily found occasion to request her to desist from celebrating the charms of their common sojourn in print, having discovered on the second morning of Miss Stackpole's visit that she was engaged upon a letter to the *Interviewer*, of which the title, in her exquisitely neat and legible hand (exactly that of the copy-books which our heroine remembered at school), was "Americans and Tudors—Glimpses of Gardencourt." Miss Stackpole, with the best conscience in the world, offered to read her letter to Isabel, who immediately put in her protest.

"I don't think you ought to do that—I don't think you ought to describe the place."

Henrietta gazed at her, as usual. "Why, it's just what the people want, and it's a lovely place."

"It's too lovely to be put in the newspapers, and it's not what my uncle wants."

"Don't you believe that!" cried Henrietta. "They are always delighted, afterwards."

"My uncle won't be delighted—nor my cousin, either. They will consider it a breach of hospitality."

Miss Stackpole showed no sense of confusion; she simply wiped her pen, very neatly, upon an elegant little implement which she kept for the purpose, and put away her manuscript. "Of course if you don't approve, I won't do it; but I sacrifice a beautiful subject."

"There are plenty of other subjects, there are subjects all round you. We will take some drives, and I will show you some charming scenery."

"Scenery is not my department: I always need a human interest. You know I am deeply human, Isabel; I always was," Miss Stackpole rejoined. "I was going to bring in your cousin—the alienated American. There is a great demand just now for the alienated American, and your cousin is a beautiful specimen. I should have handled him severely."

"He would have died of it!" Isabel exclaimed. "Not of the severity, but of the publicity."

"Well, I should have liked to kill him a little. And I should have delighted to do your uncle, who seems to me a much nobler type—the American faithful still. He is a grand old man; I don't see how he can object to my paying him honour."

Isabel looked at her companion in much wonderment; it appeared to her so strange that a nature in which she found so much to esteem should exhibit such extraordinary disparities. "My poor Henrietta," she said, "you have no sense of privacy."

Henrietta coloured deeply, and for a moment her brilliant eyes were suffused; while Isabel marvelled more than ever at her inconsistency. "You do me great injustice," said Miss Stackpole, with dignity. "I have never written a word about myself!"

"I am very sure of that; but it

seems to me one should be modest for others also!"

"Ah, that is very good!" cried Henrietta, seizing her pen again. "Just let me make a note of it, and I will put it in a letter!" She was a thoroughly good-natured woman, and half an hour later she was in as cheerful a mood as should have been looked for in a newspaper-correspondent in want of material. "I have promised to do the social side," she said to Isabel; "and how can I do it unless I get ideas? If I can't describe this place, don't you know some place I can describe?" Isabel promised she would bethink herself, and the next day, in conversation with her friend, she happened to mention her visit to Lord Warburton's ancient house. "Ah, you must take me there—that is just the place for me!" Miss Stackpole exclaimed. "I must get a glimpse of the nobility."

"I can't take you," said Isabel; "but Lord Warburton is coming here, and you will have a chance to see him and observe him. Only if you intend to repeat his conversation, I shall certainly give him warning."

"Don't do that!" her companion begged; "I want him to be natural."

"An Englishman is never so natural as when he is holding his tongue!" Isabel rejoined.

It was not apparent, at the end of three days, that his cousin had fallen in love with their visitor, though he had spent a good deal of time in her society. They strolled about the park together, and sat under the trees, and in the afternoon, when it was delightful to float along the Thames, Miss Stackpole occupied a place in the boat in which hitherto Ralph had had but a single companion. Her society had a less insoluble quality than Ralph had expected in the natural perturbation of his sense of the perfect adequacy of that of his cousin; for the correspondent of the *Intervieur* made him laugh a good deal, and he had long since decided that abundant

laughter should be the embellishment of the remainder of his days. Henrietta, on her side, did not quite justify Isabel's declaration with regard to her indifference to masculine opinion; for poor Ralph appeared to have presented himself to her as an irritating problem, which it would be superficial on her part not to solve.

"What does he do for a living?" she asked of Isabel, the evening of her arrival. "Does he go round all day with his hands in his pockets?"

"He does nothing," said Isabel, smiling; "he's a gentleman of leisure."

"Well, I call that a shame—when I have to work like a cotton-mill," Miss Stackpole replied. "I should like to show him up."

"He is in wretched health; he is quite unfit for work," Isabel urged.

"Pshaw! don't you believe it. I work when I am sick," cried her friend. Later, when she stepped into the boat, on joining the water-party, she remarked to Ralph that she supposed he hated her—he would like to drown her.

"Ah no," said Ralph, "I keep my victims for a slower torture. And you would be such an interesting one!"

"Well, you do torture me, I may say that. But I shock all your prejudices; that's one comfort."

"My prejudices? I haven't a prejudice to bless myself with. There's intellectual poverty for you."

"The more shame to you; I have some delicious prejudices. Of course I spoil your flirtation, or whatever it is you call it, with your cousin; but I don't care for that, for I render your cousin the service of drawing you out. She will see how thin you are!"

"Ah, do draw me out!" Ralph exclaimed. "So few people will take the trouble."

Miss Stackpole, in this undertaking, appeared to shrink from no trouble; resorting largely, whenever the opportunity offered, to the natural expedient of interrogation. On the

following day the weather was bad, and in the afternoon the young man, by way of providing in-door amusement, offered to show her the pictures. Henrietta strolled through the long gallery in his society, while he pointed out its principal ornaments and mentioned the painters and subjects. Miss Stackpole looked at the pictures in perfect silence, committing herself to no opinion, and Ralph was gratified by the fact that she delivered herself of none of the little ready-made ejaculations of delight of which the visitors to Gardencourt were so frequently lavish. This young lady indeed, to do her justice, was but little addicted to the use of conventional phrases; there was something earnest and inventive in her tone, which at times, in its brilliant deliberation, suggested a person of high culture speaking a foreign language. Ralph Touchett subsequently learned that she had at one time officiated as art-critic to a Transatlantic journal; but she appeared in spite of this fact to carry in her pocket none of the small change of admiration. Suddenly, just after he had called her attention to a charming Constable, she turned and looked at him as if he himself had been a picture.

"Do you always spend your time like this?" she demanded.

"I seldom spend it so agreeably," said Ralph.

"Well, you know what I mean—without any regular occupation."

"Ah," said Ralph, "I am the idlest man living."

Miss Stackpole turned her gaze to the Constable again, and Ralph bespoke her attention for a small Watteau hanging near it, which represented a gentleman in a pink doublet and hose and a ruff, leaning against the pedestal of the statue of a nymph in a garden, and playing the guitar to two ladies seated on the grass.

"That's my ideal of a regular occupation," he said.

Miss Stackpole turned to him again, and though her eyes had rested upon the picture, he saw that she had not apprehended the subject. She was thinking of something much more serious.

"I don't see how you can reconcile it to your conscience," she said.

"My dear lady, I have no conscience!"

"Well, I advise you to cultivate one. You will need it the next time you go to America."

"I shall probably never go again."

"Are you ashamed to show yourself?"

Ralph meditated, with a gentle smile.

"I suppose that, if one has no conscience, one has no shame."

"Well, you have got plenty of assurance," Henrietta declared. "Do you consider it right to give up your country?"

"Ah, one doesn't give up one's country, any more than one gives up one's grandmother. It's antecedent to choice."

"I suppose that means that you would give it up if you could? What do they think of you over here?"

"They delight in me."

"That's because you truckle to them."

"Ah, set it down a little to my natural charm!" Ralph urged.

"I don't know anything about your natural charm. If you have got any charm, it's quite unnatural. It's wholly acquired—or at least you have tried hard to acquire it, living over here. I don't say you have succeeded! It's a charm that I don't appreciate, any way. Make yourself useful in some way, and then we will talk about it."

"Well now, tell me what I shall do," said Ralph.

"Go right home, to begin with."

"Yes, I see. And then?"

"Take right hold of something."

"Well, now, what sort of thing?"

"Anything you please, so long as

you take hold. Some new idea, some big work."

"Is it very difficult to take hold?" Ralph inquired.

"Not if you put your heart into it."

"Ah, my heart," said Ralph. "If it depends upon my heart——"

"Haven't you got any?"

"I had one a few days ago, but I have lost it since."

"You are not serious," Miss Stackpole remarked; "that's what's the matter with you." But for all this, in a day or two she again permitted him to occupy her mind, and on this occasion assigned a different cause to his mysterious perversity. "I know what's the matter with you, Mr. Touchett," she said. "You think you are too good to get married."

"I thought so till I knew you, Miss Stackpole," Ralph answered; "and then I suddenly changed my mind."

"Oh, pshaw!" Henrietta exclaimed impatiently.

"Then it seemed to me," said Ralph, "that I was not good enough."

"It would improve you. Besides, it's your duty."

"Ah," cried the young man, "one has so many duties! Is that a duty too?"

"Of course it is—did you never know that before? It's every one's duty to get married."

Ralph meditated a moment; he was disappointed. There was something in Miss Stackpole he had begun to like; it seemed to him that, if she was not a charming woman, she was at least a very good fellow. She was wanting in distinction, but, as Isabel had said, she was brave, and there is always something fine about that. He had not supposed her to be capable of vulgar arts; but these last words struck him as a false note. When a marriageable young woman urges matrimony upon an unencumbered young man, the most obvious explanation of her conduct is not the altruistic impulse.

"Ah, well now, there is a good deal to be said about that," Ralph rejoined.

"There may be, but that is the principal thing. I must say I think it looks very exclusive, going round all alone, as if you thought no woman was good enough for you. Do you think you are better than any one else in the world? In America it's usual for people to marry."

"If it's my duty," Ralph asked, "is it not, by analogy, yours as well?"

Miss Stackpole's brilliant eyes expanded still further.

"Have you the fond hope of finding a flaw in my reasoning? Of course I have got as good a right to marry as any one else."

"Well then," said Ralph, "I won't say it vexes me to see you single. It delights me, rather."

"You are not serious yet. You never will be."

"Shall you not believe me to be so on the day that I tell you I desire to give up the practice of going round alone?"

Miss Stackpole looked at him for a moment in a manner which seemed to announce a reply that might technically be called encouraging. But to his great surprise this expression suddenly resolved itself into an appearance of alarm, and even of resentment.

"No, not even then," she answered, dryly. After which she walked away.

"I have not fallen in love with your friend," Ralph said that evening to Isabel, "though we talked some time this morning about it."

"And you said something she didn't like," the girl replied.

Ralph stared. "Has she complained of me?"

"She told me she thinks there is something very low in the tone of Europeans towards women."

"Does she call me a European?"

"One of the worst. She told me

you had said to her something that an American never would have said. But she didn't repeat it."

Ralph treated himself to a burst of resounding laughter.

"She is an extraordinary combination. Did she think I was making love to her?"

"No; I believe Americans do that. But she apparently thought you mistook the intention of something she had said, and put an unkind construction on it."

"I thought she was proposing marriage to me, and I accepted her. Was that unkind?"

Isabel smiled. "It was unkind to me. I don't want you to marry."

"My dear cousin, what is one to do among you all?" Ralph demanded.

"Miss Stackpole tells me it's my bounden duty, and that it's hers to see I do mine!"

"She has a great sense of duty," said Isabel, gravely. "She has, indeed, and it's the motive of everything she says. That's what I like her for. She thinks it's very frivolous for you to be single; that's what she meant to express to you. If you thought she was trying to—to attract you, you were very wrong."

"It is true it was an odd way; but I did think she was trying to attract me. Excuse my superficiality."

"You are very conceited. She had no interested views, and never supposed you would think she had."

"One must be very modest, then, to talk with such women," Ralph said, humbly. "But it's a very strange type. She is too personal—considering that she expects other people not to be. She walks in without knocking at the door."

"Yes," Isabel admitted, "she doesn't sufficiently recognise the existence of knockers; and indeed I am not sure that she doesn't think them a rather pretentious ornament. She thinks one's door should stand ajar. But I persist in liking her."

"I persist in thinking her too

familiar," Ralph rejoined, naturally somewhat uncomfortable under the sense of having been doubly deceived in Miss Stackpole.

"Well," said Isabel, smiling, "I am afraid it is because she is rather vulgar that I like her."

"She would be flattered by your reason!"

"If I should tell her, I would not express it in that way. I should say it is because there is something of the 'people' in her."

"What do you know about the people? and what does she, for that matter?"

"She knows a great deal, and I know enough to feel that she is a kind of emanation of the great democracy—of the continent, the country, the nation. I don't say that she sums it all up, that would be too much to ask of her. But she suggests it; she reminds me of it."

"You like her then for patriotic reasons. I am afraid it is on those very grounds that I object to her."

"Ah," said Isabel, with a kind of joyous sigh, "I like so many things! If a thing strikes me in a certain way, I like it. I don't want to boast, but I suppose I am rather versatile. I like people to be totally different from

Henrietta—in the style of Lord Warburton's sisters, for instance. So long as I look at the Misses Molyneux, they seem to me to answer a kind of ideal. Then Henrietta presents herself, and I am immensely struck with her; not so much for herself as what stands behind her."

"Ah, you mean the back view of her," Ralph suggested.

"What she says is true," his cousin answered; "you will never be serious. I like the great country stretching away beyond the rivers and across the prairies, blooming and smiling and spreading, till it stops at the blue Pacific! A strong, sweet, fresh odour seems to rise from it, and Henrietta—excuse my simile—has something of that odour in her garments."

Isabel blushed a little as she concluded this speech, and the blush, together with the momentary ardour she had thrown into it, was so becoming to her that Ralph stood smiling at her for a moment after she had ceased speaking.

"I am not sure the Pacific is blue," he said; "but you are a woman of imagination. Henrietta, however, is fragrant—Henrietta is decidedly fragrant!"

HENRY JAMES, JR.

(To be continued.)

POLITICAL SOMNAMBULISM.

ARE not nations liable to an infirmity analogous to somnambulism? Are they not often seen walking confidently, or even rushing along eagerly, with their eyes shut, that is, not prepared by any kind of political education to see what is before them, or against what objects they may bruise themselves? The question might be asked at any time, but it is particularly seasonable at a moment when the nation seems unusually confident and ready for rapid motion.

Democratic states are especially liable to this infirmity, and of democratic states especially those which are in the first stages of democracy. Where the government is in the hands of a class there are other dangers, but there is not this particular danger of public action being taken wholly without due knowledge or consideration. Even a democracy, if you give it time, may perhaps learn caution, or educate itself politically. But a state where the democracy is young and sanguine, and where no one is taught politics, is a somnambulist state, and if it has at all a difficult road to travel, is exposed to the greatest dangers. Do not these conditions meet in England at the present time?

Assuredly the spirit of innovation was never at any former time so utterly unrestrained. Reformers now—and we are all reformers—have ceased to admit that any institutions are too fundamental to be touched. The time was when all the greater questions were closed for Englishmen by the happiness of an exceptional position which made it unnecessary for us to discuss them. We had a perfect constitution both in State and Church; the kingdoms might rage and the people be moved; we were sheltered from all

such agitations. But now insensibly we have drifted into other latitudes; we seem now quite prepared to raise, even without necessity, the very questions which our ancestors considered it the great masterpiece to suppress. Do we trust to our national genius for politics? I hope not. I like to hear foreigners speak of this genius, but I do not like to hear English people congratulate themselves upon it. How many exceptional advantages have we enjoyed! How little have we been exposed to the particular trials which have impeded the progress of continental countries! When we consider this, we may well doubt whether we have any right to set down our prosperity to any peculiar wisdom of our own. Besides this, the political talent, which undoubtedly appears in some pages of English history, was the talent of our old governing classes. They acquired it by long practice in government, and by many mistakes which English history records not less plainly. What reason have we to suppose that the new governing classes have any such talent? To judge by the last two general elections, they are beginning their politics, as might be expected, at the beginning. If they have the talent, it remains to be developed, and it will be developed probably in the usual manner, by monstrous mistakes committed, and great calamities suffered in consequence. Their advent to power is already marked by the total disappearance of all the old political maxims which embodied the wisdom of their predecessors. All those misconceptions of the nature and objects of government which we used to ridicule in the French, and hold ourselves superior to, are now taken for granted, as if they had never been

questioned, and assumed as incontrovertible axioms in the popular discussion of the day. We have been suddenly converted to all the fallacies we used to take a pride in detecting. All the ideology, all the "metapolitics," to use the expression of my friend Stein, the inveterate confusion between politics and philosophy, or between politics and religion,—all this has now become naturalised in England. And, indeed, how could it be otherwise? Those mistakes are inevitably made by beginners in politics, and we have transferred the control of affairs into the hands of beginners.

Nominally, indeed, we have all admitted that the newly enfranchised classes ought to receive some sort of education to prepare them for their political functions. And yet nothing has been done for this object. We seem to have set our minds at rest by one of the worst of those rhetorical sophistries by which we drug ourselves, the sophistry of speaking of the suffrage as being itself an education. The suffrage, I maintain, is no education at all; it has no tendency whatever to make people wiser. Conferred on those who are entirely untutored, it can do nothing but develop and give substance to error and misconception. *Ex stultis insanos facit.* Education is no such easy popular process. It does not consist simply in drawing attention to a subject, but involves discipline, the detection of mistakes, continuous effort and personal responsibility on the part of the learner.

But it is not only in the newly enfranchised classes that this novel political tone may be observed. Almost as much metapolitics may now be detected in the political discussion of the middle classes. In the newest phase of fashion all political questions are despatched summarily — alike in drawing-rooms and at working-men's clubs—by direct deduction from the vaguest general propositions, precisely as in the most primitive periods of science. Neither the working men nor those new-fledged politicians, the ladies,

and scarcely, it seems to me, university-bred men themselves, admit or conceive either that there is any difficulty in these questions or any great danger of misapprehending them, and still less that they absolutely require careful study. We have caught the tone of the Parisian *salons* of the last days of the old *régime*, when ladies and gentlemen settled, without the least misgiving, and without a suspicion that they might not have immediately at hand all the materials for forming a decision, the most momentous questions, when, as M. Taine says, "the questions of the existence of God and of the immortality of the soul came with the coffee!"

I confess I hardly understand what view is taken by those politicians who nowadays seem eager to put all the largest, most momentous, and most difficult questions before the people for an immediate decision. Do they suppose the people to be inspired? Or perhaps that they have a simple common sense which in the most intricate questions unerringly finds the right conclusion? This is almost the infatuation of Robespierre. *It brings to mind his famous *dictum*, "Let us begin by laying it down that the people are good, but that its delegates are corruptible!"

I often think of a remark I once heard made by a working man at a club; it rises to my mind whenever I want a measure of the competence of the great mass of working men to judge of large national questions. It was at an early stage of the great Eastern controversy, and he settled the question of our relations with Russia in this way. "I do not know how you feel," he said, turning to the audience of working men, "and I do not know how it is, but whenever I hear the Russians mentioned, I feel the blood tingling all over me." He spoke as if he thought this instinctive feeling might be fairly taken as an intimation of the proper steps to be taken, and when I expressed alarm and horror at such a mode of handling the question, I thought I

could observe that many among the audience were surprised at the impression it had made on me. But I carried away a conception I never had before of the utter childishness with respect to great public matters not immediately affecting themselves in which vast multitudes of people live. It will be answered that the working classes respond with remarkable enthusiasm to any appeal made to their moral feelings. No doubt their minds are in a fallow state, and will yield any crop easily. That very man who could not bear to hear the Russians mentioned, has, I daresay, since given his voice just as eagerly in their favour. But there is little comfort in this reflexion. Without information, still more without a just way of conceiving political questions, they are just as likely to vote wrong when their good feelings are roused as when they are under the dominion of their animal instincts.

The notion seems widely spread that in politics good feelings and good intentions are the main thing, and almost the only thing, that if a people once has these, it will go right in the main, as if the difference between good politics and bad politics were, as Mr. Bright seems to hold, almost entirely moral and scarcely at all intellectual. And yet one of the principal lessons of recent history is the infinite deceivableness of the generous, impulsive, popular mind. No one questions the generous ardour of 1789, or that when the Revolution entered upon its career of unprincipled conquest, many Frenchmen really thought they were setting free and benefiting the countries they overran; no one doubts the sincerity of that worship of Napoleon to which Béranger gave expression. The people had good intentions, but Napoleon was clever enough to deceive them. And so when thirty years later universal suffrage was given to that nation, when for the first time the voice of the French people was really heard, it called Louis Napoleon to the head of affairs, and established a system of which we have seen the

results. These are instances of what I call somnambulism; they show the essential importance of a real knowledge of surrounding realities, of open eyes, and of a clear sight of the road along which the nation must walk, and the total insufficiency in politics of mere good intentions.

It is indeed hard, nay, impossible, for a whole people to have such real knowledge. The masses, as a matter of course, have not leisure to acquire even the information, and still less the just way of thinking, which are necessary for a sound political judgment. What they might in some degree acquire is, as I have said, the knowledge that there is such a knowledge, the distrust of their own instincts, of their higher as well as their lower instincts, the distrust of empty rhetoric, and the power of discerning in others that political judgment they can scarcely have themselves.

But perhaps some considerable time will yet pass before the working classes take full possession of their power. In the meanwhile everything still depends on the middle-class, in which are included most of the best educated men in the country. This class has hitherto shown prudence, and has even been renowned in the world for political sense and tact. But the conditions are greatly changed when Radicalism becomes for the first time triumphant, and takes up its position as, in some sort, the dominant practical creed. That this should happen at last was not at all surprising. In an age which has witnessed so much successful innovation, such a renewing of machinery in every department but politics, the hour was certain to arrive when people would think without too much anxiety of sending the old English constitution after the old stage coach and the old "wooden walls." But the enterprise of renewing English institutions, though possibly feasible, is certainly serious and hazardous. It will tax political ability infinitely more than the modest task, to which we have hitherto confined ourselves, of altering

an old house where it seemed to need repair. That asks only good sense and good temper, but widely different qualities are needed by those who would handle fundamental questions. Hitherto we have held it unsafe even to open such questions, and surely it *is* unsafe unless we duly prepare ourselves to deal with them. A rough common-sense knowledge of politics might suffice for the old system, but Radicalism aims higher. Radicalism as a dominant system, presumes the existence of a large class of people systematically trained in political science.

Has England this class? We seem to mistake the habit of busying ourselves with practical politics for a taste for political science. But it is surprising how little connexion there is between the two things, and what confused notions of politics many men have who pass their whole lives in practical political business. "We are not political philosophers," wrote Mr. Gladstone, not long ago. This is indeed a fact of which we often boast. In an age of Radicalism the boast cannot too soon become obsolete, for Radical politics are not safe except in the hands of political philosophers.

The truth is that, till quite lately, the highest education given in England left a man almost entirely without political instruction. It was much if the study of Thucydides or Aristotle's *Politics* imparted to him the knowledge that there was a higher and serener sort of political science than that expounded by Whig and Tory newspapers. We used to assert indeed that our classical system afforded an excellent introduction to political studies. This might be true, but it was an introduction which came too late. Thucydides and Aristotle might have done much if they had been closely followed by a host of modern writers on politics, and if the study of Athens and Rome had been followed by a study equally serious of modern England, France, and Germany. As it was, while a few men, who had exceptional opportunities, followed up

the hints their classical education had given them, and became instructed politicians, the great majority closed their political studies when they closed their Aristotle, and never afterwards succeeded in bringing together in their minds the chaos of English party politics and the few germs of political science which they had picked up at the university. Improvements have now been introduced, but it remains in the main true that the influence of science, of the school, is *nil* in English politics. What Englishmen know of politics, they have picked up in various ways, but there is one way in which they have not acquired it, they have not been taught it.

Now large changes must be made on large principles, and such large principles are the last thing which the English mind excoogitates for itself. The helplessness of the general English intellect on this side has often been remarked. When it is in want of a principle, it snatches at any general proposition which sounds a little impressive, a little solemn, and applies it peremptorily with slight regard either to its truth or to its pertinence. It is all the more a slave to empty generalities when it listens to them at all, because it listens to them so seldom, and is so slow in originating them. The moment is very critical when such a nation as this enters for the first time on the path of speculative politics.

Radicalism considered as a ruling creed is too new among us to have been sufficiently criticised. It has risen to the head of affairs almost before people have done denying it to be serious. Now that the nation has suddenly adopted its fundamental principle there is some danger of its whole programme being accepted *en bloc*. But after having made good its case against the negative criticism of the ancient parties it ought to go before the discriminating criticism of science. Granted that our politics ought not to be bound eternally by precedent, granted that

there are principles in politics—still principles are of two kinds, true and false. Advanced thinkers may not be, as they used to be considered, necessarily impractical, still the question remains whether they have been advancing in the right direction or in the wrong one. And when we consider how raw we are, as a nation, in political speculation, how capable in our innocence of adopting one after another all the false systems that ever were exploded, we ought surely to be much on our guard against the schemes of innovation that are now proposed to us as founded on philosophical principles, or as required by the spirit of the age. On such schemes scepticism has not yet done half its work. It remains to be decided whether those philosophical principles are more solid than a hundred metaphysical systems which have been forgotten after a brief day of popularity.

What criticism do we apply to these schemes? Are we satisfied with our system of a succession of popular party speeches followed by a general election? Do not those two miracles of popular will, the elections of 1874 and 1880, excite a certain misgiving in our minds? If indeed all political questions are level to the meanest capacity, if the plausible view in politics is always the true view, then our system leaves nothing to be desired. But if the obvious conclusion drawn from a small number of obvious facts is sometimes misleading, then nothing can be more futile than these great popular decisions, which never even profess to look below the surface. How would it fare with the best ascertained truths of science if they underwent such an ordeal? Many of these are flatly opposed to all ordinary or popular impressions, some of them actually to what is called the evidence of the senses. Imagine how the great voice of the people would pronounce on the question whether the earth went round the sun or the sun round the earth! Imagine the contempt and ridicule and moral indignation which

would overwhelm the party which should maintain the true opinion! They would never hold up their heads again. It would be said that they had always secretly despised the people, that they had too long successfully hoodwinked them; but that now at length they had gone too far, now at last they had unmasked themselves, and for the future the nation would know what to think of them!

The unsoundness of some of the ideas which pass among us for advanced, may be illustrated by a conspicuous example, which it will be worth while to consider at some length.

It is easy to remark that men's views of politics vary with their views of history. We guide ourselves in the larger political questions by great historical precedents. In the last generation men were made Conservatives more by the single fact that the French Revolution led to the Reign of Terror than by all the reasoning in the world. In these days men take up the cause of democracy not so much on abstract reasoning as because they think they see that democracy succeeds in America, or because France, in spite of her misfortunes, is still immensely rich and prosperous. Sometimes these historical arguments are quite far-fetched, and yet produce a great effect. What a multitude of educated men were led to democratic views by Mr. Grote's animated picture of the glories of the Athenian democracy! It must be confessed that it requires much research to form a trustworthy estimate of these great historical phenomena. But people think they are practically safe if they look only to broad historical results. They fancy that, though historians may differ about small details, the large outlines are clear of all doubt, and so the practical moral of history may be easily drawn. Nothing, in my opinion, can be more erroneous than this view. It is the large outlines which are most easily falsified, and which party historians have most interest in falsifying. To falsify a fact is comparatively

difficult, but the meaning or character of a fact can easily be misstated. It costs a skilful party historian only the turn of a phrase, and the greatest event in the world—the Reformation or the Revolution—is turned upside down, and made to yield a lesson directly opposite to that which it really teaches.

Now the educated class in England does not study modern history. They will read it with pleasure—English history if it is at all attractively written, continental history if it is written very attractively. But they read it in the easy chair, and only care to remember what amuses them. And yet their political opinions are very materially influenced by this luxurious reading. Since Macaulay wrote, no opinion but his about the Revolution of 1688 has had any currency in England. Was this because he proved his points? Not at all. His partiality on many points was clearly perceived. It was in fact generally agreed that he was a party historian. But that made no difference. His views were universally adopted for the simple reason that his book was amusing, and that to test his statements in detail cost too much trouble. And there can be no doubt that this universal adoption of a particular view of that revolution produced the strongest effect upon the politics of the day.

Now it so happens that modern Radicalism has not yet written its history of England. If a great Radical writer of the calibre of Grote or Mill had gone over those critical events of English history upon our view of which our political opinions mainly depend, the revolutions of the seventeenth century, or the great war with revolutionary France, it is impossible to say what an effect might have been produced. But this was not done, and, in the absence of a Grote, modern Radicals seem in general to fall back upon Mr. Carlyle. In recent debates Radicalism seemed to be trying to express itself by praises of Cromwell in the tone of Mr. Carlyle, particu-

larly—where the praise of Cromwell came in very strangely—in the attack on the proposed statue of the Prince Imperial. The author of *Shooting Niagara* is, to be sure, hardly a Radical, but in default of a better historical representative of their views, the party seem to make the best of Mr. Carlyle, as being at least neither Tory nor Whig.

Now the fact that the Radical party are inclined to adopt Cromwell for a hero is one which, as the French say, *fait rêver*. It shows how proné we are to assume that in politics all who think must be substantially agreed, and cannot differ among themselves, but differ only from those who from prejudice refuse to think. Only on this supposition could Mr. Carlyle be an oracle to the democratic party, when he has all along opposed democracy. According to him, nothing can be more false than to suppose that government can be well conducted by an assembly, nothing can be more contemptible than what is called the popular will, and even liberty itself is a chimera. According to him aristocracy, monarchy, and, in a sense, priesthood, are substantially good and necessary things, which need rather to be revived than to be abolished. The Radical party does not seem in the least inclined to listen to this teaching, which is indeed more opposed to their views than Toryism or Whiggism. Why, then, do they listen with favour to Mr. Carlyle's historical teaching? Assuredly the merit of Mr. Carlyle as a political preacher is far more unquestionable than his merit as a historian. And yet in most cases it will be found that the modern Radical adopts as a matter of course the Carlylian view of our civil wars, holding that the Restoration was a great calamity and an act of moral apostasy on the part of the nation, and that Cromwell was the inspired hero who, surpassing all the half-hearted Pym and Hampdens of the Rebellion, showed England the true path she ought to have pursued. How can this

be, except, as I said, because people can imagine a prejudiced and false view, or an unprejudiced and true view, of English history, but are quite incapable of conceiving a view unprejudiced and yet false? It seems never to occur to them that a writer may study the Great Rebellion and similar events with a mind perfectly clear from old constitutional, Whig or Tory, preconceptions, and yet take a wholly mistaken view of it, because, though he has a philosophy, his philosophy is false.

Is it then so easy to understand history, if only Conservative prejudice be resisted? We blame the French for allowing the story of Napoleon to be turned into a lying legend which by its fascination has misled them into the gravest practical errors. Here plainly it was not prejudice but the fascination of rhetoric and poetry that perverted history. But are we not as frivolous as the French in this matter? When we abandoned the old constitutional view of Cromwell for that of Mr. Carlyle, we may possibly have shaken off some prejudice, but it certainly was not to philosophy but to poetry, not to better instruction but to richer amusement, that we sacrificed our prejudices.

History is liable to a peculiar corruption when it falls into the hands of purely literary men, a corruption the seriousness of which is seldom perceived. The men and the deeds which suit the purposes of the literary man writing history are wholly different from those which attract the historian proper. The best statesmanship, the most successful politics, make dull reading, and what charms the imagination in history is precisely that which, considered as politics, is worst. Thus Mr. Hamerton tells us that French society "round his house" cannot be induced to take any interest in English politics, because of their tameness and uniformity. In other words, because in England we avoid revolutions and civil wars, which is precisely what it were desirable that the French should

learn to do, for that very reason they can see nothing to interest them in our affairs! This paradox is very important when we are considering the effect of history on political opinions in a country where history is not studied seriously. In England we change our opinions according to the amusing books on history which happen to appear. We read modern history only on the strict condition that it shall be amusing. As a natural consequence it falls into the hands of purely literary men. But such writers, in looking about for material, will not be attracted by those parts of history which afford instruction, for nothing is duller than political instruction; they will look about for exciting events, for wars and revolutions. And therefore in such a country the heroes of wars and revolutions must steadily rise in reputation.

Some time ago I expressed in this magazine my opinion that Macaulay's *History* has introduced a period of decline in that department of historical literature which deals with recent periods. It has driven out, I maintained, the true and high conception of history and replaced it by a false, vulgar, and popular conception. Now the corrupt fashion then introduced, which assumed that genius is shown in history solely by vivid, picturesque language, and that investigation, criticism, and historical philosophy, are mere humdrum in which no genius can possibly be shown; that, in short, a historian is simply a brilliant narrator, and not rather an investigator and a discoverer,—this corrupt fashion essentially consisted in the historian proper being superseded by the literary man writing history. Since the time when Macaulay, who might so well have claimed the former title, elected to appear in the latter part, it is surprising to notice to what a length the notion has since been carried that any lively *littérateur* may write history. Mr. Bayard Taylor tells us that Thackeray showed him the materials he had collected for a

history of Queen Anne, and told him that he felt sure he should *succeed*. So that we might have had the happiness of reading a history of England by the author of *Vanity Fair*! And the author of *Vanity Fair* would have done us less harm than Lamartine and Victor Hugo have done to our neighbours.

I urged at the same time that the secret cause of this corruption is the absence of any sufficiently organised school of modern history whether at the universities or elsewhere. The historian finds himself writing, not—as every writer aiming at science should write—for the students in his own department of learning, who alone are at all qualified to understand or to judge him, but for the general public. He thus naturally becomes demoralised. To this cause is to be added the immense demand for books of history for the young. Every schoolmaster asks me what ought to be done to induce boys to read history. To which my answer is, ‘Anything or everything may be done except to spoil history itself in the hope of making it readable.’ At all times literature needs to be protected from the insidious influence of youth and of the family, which in any department where the demand of mature men is slack draws it gradually down into a lower sphere. “*Immer für Weiber und Kinder!*” writes Goethe, “*ich dünkte man schriebe für Männer.*” But the English literature of the last generation has suffered in an especial degree from this cause. Macaulay let loose the plague upon modern history with peculiar effect, just because he was a writer of such grave and high pretensions. He was the literary man writing history under the most imposing disguise of the historian proper.

Mr. Carlyle wore no such disguise. He was a literary historian pure and simple, who had studied in the school neither of practical nor theoretical politics, but in that of German æsthetics and literature in the most dreamy

period of Germany. I should be sorry to speak of him in language which should hurt his warmest admirers. I admire as much as others this striking reappearance of the Hebrew prophet in the modern world. No mere echo or literary imitation of Hebrew prophecy, but the thing itself; the faculty of seeing moral evils which others are too drowsy to see, and of seeing them as distinctly as if they were material objects, the sublime impatience, the overwhelming denunciation, in fact, ancient prophecy revived and effective as of old; this is what I see in his best writings, in *Past and Present* and some of the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. The case is different when he appears as a historian, for it is questionable whether a prophet ought to write history. But yet up to a certain point I can cordially admire his histories. We are to consider that, like his prophecies, they had an immediate practical object. They were not intended to conform to any ideal standard; they were prophecies on a larger scale, intended to awaken drowsy minds to a sense of the greatness of God’s judgments and the inexorableness of the laws by which He governs the modern world, as He governed the ancient. Considered thus, they are wonderful works, and we know that in some conspicuous instances they attained their end, they did awaken, and to good purpose, the slumbering historic sense. Of these three prophetic histories, that of the French Revolution is, in my opinion, much the most successful, and for this reason, that the subject is best suited to the prophetic mode of treatment. The prophet is out of his element when he has no practical object. Mr. Carlyle has, in my opinion, no real talent for reviving distant times, such as that of Cromwell; if he sometimes makes the past seem to live it is only with a galvanic and unnatural life which belongs really to the present. But the French Revolution may fairly be said to belong to the present, and

then its awfulness and the impressiveness of the punishment which it inflicted on the frivolity of the old French aristocracy make it a most legitimate subject for the apocalyptic method. I value also, both in this book and in the *Life of Friedrich*, the first serious attempt that has been made to break through the trance of insularity which seals up the English mind. Here, for once, an Englishman has honestly tried to understand the continental world! I do not for my part think that Frederick really was such a person as Mr. Carlyle supposes, nor do I think that Mr. Carlyle has drawn the true moral from his career. But at any rate, he has not spared labour. If he has scarcely succeeded, the fault is to be laid not on any insular want of sympathy, but simply on that prophetic cast of mind which does not know how to investigate, and cannot see at all except where it sees intensely and instinctively. He has, at any rate, repaired the mischief which had been done by Macaulay's *Essay on Frederick the Great*, which to this day is cited with contempt by every German writer who wishes to jibe at English conceit and ignorance of the Continent.

But the merit of all these books alike is simply in the art of representation, and this art is only good on the supposition that the reader is dull, or has never acquired a taste for history. For it consists, after all, simply in enormous exaggeration, and is therefore quite as repulsive to the serious historical student as it is attractive to the beginner in history. Even where, as in the *History of the French Revolution*, Mr. Carlyle has not perhaps seriously perverted the truth, I cannot think that the practised reader of history can regard his work but with impatience and complete dissatisfaction. To such a reader all the prophecy is mere verbiage, for it announces what he is in no danger of overlooking, so that all the emphasis and all the reiteration fall flat upon his

ear, and seem as out of date as the inspiration of the Koran. Meanwhile he perceives that the prophet's whole attention has been exhausted upon the mere *scenery* of the event, that his insight into its nature and causes is not great, and in particular that he has discovered nothing. No such reader could ever learn much from Mr. Carlyle, even when his work first appeared, and even considered as a work for beginners, I fear that this book, if it has an awakening influence upon some, has a confusing effect for others. The glare of those pictures draws off the eye from that which most deserves to be contemplated; a biographical interest is substituted for a historic one; and I notice that, in spite of the great number of Englishmen who have read it with eager interest, no tolerably clear understanding of the French Revolution is commonly to be found in England.

But the worst is that Mr. Carlyle usually produces his effects at the expense of truth. I do not mean to charge him with misstating facts. He is no doubt as careful about correctness, particularly in costume, as a modern stage-manager, but in greater matters, particularly in the greatest of all, in his estimate of great events and characters, he seems to me entirely astray. I regard him as the principal representative of that false tendency in history which Macaulay made fashionable, the tendency to substitute a literary for a political estimate. He makes no secret of this tendency, but everywhere avows it as if he were introducing a reform and not a new abuse. And yet, as I have said, this literary estimate positively turns history upside down. It teaches us to admire in the past whatever we most disapprove in the present, bloody catastrophes, desperate policies, revolutions. Nothing can exceed the simplicity with which Mr. Carlyle avows that he takes no interest in any wise, successful statesman who has brought happiness to his country, and that he feels

no admiration for such a character. In his *Essay on Mirabeau* he ridicules the English public for continuing to repeat the names of Pitt and Fox when heroes like the leaders of the French Revolution were soliciting their homage. Of these leaders he selects three, Mirabeau, Danton, and Napoleon, whom he is prepared to maintain to be characters of an altogether higher order than Pitt and Fox. Now on what ground? Evidently because of the terrible events with which they were mixed up. Mr. Carlyle means to say that stormy scenes in the Tennis Court or in the Paris streets, September massacres, battles of Austerlitz, excite his imagination, while Regency debates and the like put him to sleep. So feels, no doubt, the literary man in search of a subject. It is little to say that the historian proper judges differently. He *reverses* the judgment. To him the enormous disquiet of France is the strongest presumptive evidence against the revolutionary statesmen, and the comparative tranquillity of England the best proof of the merit of Pitt and Fox.

These general observations upon Mr. Carlyle as a historian have been intended to lead to some remarks on his famous achievement, the rehabilitation of Cromwell. We know what was the old constitutional view of the Great Rebellion; on one side of politics there was of course total disapproval, on the other side vindication and admiration, but most carefully qualified. Hallam, the Whig, qualifies his approbation of Pym and Hampden so far as to hint that even at the beginning of the Civil War their case was already a bad one. As for the military party, which in the course of 1648 became predominant with Cromwell at its head, he condemns them altogether, and his estimate of Cromwell is singularly severe, though he does justice to his ability. Hallam may be taken to represent the purely political view. In Macaulay the tone taken is a degree more literary. He

avoids, apparently with intention, giving any deliberate estimate of Cromwell, but is always warmer and more eloquent than Hallam in speaking of his achievements.

Now comes Mr. Carlyle with the purely literary view. He tells us that he has sincerely tried to admire the Pym and the Hampdens, but at the bottom "he has found that it would not do." Of course not; we are quite prepared to hear that Cromwell seems to him as much superior to Pym and Hampden as Mirabeau, Danton, and Napoleon to Pitt and Fox. For he is thinking of the subject purely as a literary man, and he sees that from a literary point of view there can be no comparison between the hero of Naseby and Dunbar and two civilians, even though those two civilians did set on foot a civil war. Accordingly, he throws aside entirely the received opinion, and sets up the military party, rejected before by Whigs and Tories alike, for our admiration. In the midst of this military party, like Charlemagne among his peers, or Napoleon among his marshals, stands Cromwell, set high above all the statesmen of the Rebellion, and indeed high above all English statesmen, as a genius of the same order in politics as Shakespeare in literature.

It might have seemed impossible that the public should approve such a total subversion of all received views on a question which is fundamental in English politics, at least without the most careful examination. For if Mr. Carlyle is right, England has been on the wrong path for two hundred years, since it may be said that our politics ever since have been based upon the principle that the Great Rebellion was a mistake, and have consisted principally in expedients for avoiding the recurrence of such mistakes. It is needless to say that it does not cost Mr. Carlyle anything to affirm that England has been on the wrong path for two hundred years. As a prophet, he would not be at his ease if he had a thesis less enormous to support.

For a prophet is nothing unless he is alone against the world, surrounded with mocking and wondering faces, and therefore when a prophet makes the mistake of writing history, he must needs begin by reversing all received opinions. As a matter of course therefore, Mr. Carlyle must maintain that the Restoration, which is the starting-point of modern English politics, was not only a mistake, but a great act of national apostasy, and that the system which has grown out of it, though it has given us a remarkable and long-continued prosperity, and though it has been imitated in other European countries as almost an ideal system, is a contemptible and impious sham, which has brought England to the depths of moral ignominy. This was a matter of course, and it was also natural that he should not support the position by argument—that would be unworthy of a prophet—but simply by violent assertion, reiteration, and denunciation. What seems less intelligible is that by such methods he should succeed. And yet I think he has succeeded. His opinion is now adopted, or rather taken for granted, by all those who would not be thought reactionary. If you are not an old-world Tory, admiring Charles I., and thinking the opposition to him impious, it seems now a matter of course that you admire Cromwell, detest the Restoration, and sneer at the Revolution as a half-hearted compromise.

This may seem strange, and yet after all it is not strange when we consider that the public does not regard history seriously. For Mr. Carlyle's book really *was* amusing, and what would you have more? Here is a book that can be read. What a relief after those dreary constitutional tomes, to come upon a book glowing with all the hues of poetry! On one page it is sublime, and then on the next, or even on the same page, it is so exquisitely odd and funny! you would say the prophet Isaiah writing for *Punch*. How natural then that we

should give up our old opinions about the Great Rebellion, pronounce Cromwell an ideal hero-king, execrate the Restoration, and sneer at the Revolution! It was inevitable, when we consider it. Other causes no doubt co-operated. There were the instincts which have led the French to deify Napoleon, unavowed no doubt, but still powerful, and which we did not think it unsafe to indulge in the case of Cromwell, because *his* battles were gained in the cause of religion. Then there was the pleasure which the whole religious world felt when they learnt that a religious man, who had so long been despised as a hypocrite, was really one of the greatest and wisest statesmen of history. Then, again, many literary men felt it a relief to see a fine subject rescued out of the hands of lawyers and politicians, and ready to be clothed in the diction of romance and poetry. And, lastly, Radicalism wanted its theory of the Rebellion, and by means of that strange foreign fancy, that military imperialism has a certain affinity with liberty, managed to hit it off with Cromwell, and with a historian who never conceals the contempt he feels for liberty.

I do not complain of Mr. Carlyle for treating Cromwell's life in a new way. There was in truth great need that this should be done. That a man of such striking and strongly marked character should be, as it were, tabooed by history, that writers should be afraid to speak at large about him, that he should never be mentioned except in the tone of invective, or of timid apology, this was ridiculous. He had a right to a biography which should be heartily sympathetic.

Nor do I complain of Mr. Carlyle for defending Cromwell's religious sincerity, nor yet for asserting him to have been an honest, well-intentioned, as well as an able man. Historians have ordinarily spoken far too much of crime, and far too little of mistake. In such a confused age as Cromwell's, in such an abeyance of all ordinary

political rules, when decisions had to be taken suddenly and often in the dark, a man of excellent intentions may find himself in a very questionable position, and all the more easily if he has the kind of prompt, daring character which most insures immediate success. The quickest runner, once on the wrong road, will go furthest astray. When Cromwell began to take the lead the all-important decision had been already taken. Civil war had been entered on. If this decision was wrong, Cromwell was from the beginning on the wrong road. It is easy for historians in a quiet time to criticise and condemn the daring deeds of a great man thus hopelessly entangled; but there is something to my mind pharisaical in the "high tone of morality" which such historians pride themselves on preserving. I therefore go heartily with Mr. Carlyle when he discards the carping, fault-finding, moralising tone of former writers on Cromwell, and am quite willing to accept all that he urges in proof of his hero's nobleness, gentleness, and sincerity of character.

But when I have conceded all this to Mr. Carlyle, it seems to me that the question of Cromwell's work as a statesman, and of his position in English history, remains still to be discussed. He himself may have been good, and yet his system very bad. His career may have been well-intentioned and morally excusable, and yet it may have been a great mistake. He may be a grand figure for the imagination to contemplate, and yet his system of politics may have been mischievous. This is what the literary man writing history can never be brought to conceive. The great man to him is always the man who makes a striking figure on the historical stage. It is this misconception which has led the French to Napoleonism, and evidently the English counterpart of that illusion is Mr. Carlyle's theory of Cromwell.

The question I propose is, What

would a Radical historian such as Grote have said about Cromwell? Let us put aside entirely all old-fashioned constitutional prejudices, from which no doubt Hallam is by no means free; but let us put aside at the same time all the new-fashioned prejudices to which Mr. Carlyle is a slave, the taste for strong literary sensations, for stirring incidents and strong characters. Let us be politicians, not poets, and with this determination let us ask ourselves what we think of the Great Rebellion, of Cromwell, and of the Restoration. There are many points on which I for my part suspend my judgment. Among these is the all-important question whether the final breach between Parliament and King in the last months of 1641 was not really unavoidable. It is useless to discuss this until Mr. Gardiner has told us all he knows. The panic on the side of the parliamentary leaders was extreme, and by no means unreasonable. If the course they took was extreme, the necessity appeared to them, and could not but appear to them, extreme also. They might feel that they had only a choice of evils. Here, as in the principal acts of Cromwell, the moral question is intricate if not insoluble. But the principal political questions, whether the Civil War, unavoidable or not, was likely to lead to a good result; whether the military party, honest or not, had a right to suppress liberty in England; whether the militarism of Cromwell, well-intentioned or not, was a good form of government; and, lastly, whether the Restoration of Charles II., whatever we think of his character, or of the profligacy of his court, was salutary or not,—these are questions which there need be no difficulty in deciding. It seems to me that an intelligent Radical would answer all these questions in almost exactly the same way as they were answered by Hallam. He would say that, as a matter of course, the military government, whether in its first nominally republican form, or in the open im-

perialism of Cromwell, was a most bad and fatal system, and that, as a matter of course, the Restoration was a most necessary and salutary measure, by which all that was good in England was saved from destruction.

The Restoration was not a return to servitude, but the precise contrary. It was a great emancipation, an exodus out of servitude into liberty. We all, I suppose, know theoretically that there are more forms than one of tyranny, but practically we seem to treat military imperialism as if it were not among these forms. Perhaps because in modern Europe it has always been a short-lived, transient phenomenon, which has disappeared before men have had time to be disgusted with it, or for some other reason, the military tyranny of our Interregnum and of the Napoleons in France has left a slighter impression than the tyranny of the Stuarts and of the Bourbons. In our own case perhaps it is because we confuse the moral with the political question. Morally no doubt it seems hard to speak of Cromwell as a tyrant; morally no doubt it is absurd to class him with James II. But this ought not to tempt us to absolve the military system, or to overlook the fact that in itself it is a far greater scourge, a far more fatal evil, than such arbitrary government as that of the Tudors or of the early Stuarts. As to the later Stuarts, I regard them as pupils of Cromwell. I think that any one who tries to penetrate their design will find that it was their great ambition to appropriate Cromwell's methods for the benefit of the old monarchy. But, as we know, they were unsuccessful pupils. They failed where their model had succeeded, and the distinction of having enslaved England remained peculiar to Cromwell.

As Cromwell was probably no tyrant in intention, so it is no doubt true that in act he was much more than a mere tyrant. I could enlarge, had I space, upon the great results of his statesmanship which remained to England after his tyranny was destroyed. On

condition that it did not last his system might be regarded as beneficial. But had it lasted, had the house of Cromwell established itself in England, I take it that all which has since made the glory of our country would have been lost. England would have become a military state, and the Cromwellian monarchy would have been a sort of Protestant counterpart of the monarchy of Louis XIV. Moreover, when we are estimating the Restoration, we are before all things to remember that the Stuarts did not take the place of the Cromwells, but only of the military anarchy which followed the disappearance of the Cromwells.

It is no less untrue to call the Restoration an apostasy from virtue than to describe it as a return to servitude. I have no fancy whatever to rehabilitate Charles II. or his court, and it is easy to make an effective contrast between the scandals of the Restoration and the decorum of the Interregnum. But George Eliot warns us against that narrow, purely private view of morality to which we are too prone. A nation is demoralised much more by public crimes than by private vices. And whatever excuses may be made for the founders of the military government, whatever reasons we may allege for believing them sincere and well-intentioned, it remains that they had crushed the liberties of the country and established the degrading supremacy of an army. The cause of demoralisation lay here, and especially in the fact that the destruction of liberty had been accomplished in the name of religion. The military government might be decorous, but it was fundamentally immoral. Miscalling itself a republic, it was a tyranny founded on mere force. The Restoration government was presided over by a cynic and a libertine, but the government itself was legitimate in the best sense of the word, for it was founded not only on ancient laws, but also on the hearty, well-nigh unanimous, consent of the people. When therefore we are

told of the relaxation of morals which followed the Restoration, let us inquire what party was responsible for it. Macaulay himself has charged it upon the Puritans, who, according to him, strained the moral bond until it broke. But this explanation, I take it, misses the point. It was not merely their overstrictness that produced immorality by reaction, it was their complicity with tyranny, the share they had had in the destruction of English liberty. As much as it is to be desired that a true religion should control men's politics as well as their private actions, so much the invasion of politics by a crude, confused religious system is to be feared. When a nation has trusted itself to religion, and has been duped, a violent reaction against all religion cannot but set in. The low tone of the Restoration period, the profound mistrust of anything like enthusiasm which reigned for a good century afterwards, had its origin not in the Restoration itself, but in the reign of the Sects, in the grand disappointment of a nation which, by following the party of religion, had lost its liberties.

If I have pursued this subject so far, though it was introduced only by way of illustration, this is because nothing could illustrate more fully my view of the manner in which a corruption of history causes by contagion a corruption of politics. First under pretext of a prophetic gift which has a right to dispense with precision and with logic, a flood of rhetoric and of bastard poetry is let loose over the most important historical subjects. This loose mode of treatment does not, as is supposed, merely affect insignificant details, but blurs or completely misrepresents the large outlines of history. That the military government was a tyranny seems as evident now to those who look calmly at the facts as it seemed evident to almost all Englishmen for a century and a half. But let the subject be treated in a literary manner, that is, let pictures be substituted for reasonings, let persons and

characters occupy the foreground and political reflexion be made subordinate, taking always the form of hints, or short, impassioned comments, or poetical rhapsodies, and it is quite possible to make Cromwellism wear a splendid and glorious appearance. The misrepresentation is at first allowed to pass, because before a public so indifferent to history no historical question can be seriously tried, and then a new generation quietly adopts it because it is more cheerful, more animating, more poetical than the old view. But in adopting it they insensibly adopt a whole scheme of politics, which condemns all the traditional politics of the country. To say that the Great Rebellion was glorious, and the Revolution of 1688 a feeble compromise, is to repudiate in one word what may be called the English method in politics and to adopt the French method in its place. It is to abandon the politics of statesmen for the politics of literary men, for indeed Rebellion *v.* Revolution is the test-question between the two schools. The Rebellion represents the policy of strong sensations, intense action and passion, affording rich materials to the romancer, but completely unsuccessful, creating a strong tyranny in the effort to resist a weak one, repudiated at last by the whole nation, and consigned to oblivion for more than a century; the Revolution disappoints romancers, but it arrests the attention of political students as furnishing the unique example of a nation in extreme excitement doing precisely the thing it wished to do, and neither more nor less.

But if this ready adoption of Carlylian eccentricities is in itself unworthy of advanced politicians, in particular instances they proclaim it in a style which is positively alarming from the confusion of thought, the helpless somnambulism which it betrays. For they bring up the name of Cromwell at a moment when they are crusading against "imperialism," against jingoism, and the spirited foreign policy, and when they wish to hint that the time

is at hand when it will be desirable to substitute republicanism for monarchy. Now whatever may be open to question in Cromwell's career, it is surely not doubtful that on the one occasion in which Englishmen have tried the experiment of a republic it was Cromwell who stepped forward to crush it, that, having crushed it, he proceeded to reconstruct the monarchy, that, in doing so, he showed a manifest intention of abiding by the old form, and in particular that he restored the House of Lords, but that so far as the Cromwellian monarchy differed from the old English monarchy, it differed by having a much larger infusion of imperialism, and as a natural consequence distinguished itself specially in the department of foreign affairs. The founder of English imperialism and the inventor, if not of jingoism, yet certainly of the spirited foreign policy, is cited with triumph by the opponents of both at the very moment when they are opposing them most warmly!

It is time to collect the results of this paper. 'We are not political philosophers.' This does not mean that we are less so than most other nations, nor yet that there is not among us a vast amount of political knowledge of a certain kind; nor again that there are not individuals, perhaps fully as numerous as in other countries, whose political knowledge is profound. But it means that the profound knowledge of the few, and the large command of detail on special questions possessed by many, do not together constitute an adequate national knowledge of politics when the larger political questions are thrown open. At such times great masses of men ought to be—what is most difficult—political thinkers, and I have urged—

First, that the majority of the working classes are childishly ignorant of the larger political questions. When we are told that our working classes are disposed, almost too much disposed, to learn from their betters and from those who are wiser than themselves, I believe it is overlooked that a little

education and a little power fatally destroy such half-animal docility. Look at Germany, where the same disposition to reverence and loyalty was once stronger than in England, and see the coarse and furious contempt for all tradition that has sprung up since the introduction of universal suffrage. But, secondly, I urge—

That in the educated classes, putting aside the few who devote themselves to politics, there is much less trustworthy and precise knowledge of political principles than is commonly supposed. Our education runs off to classics, belles-lettres, and art on the one side, and to exact science on the other, so that on politics, and that part of history which is closely connected with politics, that is, recent history, they are at the mercy of the fashionable historians of the day, being wholly unable to test the views which such historians put before them. And, thirdly, I have urged—

That in the department of recent history our writers, being dependent for their literary success on the suffrages of the general public, have been compelled to adopt a low standard. They have formed the habit of regarding themselves as popular writers or writers for the young, and have accordingly put all their force into narration and florid description, so as to become, in one word, rather men of style than men of science. The result of this has been not merely to damage the quality of history, but to pervert its judgments to an infinite extent by substituting the literary for the properly political estimate of public men and public actions. And as practically our opinions on the larger political questions depend upon rough conclusions drawn from the more conspicuous historical phenomena, the corruption of history has caused a corruption of the political views of the educated class.

These evils are closely connected among themselves, yet they are not equally easy to remedy. One of them,

however, and that, in my view, the worst of all, if it were once fully recognised, would be remedied without difficulty. The corruption of history has an obvious cause in the absence of any sufficient *corps* of specialists among whom the true notion of history might be preserved, and to whose judgment historians might appeal with confidence. Any other serious study would decline as history has declined if it were left to itself as history has been left. If astronomy were handed over to the judgment of the general public, Airy and Adams would be obliged to give up the use of symbols, and to publish charming poetical books upon the wonders of the heavens; if geology were in the same condition, Ramsay and Geikie would devote themselves to producing nice little volumes on the pleasures of the sea-shore, adapted to amuse families during their summer holiday. History only needs to be protected as other serious studies are protected, or rather it is only one section of history that needs to be so protected. The corruption does not extend to ancient history, where Grote and Curtius and Mommsen have met with due appreciation; even mediæval history is affected by it only in a secondary degree, for we are all proud of Professor Stubbs, though not by any means so proud as we ought to be. It is only the recent periods that have been invaded by the literary romancing school, and in which that school is supported by the enthusiastic favour of the public. Unfortunately these are just the periods in which the domain of history confines with that of politics.

This evil, then, would be in a great degree remedied by a considerable increase in the number of teachers and students at the universities, or lecturers proceeding from the universities, who should devote themselves to this part of history; and as the study of history in general is advancing in the universities, this result will be secured if only the special importance of the recent periods is properly

recognised. When this is done, the time will soon arrive when the body of specialists will be strong enough to guide the popular judgment. More, no doubt, would still be needed to give the study a full degree of vitality and independence, and we must look forward with hope to a time when modern studies on a large scale shall be established in schools as well as in universities. In those days modern history will flourish between modern languages and modern literatures, and there will be some chance of curing nations of their somnambulism when each generation shall be taught seriously and thoroughly to know the world in which it is to live.

In those days the second evil too will be remedied. Not only will history be cured by being put into the hands of specialists, but at the same time the large mass of educated men will be able to form on political questions not merely a common-sense judgment—this is not enough when the questions at issue are fundamental—but a learned judgment. They will be in possession of all the results at which political thinkers have arrived, and in possession also of the facts of history, by which I do not mean the facts of biography, nor yet merely the famous occurrences of history, but the development of institutions and the precise process by which states have prospered or decayed. But even before that time arrives, if only the students of recent history can become more numerous and more influential, an approximation to this result may be made, and the educated class, by having a larger admixture of historical specialists, may make a perceptible advance in the clearness of their political views.

The other evil, it must be confessed, is in its nature irremediable. It is impossible even to conceive the great mass of the working classes educated to the point of having a sound judgment on questions of national policy. Still perhaps even here something

may be done. The great danger lies in the sanguine extravagance of opinion natural to a class which has no intellectual experience. Their politics are likely to be the politics of impulse or passion, or if of thought, then of unpractised thought, that is, thought misled by empty generalities, and judging of things *sur l'étiquette du sac*, by the label on the bag. Now it is the special function of science to correct this very class of errors, to teach the lesson that impulse and passion are not safe guides unless they are combined with clear knowledge, and that thought without method leads to mere fanaticism. And since on the other hand it is the special study of party politics to practise on these errors, to appeal recklessly to popular impulse, and to play with ambiguous words, there is

here surely an opportunity for science to do real good in the field of politics. The universities might extend their influence even more widely than they have yet done. Not by interfering directly in party strife, but by peaceful teaching, by introducing definition and precision where only loose declamation has hitherto been heard, by drawing from history not romantic blustering stories, but information about the experiments that have been tried in politics, and the degree of success that has attended them, it seems that much might be done to diffuse the conviction, above all things calculated to correct extravagance, that politics are a difficult, an anxious art, an art in which disaster is the normal result of declamation, party violence, and romantic history.

J. R. SEELEY.

TROUBADOURS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE good old-fashioned idea of the troubadour—as the minstrel of love going from land to land singing his song and twanging his guitar with no object in view but the praise of beauty, and no rule to entammel his passionate effusion—has by this time been pretty generally abandoned. It is or should be known to all students of literature, that Provençal poets, so far from being wholly wrapt up in their love-thought, took on the contrary a keen and active interest in the affairs of their day; that indeed their literary as well as their social importance depends quite as much on their slashing and bitter satire as on their always sweet but frequently monotonous and conventional love-songs. But still more mistaken is the notion that the troubadour as the singer of pure passion was unfettered by any rules and canons of art. It may indeed be said that he was the representative of art, or if the reader prefers it, artificiality, in its strictest and most highly developed sense. The metres invented and used with consummate skill by the poets of mediæval Provence remain a wonder of symmetry and technical perfection in the history of literature, unequalled by the poets of other nations who successively tried to imitate them.

For it may truly be said that in matters metrical the troubadours became the schoolmasters of Europe. In that capacity they were acknowledged and revered by the great poets of Italy, by Dante and Petrarch, while the singers of northern France, the *trouvères*, although submitting more or less consciously to the same influence, observed a discreet silence on the point. Through the medium of French, and in a more limited degree of Italian, literature, the metrical lore of Provence was transmitted to those singers of our own time and country

whom in the heading of this essay I have ventured to designate as modern troubadours. Amongst the latest school of English poetry the adoption of complicated foreign metres has become a passion and a creed. Rondeaux and rondels, vilanelles, and triolets have been naturalised, and in a certain sense acclimatised by our younger bards, and conservative critics have lamented over the degeneracy of modern days, ruefully pointing to the good old times when English poets would have scorned to borrow their metres from the foreigner. There, however, the critics were wrong—historically wrong at least. There had been a previous invasion of the same foreign element infinitely more important than the one which we are witnessing at present, and in an age too which patriotic lovers of literature regard as the acme of English poetry—I mean, of course, the reign of Elizabeth. That great time not only gave us the romantic epic and the drama, but it also introduced us to the sonnet and many other Italian verse-forms: and through the same sources too. Spenser and Shakespeare, the two representative names of the time, also stand at the head of the revival of form inaugurated by the foreign movement above-mentioned. It is true that neither of them adopted the strange importation with slavish accuracy. They recast the beauty of Italian rhyme in accordance with the genius of the language and their own. In this manner we see the Spenserian stanza grow out of the ottava rima of Ariosto, and the Shakespearean sonnet out of that of Dante and of Petrarch. For that origin it does not belie, although it must be owned that Shakespeare in his remodelling process has used the utmost liberty, one might say license.

It is curious that Shakespeare and

Shakespeare Societies have never thought it worth while to investigate, or at least have never succeeded in fathoming, the true relations between the so-called sonnet of Shakespeare and the Italian verse-form of the same name. To accomplish such a task one must understand the structural principle of the sonnet, and for that purpose it is necessary to study Dante's treatise *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, which, apart from being very little known is, I must confess, anything but lively reading. At the same time it is the fountain-head from which alone a true insight into the metrical system of the Romance languages—which in most essential points is also that of our own—can be derived. Dante, who was what every lyrical poet by rights should be—a musician—was fully aware of the identity of musical and metrical laws; and many of the expressions he uses with regard to the latter had, in his, and have even in our own time, a musical significance.

Dante divides a stanza, if it is divisible at all, into two sections, which again may be subdivided in various ways. The chief caesura of the stanza always coinciding with a pause in the sentence is called the volta, and the subdivisions, before or after it, are created by the repetition of certain metrical and melodic forms. If these groups occur before the volta they are called "pedes," if after, they are called "versus." On the other hand, if the opening part is not subdivided at all it is called "frons," and if the final portion is sung to one continuous tune it receives the name "cauda," which survives in our "coda." An example will best illustrate the meaning of these terms. Let us take a stanza from Don Juan, written; the reader is aware, in the ottava-rima:—

{ "How long in this damp trance young
 { Juan lay
 { He knew not, for the earth was gone
 { from him,
 { And Time had nothing more of night nor
 { day
 { For his congealing blood and senses dim :

{ And how this heavy faintness passed
 { away
 { He knew not till each painful pulse and
 { limb,
 { And tingling vein seemed throbbing back
 { to life,
 { For Death, though vanished, still retired
 { with strife."

The chief break or volta in this stanza occurs after the sixth verse, and according to strict rule it would require a stronger mark of punctuation than the comma Byron has vouchsafed. The six verses before this volta are divided into three couplets exactly corresponding with each other as regards rhyme, and sung—as the old poems in similar metres no doubt were sung—to one and the same melodic phrase, ending most probably in the dominant key so as to facilitate the repetition. The final couplet introduces a new rhyme, and, it may be concluded, a new melodic phrase which serves by way of climax and conclusion. The stanza, therefore, consists in Dante's terminology of three pedes of two lines each, and of a cauda of the same number of lines. Applying the same rule to the sonnet in its regular form, we find that its volta occurs after the eighth line, that it has two pedes of four lines each, and a cauda of six. Shakespeare, for reasons best known to himself, was not pleased with this correct form of the Italian sonnet, which he accordingly remodelled in his own autocratic fashion. In the first instance he does not think it necessary to adhere to the number of rhymes which in the orthodox sonnet are repeated in the two pedes; the order of these rhymes also he changes with equal freedom. More than this, he has added one to the number of these pedes, and therefore transferred the volta or chief pause from the eighth to the twelfth line, leaving only the final couplet for the cauda. His sonnet, therefore, instead of two pedes of four lines each and a cauda of six, contains three pedes of four lines each and a cauda of two. In other words, the structural principle of the original sonnet has been entirely changed, only

the number of lines of the Italian being retained. The reader will at once perceive the difference if he will compare any one of the immortal 154 with Milton's *Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints*, or the famous sonnet penned by Keats, *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*. And the matter is of greater importance than would appear at first sight. It is too frequently said that Shakespeare¹ wrote "irregular" sonnets, in other words, that he bungled, instead of which, he enriched poetic literature by a new form of his own creation as capable of harmonious development as the original itself.

It is different with a great many other English sonneteers both before Shakespeare and after him. The original position of the rhyme in the first section has been changed, and one or even two new rhymes have been introduced into the second quatrain for no better reason than that consonant final syllables are more scarce in English than in Italian. Such an excuse appears extremely weak. There is no necessity for writing sonnets, and those who cannot find the necessary rhyme-words had infinitely better refrain. So, at least, one would think but for the undeniable fact that some of the finest sonnets in the language show the defect alluded to. It would be easy to cite many cases in point from the works of modern poets, not excepting Keats, who, in the lines addressed to Reynolds, *O thou whose face*, has actually accomplished a sonnet without any rhymes, and, *mirabile dictu*! D. G. Rossetti. But perhaps it will serve

¹ I am, of course, aware that the form of the Shakespearean sonnet in its essential features had previously been used by the Earl of Surrey, who, most probably, was its inventor. At the same time these early attempts are metrically so crude and inaccurate that the establishment of the form and its permanent place in literature are undoubtedly due to Shakespeare, who, if not the earliest, is at least infinitely the greatest representative of the form of the sonnet generally called after him. Conscientious readers, however, may, if they prefer, put the name of Surrey instead of Shakespeare in the above remarks.

the reader's purpose better to listen to an earlier and less known, but by no means despicable, sonneteer, Drummond of Hawthornden. The following lines deviate in every respect from the orthodox form of the sonnet adhered to, for example, by Milton, who besides being a mighty poet was also a profound metrical scholar. At the same time it would be impossible to deny that they show the peculiarities of Drummond's style in a favourable light:—

SONNET.

"With grief in heart, and tears in swooning eyes,
When I to her had giv'n a sad farewell,
Close sealed with a kiss, and dew which fell
On my else-moistened face from beauty's
skies,
So strange amazement did my mind surprise
That at each pace I fainting turned again,
Like one whom a torpedo stupefies,
Not feeling honour's bit, nor reason's rein.
But when fierce stars to part me did constrain
With back-cast looks I envied both and
bles'd
The happy walls and place did her contain,
Till that sight's shafts their flying object
miss'd,
So wailing parted Ganymede the fair
When eagles' talons bare him through the
air."

Anything more misshapen than the construction of this stanza cannot well be imagined. It is a kind of cross between the Shakespearean and the Italian sonnet, indicating the principles of both only sufficiently to let us feel their collapse in a hopeless confusion of rhymes. It may be added, although by no means in excuse of Drummond's negligence, that when so minded he was quite capable of turning out a very fair specimen of the orthodox sonnet.

The name of Drummond of Hawthornden suggests another foreign verse form, of which he also is amongst the earliest and most prominent representatives in this country. This is the sestina. The sestina, like the sonnet, comes to us from Italy, but, unlike the sonnet, it is not of Italian origin. Unlike the sonnet, also, it can trace its birth to a well-known poet,

Arnaut Daniel, one of the most celebrated troubadours of the thirteenth century. Arnaut's fame rests on a far safer basis than his own works, as far as they have been preserved to us, could furnish. Dante has introduced him in the *Purgatorio*, where the Italian poet Guido Guicicelli speaks of his Provençal brother bard in terms of highest praise, calling him a "great smith of his mother-tongue, unsurpassed in love-song or romance." As very little of Arnaut Daniel is known in this country, a short account of his life, as transmitted by the old manuscripts, will probably be welcome to the reader, were it only as a brief respite from the technical disquisitions to which he has been treated.

"Arnaut Daniel," his Provençal biographer says, "was born at Castle Ribeyrac, in the diocese of Perigord, and he was gentle born. He was a good student, and took delight in writing poetry, and he left his studies and became a joglar (wandering minstrel). And he acquired a certain manner of writing in difficult rhymes, for which reason his songs are by no means easy to understand or to learn by heart. And he loved a high-born lady of Gascony, the wife of Lord William of Boville; but it was thought that the lady never granted him any favour of love, for which reason he says, 'I am Arnaut who loves the air, and I hunt the hare with the ox, and swim against the stream.'

"And it happened that he was at the court of King Richard of England; and there being also at the court another joglar, the latter boasted that he could invent rhymes as scarce as could Arnaut. Arnaut thought this good fun, and each gave his horse as a pledge to the king in case he should lose the bet. And the king locked them up each in a room. And Sir Arnaut, being tired of the matter, was unable to string one word to another; the joglar made his song with ease and speedily. And they had only ten days allowed to them. And the king was to judge at the end of five days.

When the joglar asked Sir Arnaut if he had finished, 'Oh, yes,' said Sir Arnaut, 'three days ago.' But he had not given the matter a thought. And the joglar sang his song every night so as to know it well. And Arnaut thought how he could draw him into ridicule; so one night, while the joglar was singing, Arnaut took care to remember the whole song and the tune. And when they were before the king, Arnaut declared that he wished to sing his song first, and began to sing in excellent style the song the joglar had made. And the joglar, when he heard this, stared him in the face and declared that he himself had made the song. And the king asked how that was possible; but the joglar implored him to inquire into the truth of the matter. The king then asked Sir Arnaut how it had happened, and Sir Arnaut told him the whole story. And the king had great joy at this, and thought it most excellent fun. And the pledges were returned, and to each he made rich presents."

The amusing anecdote just related, which, in a modified way, and no doubt by mere coincidence, is part of the plot of Wagner's *Meistersinger*, is little in accord with the general tenor of Arnaut's life, as far at least as it is reflected in his poetry. He has been called the Browning of Provençal literature; his train of thought is severe, his language purposely obscure, and his rhymes fully deserve the term "ears,"—scarce or unusual,—which the old critics apply to them. Arnaut himself was fully aware of all this, and he gives an excellent reason for it. It is the unkindness of his lady, he says, which makes his speech harsh, and his metre difficult. Should she incline her ear to him he would soon sing the gayest love-song in the most harmonious measure.

However that may be, his peculiarity of style brought him such literary fame as must to some extent have atoned for the cruelty of his mistress. The way in which he is

mentioned by contemporary poets and satirists plainly shows the esteem in which he was held, and that esteem was not limited to his own time or country. Dante, as has already been mentioned, places him above all other troubadours, and moreover has paid him the practical compliment of imitating one of his favourite metres, viz. the *sestina*, or *sextain*, above referred to. Dante's example was followed by Petrarch, and it is no doubt through their means that the *sestina* reached this country. Sir Philip Sidney, one of the earliest representatives of the sonnet, is, as far as I am aware, responsible for the introduction of the *sestina*, of which there are several specimens in his works. He even improved on his models by writing what he calls a "*dizain*" (showing the principle of the *sestina* applied to stanzas of ten instead of six lines), also a double *sestina*, the difficulties of the achievement being of course considerably increased in this manner. Drummond of Hawthornden, as has already been indicated, is another early writer of *sestinas*, which he also modifies according to his own taste. After him the *sestina* seems to have sunk into neglect until the modern foreign revival, when it was restored to its old honours by Mr. Swinburne, and more recently still by Mr. E. W. Gosse. A form of poetry which has attracted so many writers in so many countries—for in France and Germany also it is naturalised—cannot be altogether without merits, and therefore well deserves our passing attention.

The *sestina* is a dangerous experiment, on which only poets of the first rank should venture. It is a man-trap well adapted to keep irresponsible intruders from the garden of poetry. Only in the first stanza is the poet

a free agent; after that he is held by his own selection as in a vice: he has signed his bond, and by that he must abide. To speak without metaphor, the *sestina* is founded on the principle of what the French call *bouts-rimés*, or given rhymes, with the difference, however, that the poet is permitted in the first stanza to select his own rhymes, or rather ends of verse, which he has to repeat in all the subsequent stanzas according to a certain scheme. There are, as the name indicates, six lines to a stanza and six stanzas to a poem, not counting the *tornada* or *envoi* of three lines, in which all the six verse-ends of the preceding stanzas have to occur. To illustrate the order in which the repetition of the rhymes takes place, it will be advisable to quote at least two stanzas from what is most likely the first *sestina* in the English language. It is named "*Agelastus' Sestina*," and occurs in the Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia*, by Sir Philip Sidney:—

"Since wayling is a bud of causefull sorrow,
Since sorrow is the follower of ill-fortune,
Since no ill-fortune equals publike damage;
Now Prince's loss hath made our damage
publike
Sorrow pay we to thee the rights of Nature,
And inward grief seal up with outward
wayling.

"Why should we spare our voice from endlesse
wayling
Who instly make our hearts the seate of
SORROW
In such a case, where it appears that Nature
Doth add her force unto the sting of Fortune!
Choosing, alas, this our theatre publike
Where they would leave trophées of cruell
damage."

The ends of the lines are, the reader will perceive, identical in the two stanzas, but their sequence is of course entirely different. On comparison we find that

Sorrow, the first verse-end in the first stanza is the second in the second.

Fortune, the second	"	"	"	fourth	"
Damage, the third	"	"	"	sixth	"
Publike, the fourth	"	"	"	fifth	"
Nature, the fifth	"	"	"	third	"
Wayling, the sixth	"	"	"	first	"

By reducing the result of this comparison to a formula we have the following :—

1	first stanza	=	2	second stanza.
2	"	=	4	"
3	"	=	6	"
4	"	=	5	"
5	"	=	3	"
6	"	=	1	"

And this formula expresses exactly the relation of each stanza in the sestina to its predecessor, of the third to the second, of the fourth to the third, of the fifth to the fourth, and of the sixth to the fifth. The reader therefore has here a complete receipt for composing a sestina, to which he has only to add the slight ingredient of genius to make it a beautiful poem. That ingredient is by no means wanting in some of the English specimens. Mr. Swinburne has written some lovely sestinas, both in English and French, the latter I have no doubt being by far the finest and most melodious examples in that language. Unfortunately, however, I cannot but add that he has looked for his model, not in the works of Dante or the troubadours, but in some more modern source. The lines in the original sestina do, as the reader will have observed, not rhyme with each other in the same stanza. They have to wait for their consonance till the next following stanza, and in this continual playing at hide-and-seek of the rhyme-words the charm of the sestina—the “humour of it”—consists. By matching them in each stanza, and thus making that stanza a whole in itself, you destroy the principle of reciprocity and interdependence, which is in this case simply indispensable. This course, however, has been followed by Mr. Swinburne, and not by him alone. Many years ago M. de Gramont, a learned French poet, published a sestina of this kind in the *Revue Parisienne*, edited by Balzac, who turned critic for the nonce, and expounded to his readers the beauties of the ancient form and of its modern adaptation. Théodore de Banville, in his *Petit Traité de la Poésie Française*,

quotes De Gramont's poem, and adds that this particular treatment of the sestina is borrowed from Petrarch, proving in that manner that he has never read that poet. There was, however, another and a very good precedent of whose existence neither Balzac nor de Banville ever dreamt. This is none other than our friend Drummond of Hawthornden, who has left us a very pretty sextain with rhyming verse-ends. One stanza at least may be quoted by way of illustration :—

“The heaven doth not contain so many stars,
So many leaves not prostrate lie in woods,
When autumn's old and Boreas sounds his wars,
So many waves have not the ocean floods,
As my rent heart hath torments all the night
And heart-spent sighs when Phœbus brings the light.”

Whether Mr. Swinburne in his treatment of the sestina has followed Drummond or Gramont, or has acted independently of either, certain it is that by introducing the rhyme into the single stanzas he has sacrificed structural consistency to beauty of sound. The only modern poet who, as far as I am aware, has written a correct sestina after the manner of Arnaut Daniel is Mr. E. W. Gosse, who in his recent volume (*New Poems*, Kegan Paul) has given welcome proof that mastery of foreign form may coexist with simple and genuine English feeling. To his sestina the honour of a quotation in full is justly due.

“In fair Provence, the land of lute and rose,
Arnaut, great master of the lore of love,
First wrought sestines to win his lady's heart,
For she was deaf when simpler staves he sang,
And for her sake he broke the bonds of rhyme,
And in this subtler measure hid his woe.

“‘Harsh be my lines,’ cried Arnaut, ‘harsh the woe—
My lady, that enthroned and cruel rose,
Indicts on him that made her live in rhyme.’

But through the metre spake the voice of
Love,
And like a wild-wood nightingale he sang,
Who thought in crabbed lays to ease his
heart.

"It is not told if her untoward heart
Was melted by her poet's lyric woe,
Or if in vain so amorously he sang;
Perchance through cloud of dark conceits
he rose
To nobler heights of philosophic love,
And crowned his later years with sterner
rhyme.

"This thing alone we know: the triple rhyme
Of him who bared his vast and passionate
heart
To all the crossing flames of hate and love,
Wears in the midst of all its storm of woe—
As some loud morn of March may bear a
rose,—
The impress of a song that Arnaut sang.

" 'Smith of his mother tongue,' the French-
man sang
Of Lancelot and of Galahad, the rhyme
That beat so bloodlike at its core of rose,
It stirred the sweet Francesca's gentle heart
To take that kiss that brought her so much
woe,
And sealed in fire her martyrdom of love.

"And Dante, full of her immortal love,
Stayed his drear song, and softly, fondly
sang
As though his voice broke with that weight
of woe;
And to this day we think of Arnaut's rhyme
Whenever pity at the labouring heart
On fair Francesca's memory drops the rose.

"Ah! sovereign Love, forgive this weaker
rhyme!
The men of old who sang were great at
heart,
Yet have we too known woe, and worn thy
rose."

We have hitherto considered the
three important verseforms which
English poetry owes to Italy; the
ottava-rima, the sonnet, and the
sestina; for the latter also, although
of Provençal origin, came to us, as
we have seen, through the medium of
Italian genius. To make this essay
complete, it would now be incumbent
on me to speak of the metrical ac-
quisitions we owe to the mediæval
poets of northern France, the
trouvères. Fortunately it is un-
necessary to put the reader's patience
to so severe a test. The Triolet, the

Rondeau and Rondel, the Chant Royal,
and whatever their names may be,
have been written about so much of
late, that any one interested in the
subject may easily inform himself of all
that is needful. There is, for example
—to mention only the most accessible
sources—the very excellent *Petit Traité*
of Théodore de Banville already re-
ferred to, and, still more handy, an
able article in the *Cornhill Magazine*,
which contains in a concise form the
substance of the French book, with
the addition of some English ex-
amples. The short essay, "On Some
Foreign Forms of Verse," by Mr.
Austin Dobson (himself an adept),
printed in Mr. Davenport Adams's
collection of *Latter Day Lyrics*, will
also be found useful.

The grace and neatness of these
dainty metres I am the last to deny.
They are useful also as a practical
lesson of the value of strict form.
Even an irregular sonnet, as we have
seen, may be a fine poem; but every
one will admit that a halting rondel
or virelai is simply an abomination.
Moreover, Villon and others have
shown that even for the reception of
pathos and sentiment these forms are
by no means unadapted. It is further
agreeable to mention that our English
poets have not been surpassed by
their French rivals as regards both the
accuracy and the consummate skill with
which the metrical resources placed at
their disposal have been turned to
account. Such a poem as the follow-
ing triolet, by Mr. Robert Bridges,
is perfect of its kind. Note espe-
cially the subtle *nuance* which gives
a slightly different meaning to each
occurrence of the refrain:—

"When first we met we did not guess
That Love would prove so hard a master;
Of more than common friendliness
When first we met we did not guess.
Who could foretell this sore distress,
This irretrievable disaster,
When first we met? We did not guess
That Love would prove so hard a master."

And this is by no means a solitary
instance of skill. The names of some of

the best of our younger poets, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, John Payne, E. W. Gosse, T. Marzials, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, and Miss Mary Robinson immediately suggest themselves in this connection. These and others may claim to be the worthy successors of Charles d'Orleans who, centuries ago, beguiled the weary hours of his English captivity with rondels and rondeaux full of tender sweetness. Scarcely less quaint than the broken English of the French prince is the Scotch rondel in which Mr. Lang celebrates the good old-fashioned game of golf (XXII. *Ballades in Blue China*; Kegan Paul, 1880).

But, admitting all this and more, it cannot be said that the gain to be derived from trifles of this kind amounts to much. The stanzas of the troubadours, and of the great Italian poets, are organically developed; they are as rich and as varied as the musical ideas from which originally they were inseparable. The canzoniere of Dante, or Petrarch, or Boccaccio, reveal metrical ideas which in the hands of a modern poet might be still further developed and bear rich fruit. But no such development is possible where not rhythms but words are repeated, and where the principle from which it is derived is as monotonous as that prevailing in all the poems we are now speaking of. For it is easy to see, although M. de Banville and his disciples fail to see it, that the triolet, the rondeau, the rondel, and even the much-venerated Chant Royal, are but variations of one and the same metrical theme, namely, the refrain. The refrain, that is the repetition of

the same verse at the end of each stanza, is of great importance in mediæval French poetry, which owes some of its sweetest and simplest effects to it. In the late Middle Ages, when the poetry, of France and the world generally had lost much of its raciness and freshness, artificialities began to take the place of inspiration; for it must be remembered that the verse-forms so popular in the time of Villon were unknown to the genuine *trouvères*. The later poets soon discovered the resources of the refrain, and turned it to further account with much ingenuity. It will indeed be seen on closer investigation that in all these late French forms the repetition of a word or words, or entire lines, is a *sine quâ non*. There is besides this, also, a certain rule as to the length of the stanza, the sequence of the rhymes, and so forth; but all that is more or less incidental. The essential and permanent principle remains the refrain, that is, the repetition of certain words in certain parts of the stanza according to a given scheme. Now such a repetition may in certain circumstances be of excellent effect; but it may also prove a very serious impediment, and one for which there is no real organic necessity. In other words, the verse-forms we are speaking of are little more than playthings, which only the genius of certain poets has been able to lift to the sphere of serious literature. They rank at best with the sestina, certainly not with the sonnet, the ottava-rima, or the beautiful stanzas which some of the troubadours have left us.

F. HUEFFER.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

CHAPTER XLII.

AFTER these events an interval of great quiet occurred at Markham. Paul went to town, where he was understood to be reading for the bar, like most other young men, or preparing for a public office—opinions being divided as to which it was. Naturally Sir William Markham's son found no difficulty in getting any opening into life which the mania of examination permitted. Indeed there were friends of his father's very anxious to get him into parliament, and "push him on" into the higher branches of the public service; but he had not yet sufficiently recovered from the rending and tearing of the past to make this possible. He was inseparable from one of his Oxford comrades, a young fellow whom nobody knew, a young Cæsus, the son of some City man, who had judiciously died and left him, unencumbered by any vulgar relations, with an immense fortune. It already began to be said by people who saw the young men together, that no doubt Lady Markham would be wise enough to secure this fine fortune for Alice; but at present, of course, in the first blackness of their mourning, nothing could be definitely arranged on this subject. Paul lived in London, at first moodily enough, resenting the great harm that had been done him, but afterwards not so badly on the whole. He had lost a great deal certainly, but not anything that takes the comfort out of actual life. He was as well lodged, and had his wants as comfortably supplied as if he had been Sir Paul Markham. Hard as his reverses had been upon him, they had not plunged him into privations, and indeed it is possible that young Paul in a public office would have as much real enjoyment

of his life as any landed baronet or county magnate, perhaps more; but then for Paul, if he wanted to "settle," for Paul married and middle-aged, the case would be very different; unless indeed he married money, which he showed very little inclination to do.

Spears sailed in the end of October with his younger daughters, Janet having first been married with much solemnity to her master at the shop, who gave her a very gorgeous house, with more gilding about it than any house in the neighbourhood, and dressed her so that she was a sight to see. Her father never pretended to understand the history of the tie which had been formed, he could not tell how, and broken in the same mysterious way. He had a vague consciousness that he ought to have done or said something in the matter, but how was he to do it? And all is well that ends well. Before the emigrants sailed, Fairfax appeared suddenly and renewed his anxious desire to take those shares in the undertaking which Spears had not permitted Paul to retain. Fairfax protested that it was as a speculation he did it, and that nowhere could he find a better way of investing his money. And though Spears was only half deceived, he was at the same time, in spite of himself, elated by this profession of confidence, which restored the *amour-propre* which had been so deeply wounded, and at the same time restored himself, as the controller of so large an amount of capital, to his right place among the adventurers. He would not have accepted a farthing from Paul, but from that easy-going fellow Fairfax all seemed so natural! Whatever happened he would not mind; but there could be little doubt that the estimate thus formed was entirely true.

Thus quiet fell upon Markham with the winter mists and rains. It was not cheerful there in the midst of the wet woods, when the dark weather closed in without any of the hospitalities and wholesome country diversions which make winter bright. Their sorrow and their mourning only began to reign supreme when all the agitation was stilled, and Paul had settled into his strangely-changed existence, and Sir Augustus had become the master of the house. The only variety the family had was in a sudden visit from the Lennys, husband and wife, who had only heard of all that had passed on their return from a round of the cheap places on the Continent, which was their way of living when they had no visits to make. Mrs. Lenny knew, what so few of us know, where these cheap places were, and had eaten funny foreign dinners, and knew how to choose what was the best in them, in many an out-of-the-way corner. They had been in Germany and Switzerland, appearing now and then at a watering-place, as a seal comes to the surface to take breath. And it was not till nearly Christmas that they heard all that had happened. Mrs. Lenny came and threw herself upon Lady Markham's shoulder and wept. "If I had known, my dear lady, if I had known the trouble that was coming on your dear family through me and mine!" the good woman said. "As for Colonel Lenny, he could not speak to Lady Markham, but went off with the boys, who were at home for the holidays, after one silent grasp of her hand; but his wife talked and cried, and cried and talked all the afternoon through."

"And don't blame poor Will Markham more than you can help," she said. "It was a baby when he left the island, and what does a young man think of a baby? It doesn't seem to count at all. And then my brother had adopted the little thing. It didn't seem as if it belonged to him."

This appeal to her on behalf of her

own husband, wounded Lady Markham almost as much as blame.

"I understand how it was," she replied with proud stoicism; though even at that moment, in hearing him thus defended, there glanced across Lady Markham's mind a sense of the wrong he had done which was almost intolerable to her. Thus the mind works by contradiction, seeing most distinctly that which it is called upon not to see. Afterwards, Mrs. Lenny told her the whole story of Gus's young mother, and her love and death, which she listened to with a strange feeling that she herself was the girl who was being talked of, who had died so young.

"He was no better than a lad himself," Mrs. Lenny said; "I don't doubt that it was like a dream to him. When Lenny and I talked to him first he did not seem to understand about the boy."

"You talked to him then—about—his son?"

"That was what we came for, surely," said Mrs. Lenny; "that was what we came for. We knew nothing about you, my dear lady, and we didn't know there was a family. When I heard of your fine young gentleman that was to be the heir,—God bless him!—you might have knocked me down with a straw; and I told Will he should make a clean breast of it. But do you think a man, and a great statesman, would take a woman's advice? They think they know better, and he would not. He thought nothing would ever happen, poor Will! And here it's come upon you like a tempest, without a word of warning."

"We will say no more about it," said Lady Markham.

If she could she would have obliterated the story from everybody's memory; instead of dwelling upon her wrongs it was her pride to ignore them. It was intolerable to her to think that all the world of her acquaintance must have discussed her and her husband, and all that had happened, as Mrs. Lenny, with the best of in-

tentions and the kindest of thoughts, was doing. She put a stop to the conversation pointedly, leading her companion to other subjects; and though she was more kind to them than ever, and treated those kind and innocent Bohemians as if, Mrs. Lenny said, they had been the governor and his lady, she did not encourage any return to this subject. As for Gus, though he had scarcely any recollection of them, he was very glad to see these relations, who knew so much more about him than any of his family did. Colonel Lenny was a godsend to him in the dark winter days. He could hardly make up his mind to let them go. But the Lennys were too much accustomed to wandering, and too determined, whatever might be wanting to them, that a little amusement never should be wanting, to relish the gloom of Markham in its mourning. When they went away, Mrs. Lenny whispered a solemn intimation, of which it was difficult to say whether it was a warning or a prophecy, into Lady Markham's ear. "He'll not stand it long," she said. Her note was half melancholy, half congratulatory, and she nodded and shook her head alternately, looking back as the carriage went down the avenue upon the group at the great door. Lady Markham, with a shawl round her, was as fair in her matronly beauty as ever, though a little paler than of old. She was not afraid of the chill, but stood there waving her hand to her departing guests till they were out of sight. But Sir Gus withdrew shivering to his fire, which roared up the chimney night and day, and could never be made big enough to please him. He could not understand what pleasure it could be to any one to encounter that chill air, laden with moisture, out of doors.

The fact was that the English winter was a terrible experience for Sir Gus. He had not contemplated anything so unlike all that he had previously known. He had heard of it,

of course, and knew that there was cold to encounter such as he had never felt before, but he was not aware what were the consequences of that cold, either mental or bodily. He shrank visibly in the midst of his wrappings, and grew leaner and browner as the year went on, and sat shivering close by his great fire when the boys came in glowing with exercise, and the little girls, his favourites, with brilliant roses of winter on their cheeks. "Come out, come out, and you will get warm!" they all cried; but he would not leave his fire. A man more out of place in an English country-house in a severe winter could not be. Gus could do nothing that the other gentlemen did. He neither hunted nor shot, nor even walked or rode. He did not understand English law or customs, to occupy himself with the duties of a magistrate; he did not care about farming; he knew nothing about the preserving of the game, or even the care of the woods. He was fretful when the agent or his clerk came to consult him on any of these subjects. Go out and look at the timber! he only wanted more to burn, to have better and better fires.

By this time the family at Markham had almost begun to forget that Gus was an intruder. There was no more question of Lady Markham's removal to the dower-house. Nothing had been said about it by one or the other, but it had been quietly, practically laid aside, as a visionary scheme impossible in the circumstances. They all lived together calmly, monotonously, in perfect family understanding. Even Alice, who stood out so long against him, had learned to accept Gus. The little girls made him their slave; he was always ready to do anything they wanted, to take them wherever they pleased. But life got to be very heavy upon Gus's hands as these winter days went on. He had nothing to do; he did not even read—that resource of the unoccupied; he had no letters to write, or business

to do like his father, and he soon began to hate the library which had been appropriated to him, notwithstanding its huge fireplace. He was more at home in the soft brightness of the drawing-room, with velvet curtains drawn round him, and the lights reflected in the mirrors and sparkling on the pretty china and ornaments. The ladies found him in their territories more than in his own. He interrupted nothing, but notwithstanding, there, as everywhere, there was nothing for him to do. It was only now and then, not once a day at the most, that there was a skein of silk or of wool to hold for some one. Sometimes he would volunteer to read aloud, but he soon tired of that. He bore this want of occupation very well on the whole, sitting buried in the big bamboo chair, which he had filled with soft cushions, at the corner of the fire in the drawing-room, looking on at all that was doing, and more interested in the needlework than those who worked at it. Poor little gentleman! Sir Gus did not even care for the newspapers; he looked at the little paragraphs of general interest, but turned with a grimace from the long reports of the debates. "What good does all that do me?" he said, when Lady Markham, who was somewhat horrified by his indifference, endeavoured to rouse him to a sense of his duties.

"But it concerns the country," she would say, "and few people have a greater stake in the country."

"That is how Paul would have felt," said Sir Gus; "he would have read all these speeches; he would have understood everything that is said. It would have mattered to him——"

"Indeed it matters to us all," said Lady Markham, with grave dignity. Of all people in the world to listen while a parliamentary debate is talked of with contempt, the wife of a man who was once a Cabinet minister is the last—and all the more if her husband held but a secondary place.

She was half-offended and half-shocked; but Sir Gus could not see the error of his ways. He got all the picture-papers, which he enjoyed along with Bell and Marie, and sent to the boys after, when they were at school. He cared nothing about the game, except to eat it when it was set before him. From morn to chilly eve he would sit by that fire, and note everything that happened. Not a letter arrived but he was there to see how it was received, and what was in it. Lady Markham declared that had she heard anywhere else, or read in a book, of a man who was always in the drawing-room, who had no duties of his own, and who sat and watched everything, the situation would have seemed intolerable. But it was not so intolerable in reality. They got used, at last, to the big bamboo-chair and its inhabitant; they got used to his comments. There was no harm in Sir Gus; but life was hard upon him. Everybody else was doing something—even the little girls in the school-room were learning their lessons—but he, burying himself in the cushions of his chair, showing nothing out of it but two little brown hands, twirling a paper-knife, or a pencil, or anything else he had got hold of, had nothing to do. Sometimes he would get up and walk to the window. When it was fine it would give him much pleasure to watch the birds collecting about the bread-crumbs, which he insisted on scattering everywhere.

"There is a lazy one, like me," he would say; and a little pert robin red-breast, a sort of little almoner, who came and superintended the giving away of these charities, gave Sir Gus the greatest amusement. But the people who came to call were not equally amusing. When a man came, he expected Sir Gus to take an interest in the debates, or in the places where the hounds met, and stared, when he knew that Gus, like Gallio, cared for none of these things. And he was not even interested in the parish. When Dolly Stainforth brought up a report

of some village catastrophe, Sir Gus was not the one who responded with the greatest liberality. He was not used to have very much money to spare, and he was careful of it. It was not that he loved money, but he had not the habit of spending it lavishly, as we foolish people have. Sometimes he would drive out in a close carriage, to the great contempt of everybody concerned.

"The new master, he *be* a muff," the people in the porter's lodge said. Even from that mild exercise, however, he was glad to come in, shivering, and call Brown to put on a great many more coals in the fire. The house was full of schemes for warming it more effectually. Hot water, hot air—all kinds of expedients; and never had so much fuel been used in Markham in the memory of man.

"He will ruin my lady in coals," Brown said; but Sir Gus did not take this into consideration. It was about the greatest pleasure he had in the good fortune which was to make him so happy.

In February there came, as there sometimes comes, a spell of bright weather—a few soft, spring-like days—and the poor little gentleman from the tropics brightened along with the crocuses. "It is over at last," he said, in beatific self-delusion; and he was persuaded to pay a visit to town when Parliament was on the point of meeting, and the general tuning up for the great concert of the season had begun to begin. Here Sir Gus was confided to the charge of Fairfax, who took him into his own house, and roasted him over huge fires, and made little dinners for him, collecting other tropical persons to meet him. But very soon Sir Gus found out that it was not over. He found out that not to be interested in the debates, nor in society, nor in books and pictures, and, above all, not to "know people," were sad drawbacks to life in London. He sat dumb while his companions talked of meeting So-and-so at Lord What-d'ye-call-'em's

and of the too-well-known intimacy—"Don't you know?"—between Sir Robert and Lady John. He stared at the talkers, the poor little foreigner! and tired even of Fairfax's big fires. The skies that hang so low over the London streets, the rain and muddy ways, or the east wind that parched them into whiteness, made his very soul shrink. That was not at all a successful experiment. He went back on Lady Markham's hands in March, having ensconced himself now in a coat lined with sables, which buried him still more completely than the big chair.

"England is a very fine place," he said, with his teeth chattering, as he came in, out of a boisterous March wind, which carried upon it bushels of that dust that is worth a king's ransom. "It is a very fine place, but—only I don't seem to agree with it." But that summer must certainly come some time—and spring was certainly come at this period, though Gus did not recognise that pleasant season in its English garb—they must all have given in altogether. But when the primroses appeared in the woods Sir Gus began to get back a little of his courage. Fortunately the summer opened brightly, promising to be as warm and genial as the winter had been severe; and by degrees the little gentleman let his fires go down, and left off his furs. Who can doubt that the winter had been very long at Markham for the whole household? They were living alone in their mourning, and Paul, though only in London, was separated from them, and in a state of great uncertainty and doubtful comfort. And other visitors were banished too. But when the spring came back, the household awoke, and broke the bonds of gloom. Even Lady Markham began to smile naturally upon her children—not with the smile of duty put on for their advantage, but with a little natural rising of the clouds. And Alice brightened insensibly, knowing that "they" were to come for Easter; that is, Paul and "one of his friends."

Nothing had been said to Alice upon any subject that was likely to agitate her prematurely; but it was pleasant to look forward to that visit from Paul and his friend—from which fact it may be divined that Lady Markham had been not unfavourably moved by the last item in Fairfax's confession.

Thus summer came again, communicating brightness; and Sir Gus began to live again, and to believe that it might be possible to put up with England after all.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THAT summer was as bright as the winter had been cold. The hot weather came on in May, and the country about Markham brightened into a perfect paradise of foliage and blossom. Sir Gus came to life; he began to show himself in the country, to move about, to accept the invitations which were given to him. And it cannot be denied that his thoughts and plans were much modified after he had made acquaintance with the county and began to feel that people were inclined to pay him a great deal of attention. He had wanted nothing better at first than to be received as a member of Lady Markham's family, to adopt, as it were, his brothers and sisters, and to make them as little conscious as possible of the change he had brought into their life. He had promised that he would never marry, nor do anything to spoil Paul's prospects further. But before the summer was over his views in this respect had sensibly modified. He began to think that perhaps the length and dreariness of the winter had been partly owing to the fact that Lady Markham and her children were less satisfactory than a wife and children of his own. Why should he (after all) sacrifice himself to serve Paul? He was not old, whatever those arrogant young people might think; and probably it was in this way that happiness might come

to him. Paul would no doubt get on very well in society; he would marry well, and his younger son's portion was not contemptible; there really seemed no reason why his elder brother should sacrifice himself on Paul's account. And gradually there dawned upon him an idea that before winter came on again he might have some one belonging to him who should be his very own.

Gus dined out very solemnly by himself, making acquaintance with his neighbours during the Easter recess, and when the great people of the neighbourhood came back to the country after the season; and did not scorn the tables of the less great who remained in the country all the year round. He was not exclusive. The less great houses were still great enough for Gus. He liked to go to the Rectory, where Mr. Stainforth, who was a politic old man, often invited him; and indeed, Sir Augustus, who everybody said was so exceedingly simple and unpretentious, became quite popular in the district where at first everybody had been against him as an intruder. Though it was no less hard upon Paul than before, the new heir was pardoned in the county because of his adoption of the family and his kindness and genuine humility. There could not be any harm in him, people said, when he was so good to the children, when he sought so persistently the friendship of his stepmother, and endeavoured to make everything pleasant for her.

Then it became very evident that Sir Gus, though not so young as he once was, was still marriageable and likely to marry, which naturally still further increased his popularity; and as, instead of attempting any stratagems of self-defence, he was but too eager to put himself into the society of young ladies, and showed unequivocal signs of regarding them with the eye of a purchaser, it was natural that the elder ladies should accept this challenge, and on their parts do what they could to make him acquainted with the

stores the county possessed. Women do not give themselves to this business of settling marriages in England with the candour and honesty that prevail in other countries. The work is stealthy and unacknowledged, but it is too natural and too just not to be done with more or less vigour; and the county was not less active than other counties. "Poor Paul!" some people said, who had at first received the new baronet as a merely temporary holder of the title and estates—one who, according to a legend dear to the popular mind, had bound himself not to do anything towards the achievement of an heir; but by and by they said "Poor Sir Gus!" and could see no reason in the world why he should sacrifice himself. This was a little after the time when he had himself come to the same conclusion.

When all the families began to return in the end of July, he was asked everywhere. Mourning is not for a man a very rigid bond, and it was now nearly a year since Sir William died, so that there was nothing to restrain him; indeed there were some who said that Lady Markham was too punctilious in keeping Alice at home, never letting her be seen anywhere—a girl who really *ought* to marry, now that the family were in so changed a position. Sir Gus went a great deal to Westland Towers, where there had never been so many parties before—garden parties, archery meetings, competitions at lawn-tennis, to which the entire county was convoked; and at all these parties there was no more favoured guest than Gus. This was a great change, and pleased him much. At "home" he was not much more than put up with. They had come to like him, and they had always been very kind to him; but he had been an intruder, and he had banished the son of the house, and it was not to be supposed that mortal forbearance should go so far as to admire and honour him as the chief person in the household, even though

he was its nominal head. When he went elsewhere Gus was made more of than at Markham, and at the Towers he felt the full force of his own position. His sayings were listened for, his jokes were laughed at, and he himself was followed by judicious flattery. All his little eccentricities were allowed and approved, his light clothes extolled as the most convenient garments in the world, and his distaste for sport and the winter amusements of country life sanctioned and approved.

"How men of refined habits can do it has always been a mystery to me," said Lady Westland.

"You forget, mamma, that a taste for bloodshed is one of the most refined tastes in the world," said Ada, who was herself fond of hunting when she had a chance, and never was better pleased than when she could lunch with a shooting party at the cover-side. Ada made a grimace behind Gus's back, and said "Little monster!" to the other young ladies.

"Ah, poor Paul! We used to see so much of him," she said, "when he was the man, poor fellow, and no one had ever heard of this little Creole. But parents are nothing if not prudent," Miss Westland added; "and now the tropics are in the ascendant, and poor Paul is nowhere. What can one do?" she said with a shrug of her shoulders up to her ears.

Dolly Stainforth, who was of the party, but not old enough or important enough to say anything, grew pale with righteous indignation. She was very well aware that Paul had never "seen much" of the family at Westland Towers; but that they should now pretend to hold him at arm's length stung her to the heart. This took place at a garden party, and the explanation about Paul had been made in the midst of a great many people of the neighbourhood, who had all been very sorry for Paul in their day, yet were all beginning now to turn towards the new-risen sun. Dolly had turned her back upon them, and

gone off by herself in bitterly-suppressed indignation, sore and wounded, though not for her own sake, when she encountered Sir Gus, who had spied her in a turning of the shrubbery. George Westland had spied her too, but had been stopped by his mother on his way to her, and might be seen in the distance standing gloomily on the outskirts of a group of notables, with whom he was supposed to be ingratiating himself, gazing towards the *bosquet* in which the object of his affections had disappeared.

"What is the matter, Miss Dolly?" Sir Gus had said.

"Oh, nothing. I was not crying," Dolly said, with a sob. "I am too indignant to cry. It is the horridness of people," she cried with an outburst of wrath and grief. Sir Gus was distressed. He did not like to see any one cry, much less this dainty little creature, who was almost his first acquaintance in the place.

"Don't," he said, touching her shoulder lightly with his brown hand. "Whatever it is it cannot be worth crying about. None of them can do any harm to you."

"Harm to *me*! I wish they could," said Dolly; "that would not matter much. But don't believe them, don't you believe them: a little while ago they were all for Paul—nobody was so nice as Paul—and now it is all you, and Paul, they say, is nowhere. Do you think it is like a lady to say that poor Paul is 'nowhere,' only because he has lost his property, and you have got it?" cried Dolly, turning with fury, which it was difficult to restrain, upon the poor little baronet. He changed colour: of course he knew that it was his position, and not any special gifts of his own, which recommended him; yet he did not like the thought.

"That is not my fault, Miss Dolly," he said. "You should not be unjust; though it is your favourite who has been the loser, you ought not to be unjust, for I have nothing more than what is my right."

"Oh, Sir Augustus," said Dolly,

alarmed by her own vehemence, "it was not you I meant. You have always been kind. It was those horrid people who think of nothing but who has the money. And then, you know," she said, turning her tearful eyes upon him, "I have known them all my life—and I can't bear to hear them speak so of Paul."

"And you can't bear me, I suppose, for putting this Paul of yours out of his place?" Gus said.

"No, indeed I don't blame you. A woman might have given it up, but it is not your fault if you are different from a woman—all men are," said Dolly, shaking her head. "When one knows as much about a village as I do, one soon finds out that."

"I suppose you think the women are better than the men," said Sir Gus, shaking his head too.

"I am for my own side," said Dolly promptly, her tears drying up in the impulse of war; "but I did not mean that," she added, "only different. Men and women are not good—or nasty—in the same way. I don't suppose—you—could have done anything but what you did."

"I don't think I could," said Sir Gus, briefly.

"But the people here," said Dolly, "oh, the people here!" She stamped her foot upon the ground in her impatience and indignation; but when he would have pursued the subject, Dolly became prudent, and stopped short. She would say nothing more, except another appeal to heaven and earth against "the horridness of people." This, however, gave Sir Gus a great deal to think of. Dolly did not in the least know what he had in his mind. She was not aware that the little man was going about among all the pretty groups of the garden party in the conscious exercise of choice, noting all the ladies, selecting the one that pleased him. Two or three had pleased him more or less—but one most of all: which was what Dolly Stainforth never suspected. Sir Gus walked about with the air of a man

occupied with important business. He had no time to pay any attention to the progress of the games that were going on; his own affairs engrossed him altogether. Sometimes he selected one lady from a number on pretence of showing her something, or of watching a game, or hearing the band play a particular air, and carried her off with him to the suggested object, talking much and earnestly. He did not pay much court to the mothers and chaperons, but went boldly to the fountain-head. And some of the pretty young women to whom he talked so gravely did not quite know what to make of the little baronet. They laughed among themselves, and asked each other, "Did he ask you whether you liked town better or country? and if you would not like to take a voyage to the tropics?" Dolly on being asked this question quite early in their acquaintance, had answered frankly, "Not at all," and had further explained that life out of the parish was incomprehensible to her. "I could not leave my poor people for months and months, with nobody but papa to look after them," Dolly had said.

It was only after he had enjoyed about half a dozen interviews of this kind, amusing the greater part of his temporary companions, but fluttering the bosoms of one or two who were quick-witted enough to see the handkerchief trembling in the little sultan's hand, that Sir Gus allowed himself to be carried off in his turn by Ada Westland, who came up to him in her bold way, neglecting all decorum.

"Come with me, Sir Augustus," she said; "I have got a view to show you," and she led him to where, among the trees, there was a glimpse of the beautiful rich country, undulating, all wooded and rich with cornfields, to where Markham Chase, with all its oaks and beeches, shut in the horizon line. There was a glimpse of the house to be had in the distance, peeping from the foliage: and in the centre of the scene, the red roofs of

the village and the slope of the Rectory garden in the sunshine. "I used to be brought here often to have my duty taught me," said Ada. "Mamma made quite a point of it every day when we first came here."

"I am glad your duty makes you look at my house, Miss Westland," said Sir Gus, making her a bow.

"Oh, I don't mean now," said the outspoken young woman. "That is quite a different matter. I was quite young then, you know, and so was Paul, and my mother trained me up in the way a girl should go. We are new people, you know; we have not much distinction in the way of family. What mamma intended to do with me was to make me marry Paul."

Once more Sir Augustus bowed his head quite gravely. He did not laugh at the bold announcement, as she meant he should. "Was your heart in it?" he said.

"My heart? Do you think I have got one? I don't know—I don't think it was, Sir Augustus. 'Look at all that sweep of country,' mamma used to say; 'that may all be yours if you play your cards well—and a family going back to the Conqueror.' There have only been two generations of *us*," said Ada; "you may think how grand it would have felt to know that there was a Crusader's monument in the family. In some moods of my mind, especially when I have been very much sat upon by the blue-blooded people, I don't think I should have minded marrying the Crusader himself."

"I can understand the feeling," said Gus. He was perfectly grave, his muscles did not relax a hair's-breadth. He stood and looked upon the woods that were his own, and the house which he called home. It looked a little chilly to him, even in the midst of the sunshine. The sky was pale with heat, and all the colours of the country subdued in the brilliant afternoon light, the trees hanging together like terrestrial clouds, the stubble-fields grey where the corn had been

already cut, and the roads white with dust. But it did not occur to him as he stood and gazed at Markham that it would make him happy to live there with his present companion by his side. "Beauty is deceitful, and favour is vain." She was one of the prettiest persons present. She was full of wit and cleverness, and had far more wit and knowledge than half of her party put together. But the heart of the little baronet was not gained by those qualities. He stood quite unmoved by Ada's side. She might have married the Crusader for anything Sir Augustus cared. Ada waited a little to see if no better reply would come, and then she made another *coup*.

"Pity us for an unfortunate family, foiled on every side," she said. "Paul you know, has ceased to be a *parti* altogether. Anybody may marry him who pleases,—and to a district in which men do not abound this is a great grievance—but I don't blame you for that, Sir Augustus, though some do. And look there," she said, suddenly turning round, "look at the door of the conservatory. There are mamma's hopes tumbling down in another direction. I don't feel the disappointment so much in my own case, but about George, I do really pity mamma. She can't marry me to the next property, as she intended; and just look at George, making a fool of himself with the parson's daughter. Now, Sir Augustus, don't you feel sorry for mamma?"

"Miss Stainforth is a very charming young lady," said Sir Gus, still as grave as ever, "but I thought that she——" here he stopped in some confusion, having nearly committed himself, he felt.

"I know what you were going to say," said Ada, with a laugh. "You think she had a fancy for Paul too. She might just as well have had a fancy for the moon. The Markhams would never have permitted that; and as for Paul himself, he thought no more of Dolly——! Fancy, Dolly!

but my brother does. It is a pity, a great pity, don't you think, that brothers' and sisters can't change places sometimes? George would have made a much better young lady than I do. I am much too outspoken and candid for a girl, but I should never have fallen in love with Dolly Stainforth. If mamma could change us now, it would be some consolation to her still."

"Miss Stainforth is a very charming young lady," Sir Gus said again.

"A—ah!" said Ada, with a malicious laugh, "you admire Dolly too, Sir Augustus? I beg a thousand pardons. I ought to have been more cautious. But I never thought that a man who had seen the world, a man of judgment, a person with experience and discrimination——"

"You think too favourably of me," said Sir Gus. "It is true I have come over a great part of the world; but I don't know that of itself that gives one much experience. You think too favourably of me."

"That is a fault," said Ada, "which most men pardon very easily," and she looked at him in a way that was flattering, Gus felt, but a little alarming too.

This conversation too had its effect upon him. He felt that there was no time to lose in making up his mind. If he was to secure for himself a companion before the winter came on, it would be well not to lose any time. And Miss Westland was very flattering and agreeable; she seemed to have a very high opinion of him. Gus did not feel that she was the woman he would like to marry; but if by any chance it might happen that she was a woman who would like to marry him, he did not feel that she would be very easy to resist. That such a woman might possibly wish to marry him was of itself very flattering; still on the whole, Gus felt that he would prefer to choose rather than to be chosen. And with a shrewd sense of the difficulties of his position, he decided that to have another young lady betrothed

to him would be by far his best safeguard against Ada. A woman who belonged to him would stand up for him; and the mere fact that he belonged to her would be an effectual defence. As it happened, fortune favoured him. Mrs. Booth, who had come with Dolly in her little carriage to the Towers, wanted to get back early, as the evening was so fine, and Dolly declared that there was nothing she would like so much as to walk. There would certainly be somebody going her way to bear her company. Then Sir Gus stepped forward and said he would certainly be going her way, and would walk with her to the Rectory gate. Dolly smiled upon him so gratefully when he said this that his heart stirred in Gus's bosom. She kept near him all the rest of the time, coming up to him now and then to see if he was ready, if he wished to go, with much filial attention; but Gus did not think of it in that light. Nor did he think that it was by way of getting rid of George Westland that she devoted herself to him. This is not an idea which naturally suggests itself to a man who has never had any reason to think badly of himself. Gus had always, on the contrary, entertained a very good opinion of himself; he had known that, on the whole, he deserved that mankind in general should entertain a good opinion of him, and there was nothing at all out of the way, or even unexpected in the fact that Dolly should be pleased by his care of her, and attracted towards himself. It was a thing which was very natural and delightful, and pleased him greatly. When the company began to disperse, he was quite ready to obey Dolly's indication of a wish to go, and to take leave of Lady Westland when her son was out of the way, according to the girl's desire. They set out upon the dusty road together in the grateful cool of the summer evening, carriage after carriage rolling past them, with many nods and wreathed smiles from the occupants, and no doubt many

remarks also upon Dolly's cavalier. But the pair themselves took it very tranquilly. They went slowly along, lingering on the grassy margin of the road to escape the dust, and enjoying the coolness and the quiet.

"How sweet it is," Dolly said, "after the heat of the day."

"You call that hot, Miss Dolly?" said Gus. "We should not call it hot where I come from."

"Well, I am glad I have nothing to do with the tropics," Dolly said. "I like the cool evening better than the day. One can move now—one can walk; but I suppose you never can do anything there in the heat of the day?"

"I am sorry you don't like the tropics," he said. "I think you would, though, if you had ever been there. It is more natural than England. Yes, you laugh, but I know what I mean. I should like to show you the bright-coloured flowers, and the birds, and all the things so full of colour—there's no colour here. I tell Bell and Marie so, and they tell me it is I that can't see. And then the winter——" Gus shuddered as he spoke.

"But you ought to have gone out more," said Dolly, "and taken exercise; that makes the blood run in your veins. Oh, I like the winter! We have not had any skating here for years. It has been so mild. I like a good sharp frost, and no wind, and a real frosty sun, and the ice bearing. You don't know how delightful it is."

"No, indeed," said Gus, with a shudder. "But, perhaps," he added, "if one had a bright little companion like you, one might be tempted to move about more. Bell and Marie are delightful children, but they are a little too young, you know."

"But Alice——" said Dolly, with a little anxiety.

"Alice never has quite forgiven me, I fear; and then she has her mother to think of; and they always tell me she cannot do this or that for her mourning. It is very right to wear mourning,

I don't doubt,' said Gus, "but never to be able to go out, or meet your fellow-creatures——"

"That would be *impossible!*" said Dolly, with decision. "It is not a year yet. *You* did not know poor Sir William. But next winter it will be different, and we must all try to do our best"—for Lady Markham, she was going to say—but he interrupted her.

"That will be very kind, Miss Dolly. I think you could do a great deal without trying very much. I always feel more cheerful in your company. Do you remember the first time we ever were in each other's company, on the railway?"

"Oh, yes," cried Dolly. She was very incautious. "I thought you were such a——" She did not *say* queer little man, but felt as if she had said it, so near was it to her lips; and blushed, which pleased Gus greatly, and made him imagine a much more flattering conclusion. "You asked me a great deal about poor Paul," she said, "and then we met them coming home; and Sir William, oh! how ill he looked—as if he would die!"

"You remember that day?" said Gus, much delighted, "and so do I. You told me a great deal about my family. It was strange to talk of my family as if I had been a stranger, and to hear so much about them."

"I thought you were a stranger, Sir Augustus."

"Yes, and you wished I had been one when you found out who I really was. Oh, I don't blame you, Miss Dolly—it was very natural; but I hope now, my dear," he said, with a tone that was quite fatherly, though he did not intend it to be so, "that you are not so sorry, but rather glad on the whole to know Gus Markham, who is not so bad as you thought."

Dolly was surprised to be called "my dear;" but at his age was it not quite natural?

"Oh," she said, faltering, "I never thought you were bad, Sir Augustus; you have always been very kind, I know."

But she could not say she was glad of his existence, which had done so much harm to—other people; even though in her heart she had a liking for Sir Gus, the queerest little man that ever was!

"I have tried to be," he said; "and I think they all feel I have done my best to show myself a real friend; but there comes a time when one wants something more than a friend, and, Dolly, I think that time has come now."

Well! it was a little odd, but she did not at all mind being called Dolly by Sir Gus. She looked at him with a little surprise, doubtful what he could mean. They were by this time quite near the village and the Rectory gate.

"I think," he said, "that if I don't get married, my dear, I shall never be able to stand another winter at Markham. It nearly killed me last year."

"Married!" she cried, her voice going off in a high quaver of surprise and consternation. If her father had intimated a similar intention she could scarcely have been more astonished. This was what everybody had consoled themselves by thinking such a man was never likely to do.

"Yes, married," he said. "Don't you think you know, Dolly, a dear little girl that would marry me, though I am not so young nor so handsome as Paul? You see it is not Paul now, it is me; and though he was handsomer and taller, I don't think he was nearly so good-tempered as I am, my dear. I give very little trouble, and I should always be willing to do what my wife wanted to do—or at least almost always, Dolly—and you would not get that with many other men. Haven't you ever thought of it before? Oh, I have, often. I went through all the others to-day, just to give myself a last chance, to see if, at the last moment, there was any one I liked better; but there was none so nice as you. You see, I have not done it without thought. Now, my pretty Dolly, my little dear, just say you

will marry me before the winter, and to-morrow we can settle all the rest."

He had taken her hand as they stood together at the gate. Dolly's amazement knew no bounds. She was so bewildered that she could only stand and gaze at him with open mouth.

"Do you mean me?" she cried at last—"me?" with mingled horror and surprise. "I don't know what you mean!" she said.

"Yes, my dear, I mean you. I tell you I looked again at all the rest, and there was not one so nice. Of course I mean you, Dolly. I have always been fond of you from the first. I will make you a good husband, dear, and you will make me a sweet little wife."

"Oh, no, no, no!" Dolly cried. The world, and the sky, and the trees, seemed to be going round with her. She caught at the gate to support herself. "No, no, no! It is all a dreadful mistake."

"It cannot be a mistake. I know very well what I am doing, Dolly."

"But oh dear! oh dear! Sir Augustus, let me speak. Do you think I know what I am doing? No, no, no, *no*! You must be going out of your senses to ask me."

"Why? because you are so young and so little! But that is just what I like. You are the prettiest of all the girls. You are a dear, sweet, good little thing that will never disappoint me. No, no, it is no mistake."

To see him standing there beaming and smiling through the dusk was a terrible business for Dolly.

"It is a mistake. I cannot, cannot do it—indeed I cannot. I will not marry you—never! I don't want to marry anybody," she said, beginning to weep in her excitement.

Now and then a villager would lumber by, and, seeing the couple at the porch, grin to himself and think that Miss Dolly was just the same as the other lasses. It was a pity the gentleman was so little, was all they said.

CHAPTER XLIV.

At last the year of the mourning was over. The Lennys, the good colonel and his wife, had come to Markham a few days before, and he was a great godsend to the boys, who were vaguely impressed by the anniversary, but could not but feel the grief a little tedious which had lasted a whole year. They were very glad to go out quite early in the morning with the colonel, not at all, as it were, for their own pleasure, but because his visit was to be short, and the keeper was in despair about the birds which no one shot, and which Sir Augustus was so utterly indifferent about.

"He wouldn't mind a bit if the place was given up to the poachers," Harry said. "He says, 'What's the good of the game—can't we buy all we want?' I think he is cracked on that point."

"I don't mind Gus at all in some things," said Roland. "He's not half a bad fellow in some things; but he's an awful muf—no one can deny that."

"He has not been brought up as you have been," the colonel said.

While they stole out in the early morning, the old man and the boys, all keen with anticipated pleasure, Gus felt already the first *frisson* of approaching winter in the sunny haze of September, and had coverings heaped upon him, and dressed by the fire when he got up two hours after. Poor Sir Gus was not at all cheerful. Dolly's refusal had not indeed broken his heart, but it had disappointed him very much, and he did not know what he was to do to make life tolerable now that this expedient had failed. The anniversary oppressed him more or less, not with grief, but with a sense that, after all, the huge change and advancement that had come to him with his father's death had not perhaps brought all he expected it to bring. To be Sir Augustus, and have a fine property and more money than

he knew how to spend, and a grand position, had not increased his happiness. On the contrary, it seemed to him that the first day he had come to Markham, when the children had given him luncheon and showed so much curiosity about him as a relation, had been happier than any he had known since. He too had been full of lively curiosity and expectation, and had believed himself on the verge of a very happy change in his life. But he did not anticipate the death or the trouble to others which were the melancholy gates by which he had to enter upon his higher life. When he had dressed, he sat over the fire thinking of it on that bright September morning. He was half angry because he could not get rid of the feeling of the anniversary. After all, there was nothing more sad in the fifteenth of September than in any other day. But Lady Markham, no doubt, would shut herself up, and Alice look at him as if, somehow or other, he was the cause of it; and they would speak in subdued tones, and it would be a kind of sin to do or say anything amusing. Gus could not but feel a little irritation thinking of the long day before him, and then of the long winter that was coming. And all the prophets said it was to be a hard winter. The holly-trees in the park, where they grew very tall, were already crimson with berries. Already one or two nights' frost had made the geraniums droop. A hard winter! The last had been said to be a mild one. If this was worse than that, Sir Gus did not know what he should do.

The day, however, passed over more easily than he thought. His aunt, Mrs. Lenny, was a godsend to him as the colonel was to the boys. She made him talk of nothing but "the island" all the day long. It was long since she had left it. She wanted to know about everybody, the old negroes, the governor's parties, the regiments that had been there. On her side she had a hundred stories to tell of her own youth, which looked all the

brighter for being so far in the distance. They took a drive together in the middle of the day, basking in the sunshine, and as the evening came on they had a roaring fire, and felt themselves in the tropics.

"Shouldn't you like to go back?" Mrs. Lenny said. "If I were as rich as you, Gus, I'd have my estate there, like in the old days, and there I'd spend my winters. With all the money you've got, what would it matter whether it paid or not? You could afford to keep everything up as in the old days."

"But there's the sea. I would do it in a moment," Gus said, his brown face lighting up, "but for the sea."

"You would soon get used to the sea—it's nothing. You would get over the sickness in a day, and then it's beautiful. Take me with you one time, Gus, there's a darling. I'd like to see it all again before I die."

"I'll think of it," Gus said: and indeed for the next twenty-four hours he thought of nothing else.

Would it be possible? Some people went to Italy for the winter, why not to Barbadoes? No doubt it was a longer voyage; but then what a different life, what a smoothed and warmed existence, without all this English cold and exercise. He thought of it, neither more nor less, all the next night and all the next day.

And no doubt it was a relief to the house in general when the anniversary was over. A vague lightening, no one could tell exactly what, was in the atmosphere. They had spared no honour to the dead, and now it was the turn of the living. To see Bell and Marie in white frocks was an exhilaration to the house. And it cannot be said that any one was surprised when quite quietly, without any warning, Fairfax walked into the hall where the children were all assembled next day. He had paid them various flying visits with Paul during the past year, coming for a day or two at Easter, for a little while in the summer. But there was something differ-

ent, they all thought, about him now. From the moment when Lady Markham had been informed of that one little detail of his circumstances mentioned in a previous chapter, the young man had taken a different aspect in her eyes. He had no longer seemed the careless young fellow of no great account one way or another, very "nice," very simple and humble-minded, the most good-humoured of companions and serviceable of friends, which was how he appeared to all the rest. Mr. Brown had judged justly from the first. The simplicity of the young millionaire had not taken in his experienced faculties. He had always been respectful, obsequious, devoted, long before any one else suspected the truth. How it was, however, that Lady Markham—who was very different from Brown, who considered herself above the vulgar argument of wealth, one to whom the mystic superiority of blood was always discernible, and a rich *roturier* rather less agreeable than a poor one—how it was that she looked upon this easy, careless, lighthearted young man, who was ready to make himself the servant of everybody, and who made his way through life like an obscure and trusted but careless spectator, rather than an agent of any personal importance—with altogether different eyes after the secret of his wealth had been communicated to her, is what we do not pretend to explain. She said to herself that it did not, could not, make any difference; but she knew all the same that it made an immense difference. Had he been poor as well as a nobody, she would have fought with all her powers against all and every persuasion which might have been brought to bear upon her. She would have accorded him her daughter only as it were at the sword's point, if it had been a matter of life and death to Alice. But when she knew of Fairfax's wealth, Lady Markham's opposition gradually and instinctively died away. She said it was the same as ever; but while she said so, felt the

antagonism and the dislike fading out of her mind, why, she did not know. His wealth was something external to himself, made no difference in him; but somehow it made all the difference. Lady Markham from that moment gave up the struggle. She made up her mind to him as her son. She never thought more about his grandfather. Was this worldly-mindedness love of money on her part? It was impossible to think so, and yet what was it? She did not herself understand, and who else could do so?

But nobody else had been aware of this change in the standard by which Fairfax was judged, and everybody had treated him easily, carelessly, as before. Only when he appeared to-day the family generally were conscious of a difference. He was more serious, even anxious; he had not an ear for every piece of nonsense as before, but was grave and pre-occupied, not hearing what was said to him. Mrs. Lenny thought she knew exactly what was the matter. He attracted her special sympathies.

"Poor young fellow," she said, "he's come courting, and he might just as well court the fairies at the bottom of the sea. My Lady Markham's not the woman I take her for if she'll ever give her pretty daughter to the likes of him."

"He wants to marry Alice, do you think?" said Gus. "I wonder if she'll have nothing to say to him either?"

He was thinking of Dolly, but Mrs. Lenny understood that it was of Lady Markham's opposition he thought.

"I would not answer for the girl herself," Mrs. Lenny said; "but Gus, my dear, you have done harm enough in this house; here's a case in which you might be of use. You have neither chick nor child. Why shouldn't you settle something on your pretty young sister, and let her marry the man she likes?"

"No, I have neither chick nor child," Gus said.

It was not a speech that pleased him, and yet it was very true. He pondered this question with a continually increasing depression in his mind all day. He could not get what he wanted himself, but he might help Fairfax to get it, and make up to him for the imperfections of fortune. Perhaps he might even be asked, for anything he could tell, to serve Paul in the same way. This made the little baronet sad, and even a little irritated. Was this all he had been made a great man for, an English landed proprietor, in order that he should use his money to get happiness for other people, none for himself?

In the meantime Fairfax had followed Alice to the west room, her mother's favourite place, but Lady Markham was not there.

"I will tell mamma. I am sure she will be glad to see you," Alice said.

"Just one moment—only wait one moment," Fairfax said, detaining her with his hand raised in appeal.

But when she stopped at his entreaty he did not say anything. What answer could she make him? She was standing waiting with a little wonder and much embarrassment. And he said nothing; at last—

"Paul is very well," he said.

"I am very glad. We heard from him yesterday."

Then there was another pause.

"Miss Markham," said Fairfax, "I told your mother myself of *that*, you know, and a great deal more. She was not so—angry as I feared."

"Angry!" Alice laughed a little, but very nervously. "How could she be angry? It was not anything that could——"

What had she been going to say? Something cruel, something that she did not mean.

"Nothing that could—matter to you? I was afraid not," said Fairfax; "that is what I have been fearing you would say."

"Of course it does not matter to us," said Alice, "how should it?

Why should it matter to any one? We are not such poor creatures, Mr. Fairfax. You think you—like us; but you have a very low opinion of us after all."

"No, I don't think I like you. I think something very different. You know what I think," he said. "It all depends upon what you will say. I have waited till yesterday was over and would not say a word; but now the world has begun again. How is it to begin for me? It has not been good for very much in the past; but there might be new heavens and a new earth if—— Alice!" he cried, coming close to her, his face full of emotion, his hands held out.

"Mr. Fairfax!" she said, drawing back a step. "There is mamma to think of. I cannot go against her. I must do what she says."

"Just one word, whatever comes of it, to myself—from you to me—from you to me! And after," he said, breathless, "she shall decide."

Alice did not say any word. Perhaps she had not time for it—perhaps it was not needed. But just then the curtains that half veiled the west room were drawn aside with a fretful motion.

"If it is you who are there, Alice and Fairfax," said Sir Gus—and in his voice, too, there was a fretful tone, "I just want to say one word. I'll make it all right for you. You need not be afraid of mamma. I'll make it all right with her. There! that was all I wanted to say."

When Sir Gus had delivered himself of this little speech he went off again very hastily to the hall, not meaning to disturb any tender scene. The idea had struck him all at once, and he carried it out without giving himself time to think. It did him a little good; but yet he was cross, not like himself, Bell and Marie thought. There was a fire in the hall, too, which the children, coming in hot and flushed from their games, had found great fault with.

"You will roast us all up; you will

make us thin and brown like yourself," said Bell, who was always saucy.

"Am I so thin and so brown?" the poor little gentleman had said. "Yes, I suppose so, not like you, white and red."

"Oh, Bell, how could you talk so, to hurt his feelings?" said little Marie, as they stood by the open door and watched him, standing sunning himself in the warmth.

His brown face looked very discontented, sad, yet soft, with some feeling that was not anger. The little girls began to draw near. For one thing the autumn air was cool in the afternoon, and their white frocks were not so thick as their black ones. They began to see a little reason in the fire. Then Bell, always the foremost, sprang suddenly forward, and clasped his arm in both hers.

"He is quite right to have a fire," she said. "And I hate you for being cross about it, Marie. He is the kindest old brother that ever was. I don't mind being roasted, or anything else Gus pleases."

"Oh, Gus, you know it wasn't me!" cried Marie, clinging to the other arm.

His face softened as he looked from one to another.

"It wasn't either of you," he said. "I was cross, too. It is the cold—it is the winter that is coming. One can't help it."

It was not winter that was coming, but still there was a chill little breeze playing about, and the afternoon was beginning to cloud over. Lady Markham coming down stairs was struck by the group in the full light of the fire, which threw a ruddy gleam into the clouded daylight. Something touched her in it. She paused and stood beside them, looking at him kindly.

"You must not let them bother you. You are too kind to them," she said.

Just then the post-bag came in, and Mrs. Lenny along with it, eager, as

people who never have any letters to speak of always are, about the post. They all gathered about while the bag was opened and the letters distributed. All that Mrs. Lenny got was a newspaper—a queer little tropical broadsheet, which was of more importance, as it turned out, than all the letters which the others were reading. She put herself by the side of the fire to look over it, while Lady Markham in the window opened her correspondence, and Gus took the stamps off a foreign letter he had received to give them to Bell and Marie. The little girls were in all the fervour of stamp-collecting. They had a book full of the choicest specimens, and this was just the kind of taste in which Sir Gus could sympathise. He was dividing the stamps between them equally, bending his little brown head to the level of Marie, for Bell was now quite as tall as her brother. Their little chatter was restrained, for the sake of mamma and Colonel Lenny, who were both reading letters, into a soft hum of accompaniment, which somehow harmonised with the ruddy glow of the fire behind them, warming the dull air of the afternoon.

"That will make the German ones complete," Bell was saying. And, "Oh, if I had only a Greek, like Bell, I should be happy!" cried Marie. The little rustle of the newspaper in Mrs. Lenny's hand was almost as loud as their subdued voices. All at once, into the midst of this quiet, there came a cry, a laughing, a weeping, and Mrs. Lenny, jumping up, throwing down the chair she had been sitting on, rushed at Sir Gus, thrusting the paper before him, and grasping his arm with all her force.

"Oh, Gus, Gus, Gus!" she cried, "Oh, Colonel, look here! Gavestonville estate's in the market. The old house is going to be sold again. Oh, Colonel, why haven't we got any money to buy it, you and me!"

"Give it here," said Sir Gus.

He held it over Marie's head, who stood shadowed by it as under a tent,

gazing up at him and holding her stamp in her hand. The little gentleman did not say another word. He paid no attention either to Mrs. Lenny's half hysterics or the calls of little Marie, who had a great deal to say to him about her stamp. His face grew pale with excitement under the brown. He walked straight away from them, up the staircase and to his own room; while even Lady Markham, roused from her letters, stood looking after him and listening to the footstep ringing very clear and steady, but with a sound of agitation in it, step by step up the stairs and along the corridor above. It seemed to them all, young and old, as if something had happened, but what they could not tell.

Sir Gus was very grave at dinner: he did not talk much—and though he was more than usually kind, yet he had not much to say, even to the children, after. But by this time the interest had shifted in those changeable young heads to Fairfax, who was the last novelty, “engaged to” Alice, a piece of news which made Bell and Marie tremulous with excitement, and excited an instinctive opposition in Roland and Harry. But when the evening was over Gus requested an interview with Lady Markham, and conducted her with great solemnity to the library, though it was a room he did not love. There he placed himself in front of the fire, contemplating her with a countenance quite unlike his usual calm.

“I have something very important to tell you,” he said. “I have taken a resolution, Lady Markham.” And in every line of the little baronet's figure it might be seen how determined this resolution was.

“Tell me what it is,” Lady Markham said, as he seemed to want her to say something. And then Sir Gus cleared his throat as if he were about to deliver a speech.

“It is—but first let me tell you that I promised to make it all right for those young people, Alice and

Fairfax. I hope you'll let them be happy. It seems to be that to be happy when you are young, when you can have it is the best thing. I promised to make it all right with you. I'll settle upon her whatever you think necessary.”

“You have a heart of gold,” said Lady Markham, much moved, “and they will be as grateful to you as if they wanted it. Mr. Fairfax,” she said (and Lady Markham, though she was not mercenary, could not help saying it with a little pride), “Mr. Fairfax is very rich. He has a great fortune; he can give Alice everything that could be desired—though all the same, dear Gus, they will be grateful to you.”

“Ah!” said Sir Gus, with a blank air of surprise like a man suddenly stopped by a blank wall. He made a dead stop and looked at her, then resumed. “I have taken a resolution, Lady Markham. I think I never ought to have come here; at all events it has not done me very much good, has it, nor any one else? And I daren't face another winter. I think I should die. Perhaps if I had married and that sort of thing it might have been better. It is too late to think of that now.”

“Why too late?” said Lady Markham. Her heart had begun to beat loudly; but she would not be outdone in generosity, and indeed nothing had been more kind than poor Gus. She determined to fight his battle against himself. “Why too late? You must not think so. You will not find the second winter so hard as the first—and as for marrying——”

“Yes, that's out of the question, Lady Markham; and at first I never meant to, because of Paul. So here is what I am going to do. You heard what old Aunt Katie said. The old house is for sale again; the old place where she was born and I was born, my uncle's old place that he had to sell, where I am as well known as Paul is at Markham. I am going back there; don't say a word. It's better for me, and

better for you, and all of us. I'll take the old woman with me, and I'll be as happy as the day is long."

Here Gus gave a little gulp. Lady Markham got up and went towards him with her hand extended in anxious deprecation, though who can tell what a storm was going on in her bosom, of mingled reluctance and expectation—an agitation beyond words. He too raised his hand to keep her silent.

"Don't say anything," he said; "I've made up my mind; it will be a great deal better. Paul can come back, and I dare say he'll marry little Dolly. You can say I hope he will, and make her a good husband. And since Fairfax is rich why that is all right without me. Send for Paul, my lady, and we'll settle about the money; for I must have money you know. I must have my share. And I'd like to give a sort of legacy to the little girls. They're fond of me, really, those two children, they are now, though you might not think it."

"We are all fond of you," said Lady Markham, with tears.

"Well, perhaps that is too much to expect; but you have all been very kind. Send for Paul, and make him bring the lawyer, and we'll get it all settled. I shall go out by the next steamer," said Sir Gus, after a little pause, recovering his usual tone. "No more of this cold for me. I shall be king at Gavestonville, as Paul will be here. I don't think, Lady Markham, I have anything more to say."

"But," she cried, clinging to her duty, "*But*—I don't know what to say to you. Gus—Gus!"

"I have made up my mind," said the little gentleman with great dignity, and after that there was not another word to say

But there was a great convulsion in Markham when Sir Gus went away. The children were inconsolable. And Dolly stood by the Rectory gate when his carriage went past to the railway with the tears running down her cheeks. He had the carriage stopped at that last moment, and stepped out to speak to her, letting his fur cloak fall on the road.

"Marry Paul, my dear," he said, "that will be a great deal better than if you had married me. But you may give me a kiss before I go away."

There was a vague notion in Sir Gus's mind that little Dolly had wanted to marry him, but that he had discouraged the idea. He spoke in something of the same voice to the children as they saw him go away watched him driving off. "I can't take you with me," he said, "but you shall come and see me." And so, with great dignity and satisfaction, Sir Gus went away.

Thus Paul Markham had his property again when he had given up all thought of it; but the little gentleman who is the greatest man in Barbadoes has not the slightest intention of dying to oblige him, and in all likelihood the master of Markham will never be Sir Paul.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PEZAZI—A SKETCH FROM CEYLON.

I AM no believer in the supernatural, and in the face of the apparently inexplicable circumstances which I am about to relate, am persuaded that they could be accounted for in some way, though whether scientifically or by what other means I must confess myself at a loss to determine.

I had certainly never expected to meet with anything approaching a ghost or a "mystery" in Ceylon. One generally associates the supernatural with ancient habitations—ancestral mansions, deserted chambers in baronial halls—peculiar to the "old country" or the Continent. The cold dark nights of the Christmas season, or the waning twilight of a Midsummer's eve are more suggestive of ghostly appearances and weird sounds than the blazing sun of the tropics, and the warmth and verdure which lend a cheerful brightness to life in the East.

But I suppose all countries and climes are alike liable to be surrounded with that indefinable air of mystery which seems to have had its existence from time immemorial, and its ascendancy to a greater or less extent over all natures. Few places but have their legends and stories attached to them, and Ceylon is no exception to the rule; indeed, the natives are imbued to a more than ordinary degree with superstitious feelings, but if I were to go into a dissertation upon their strange customs and fancies I might fill pages, for which, with the present matter in hand, I have neither time nor space.

In the following account I wish to state that every circumstance related is strictly true, and I invite the attention of those who may be able to render a possible explanation of facts for the personal experience of

which I can vouch, and for a solution of which I have repeatedly sought, but to the present time without avail. The occurrences to which I allude took place on the night of the 28th of August, 1876. It may be as well to state briefly, first of all, a few preliminaries which bear upon the matter.

We were residing on one of my husband's estates in the outlying district of Ouvah, some thirty miles distant from the little up-country town of Badulla, destined, however, at some future day to become no unimportant centre in connection with railway extension. On an adjoining property we had long contemplated erecting a bungalow more suited to our requirements than was the little abode we then occupied, which was very small and homely. In the beginning of 1876 we designed the plan, and made arrangements for the commencement of the building. But a drawback existed to the speedy completion of the work, in the fact that the indolence of the native is so great that, without constant supervision he is not to be depended upon, and my husband soon found that his masons and carpenters were no exception to the general rule, and that his occasional visits did little to expedite the progress of the bungalow.

After some persuasion I was induced to leave "Mausa-Kellie," and remove into the new bungalow on "Allagalla" estate, in order that we might be on the spot, and so hasten its completion. Had I not felt tolerably secure in the prospect of an uninterrupted continuance of fine weather, I should have quitted my quarters at "Mausa-Kellie" more reluctantly than I did, for they were at least comfortable; and in going to our new resi-

dence we had to be fully prepared for "roughing" things in a way I, at least, had never done before. But the season was advancing, hotter and drier each day, and on the Ouvah side of the hill district the weather is much more to be depended on than in the parts adjoining Kandy. On the latter side both the south-west and north-east monsoons are felt, and nine months of the year are more or less rainy. In Ouvah, the south-west or little monsoon is not so perceptible; a thunderstorm or two, or a few heavy showers just about that time of year, may serve to remind one of the season; otherwise the weather is fine and dry, almost without intermission, from January to September.

The physical characteristics of this locality are somewhat peculiar. Although the estates adjoined, and the bungalows were not more than a mile or so from each other, the distance to be traversed by the bridle-path which led round the base of the hills, a range of some extent, was at least four miles. On foot, by a stiff climb, the ascent from "Mausa-Kellie" and the descent into "Allagalla" could be accomplished, the estates being situated on opposite sides of the hill. As this route was scarcely practicable for a lady, and I had no desire to expose myself unnecessarily to the fatigue of a ride in the hot sun, I had not previously visited the site of our new building, and certainly felt somewhat staggered at the appearance things presented on my arrival there.

I had sent over a sufficiency of furniture and household necessities for our requirements, and E—— had spent the day in making the best arrangements he could for our comfort, but the scene of bustle and confusion which met my eyes when, turning a sharp angle of the road, I came suddenly in full view of the bungalow, exceeded all my anticipations. The estate was one of the steepest in the district; indeed no suitable site for a bungalow could be

found without considerable excavation, and this gave it the appearance of being built upon a ledge of rock, the sides descending almost perpendicularly to some depth. From its peculiar situation we might not inappropriately have designated it the "Eagle's Nest." That part of the estate on which the bungalow was built being a new clearing, and some of it only just burnt off, the immediate surroundings were not very attractive; but the adjacent ground—young and old coffee on the lower parts, patina on the summits of the hills, dense jungle crowning some of the ranges, tufts of scrub and forest dotted here and there on others, and the gradual slope of the valleys between each range towards the wide expanse of low country a few miles further below—combined to form a prospect as magnificent as any I had ever beheld.

Just below the bungalow I came to a standstill; the road suddenly terminated, and an almost perpendicular bank stood up before me. "Cock Robin," however, was better acquainted with the spot than I was, and doubtless divining my hesitation, took his own way, went straight at it, and, floundering up, landed me safely on the levelled compound above, amidst a confused litter of bricks, sawn timber, heaps of lime, pools of mortar, stones, tools, masons, carpenters, and coolies, a conglomeration of various implements and races, Malays, Tamils, and Singhalese of every stamp and caste being congregated together in almost equal numbers.

From behind this motley assemblage a heavily-bearded visage was soon distinguishable, and a familiar figure emerged, its burliness scarcely diminished by a suit of white jungle clothes, and the light of amusement inclined to beam out of the dark, kindly eyes, as they rested on mine, and descried the consternation and disgust which must have been very vividly pictured in them. When, at length, after dismounting, I managed with my husband's

assistance to surmount the various obstacles in our way and reach the bungalow, I was even more dismayed, for although he had prepared me for finding things in an incomplete and disordered condition, my imagination had scarcely realised the veritable chaos which the scene before me presented.

The building was, or rather promised to be, a fine large bungalow, containing several lofty rooms, a spacious smoking hall, and broad verandahs. But the plan was only just marked out by stone pillars and partially built walls—even the roof was not shingled all over, and through the open rafters here and there the sun blazed fiercely in. The only room which was really in a habitable state was the office, and that could just boast of four walls which were already dry and whitewashed; but even here the doors were not put up, and pieces of coir-matting, hung before the apertures, were improvised as curtains in their place. The room was, however, sufficiently large to admit of our using it as a sleeping apartment; we migrated into the various rooms by turns with our dressing paraphernalia, and the few articles of dining-room furniture indispensable to our needs were placed day by day wherever we found it most convenient to sit down to our meals. How I resigned myself during so long a period to the many drawbacks to comfort I then experienced I find it difficult in the retrospect to conceive. But whenever I felt a disposition to grumble I had only to look from the front verandah to dispel every feeling of impatience and discontent. The magnificent panorama before my eyes almost surpassed description.

"Allagalla" being situated at the very extremity of the district, the termination of the various ranges of hills around afforded us the view of a wide expanse of low country, extending to the right and left as well as before us.

Directly opposite, stretching away

for miles towards the beautiful port of Trincomalee, it lay wrapped in an unbroken stillness. Some idea of the remarkable purity of the atmosphere may be formed from the circumstance that on a clear day the sea-line can be distinctly traced on the horizon at a distance of more than seventy miles, looking like a silver thread—the white foam of the advancing and receding waves even perceptible at times to the naked eye. To the left lay the watery plains of Aloom Newara—the Bintenne fields, where the snipe flock in numbers as the season approaches, affording good shooting for all lovers of sport. Beyond, dimly fading in the distance, the broken peaks and summits of the Kandyan ranges reared their lofty heights—Mchadahamahanewara, the Knuckles and Hewahette, and even portions of the Nitre Cave and Kalibooka districts being visible sometimes. Immediately below we could trace at intervals portions of the white line of high road passing to the right through the paddy fields of Beebola, and onward through the park country, by many deviations from the straight line to Batticaloa, one of the hottest ports in the island.

I found "Allagalla" a most lonely abode; it was so far from any other estate, or rather bungalow (for estates adjoined it in more than one point), that we rarely saw visitors, especially as we were in such confusion with the building operations that we could not entertain. E—— being secretary to the Medical Aid Committee at that time, and a member of the Planters' Association, had many public meetings to attend in the district; and the visiting of his own properties, both in the immediate neighbourhood and in other districts, made his absences very frequent. But I was thoroughly accustomed to jungle life, and, except on his trips to any great distance, rarely cared to accompany him, the long rides in the hot sun being so trying to me. I had plenty of resources for occupation and amusement in my work and writing, drawing and

books, though I often longed for my piano, which of course had been left with our other goods at "Mausa-Kellie;" my poultry-yard and flower-garden too were still in prospective at "Allagalla," and I missed them considerably. But, on the whole, night was the only time when I really did feel the loneliness and solitude almost more than oppressive. Even when my husband was at home the weird aspect of the surroundings had always an unpleasant effect on my nerves, and it was sometimes with an unaccountable sort of shiver that I rose from my comfortable rattan reclining chair in the verandah to retire for the night, when he had fallen asleep in the opposite long arm-chair.

To stand on the levelled space in front of the bungalow on a bright moonlight night, and gaze around, gave me a shuddering sensation of something "uncanny" about the place. The black, overhanging rocks above—the "devil's rocks" as they were called—looked blacker in the shades of night; the charred trunks of felled trees in the clearing stood out in huge shapeless bodies here and there, the few remaining branches on them projecting like phantom hands and glinting in the fitful moonlight; the chasms—and there were many—had the appearance of unfathomable depths; and the sharp outline of the rugged hills against the sky made them resemble impending masses in close proximity, ready to close upon and overwhelm everything within their range beneath their stupendous weight.

Before we took up our residence on "Allagalla" there had been floating rumours amongst the natives that a "Pezazi," a "Yakkho"—or in plain English, a *devil*—haunted its vicinity, rumours which of course E—regarded with supreme contempt, ridiculing all the stories which came to his ears.

Still, the apprehension exhibited by the natives was genuine enough, and we had more than one instance in

which fear so completely overcame them that they succumbed to its effects. One case, which fell immediately under my notice, was that of a Singhalese lad about seventeen years of age, employed as a servant by the conductor, who became, as the Tamils graphically describe it, "Pezazi poodichidi, or "devil-taken"—as we should express it, "possessed of the devil,"—and gave himself up for lost. He had for some days refused to work, and hung about the compound in a state of abject terror, which increased on the approach of night. Soon he betook himself to one of the go-downs belonging to the bungalow, where he lay in a state of partial coma, trembling and quaking in every limb, and refusing all offers of food or medicine. Unfortunately, at that time, the appointment of a medical officer to the district had not been concluded, so that no professional help was at hand. Persuasion failing, threats and even force were resorted to, but without effect; nothing would rouse him, and all that could be gathered from his miserable articulations was a kind of incoherent entreaty to be left to his fate; it was useless to make any effort to rescue him from the grasp of the fiend who held him as his victim. On the morning of the third day the unfortunate creature was dead, and laid in his grave before the sun went down.

This circumstance impressed me very unpleasantly, and although I scouted the idea of there being anything to justify such apprehensions as led to the death of the wretched boy, I could not but wish that these notions were less prevalent amongst the natives, as it became quite disagreeable having the servants and coolies in a state of continual trepidation, and circulating the most improbable stories amongst themselves and their neighbours.

I observed, however, that those natives who professed Christianity, both Romanists and Protestants, exhibited no symptoms of fear, neither were they so credulous as the Buddhists.

The Tamil coolies appeared more superstitious than any, impressing upon one the generally received opinion, which has almost become an axiom, that the greater the ignorance, the greater is the superstition.

The memorable night on which the circumstances I am about to describe took place, E—— and I had retired early, as was our usual custom. The servants slept in go-downs outside, built in the compound at the back of the bungalow, and it so happened at the time that the conductor and his family also occupied a go-down, the small bungalow in which he had formerly lived having been recently destroyed by fire.

E—— was never a sound sleeper, and the least noise soon roused him. I, on the contrary, enjoyed my repose, and even when dawn of day urged the necessity of rising if we would have a refreshing half hour before the sun burst forth in its tropical heat and dried up all the dews of night, would fain have lingered in the transition state between slumber and wakefulness, when, knowing that we are in dreamland, we still wish to prolong the duration of that blissful feeling of semi-unconsciousness, and avert for a while the awakening to the stern realities and common-places of everyday life.

Thus, wrapped in dreams, I lay on the night in question, tranquilly sleeping, but gradually roused to a perception that discordant sounds disturbed the serenity of my slumber. Loth to stir, I still dozed on, the sounds, however, becoming, as it seemed, more determined to make themselves heard; and I awoke to the consciousness that they proceeded from a belt of adjacent jungle, and resembled the noise that would be produced by some person felling timber.

Shutting my ears to the disturbance, I made no sign, until, with an expression of impatience E—— suddenly started up, when I laid a detaining grasp upon his arm, murmuring that there was no need to think of

rising at present—it must be quite early, and the kitchen cooly was doubtless cutting fire-wood in good time. E—— responded in a tone of slight contempt that no one could be cutting fire-wood at that hour, and the sounds were more suggestive of felling jungle; and he then inquired how long I had been listening to them. Now thoroughly aroused, I replied that I had heard the sounds for some time, at first confusing them with my dreams, but soon sufficiently awakening to the fact that they were no mere phantoms of my imagination, but a reality. During our conversation the noises became more distinct and loud; blow after blow resounded, as of the axe descending upon the tree, followed by the crash of the falling timber. Renewed blows announced the repetition of the operations on another tree, and continued till several were devastated. Exclaiming wrathfully that he would “stand this sort of thing no longer” E—— pushed aside the matting overhanging the doorway, and passing through a couple of rooms and a passage, stood in the back verandah and shouted for the appoo and the conductor. I remained within, listening in mute astonishment to what was passing. It appeared that both conductor and servants were all awake, and I could hear the wailing of a child, followed by the sound of a woman’s frightened weeping from one of the go-downs outside. E—— was the first to speak. In imperious tones he demanded what the conductor meant by allowing such a disturbance at that hour—why did he not put an immediate stop to it? The conductor’s reply was given without hesitation, deferentially enough, but with no attempt at evading the question. His English was not elegant, but at least explicit. “I should be very glad to stop it, sir, if I could, but I can’t. It’s no one at work, sir—it’s the devil.”

I confess that my nerves were not proof against this startling announcement. I sought companionship.

Throwing on my dressing-gown I quickly proceeded to the verandah, looking at the clock on the sideboard *en passant*. The hands pointed to 2.55 A.M. Sufficiently convinced that there was something very extraordinary going on, I joined E—— in the verandah. The conductor, head appoo, and several of the other servants were standing outside in the compound. All this time there had been no cessation of the sounds. The regular blow of the axe and the crash of the falling tree went on without intermission. For the moment, as the conductor ceased speaking, E——'s utter astonishment almost took away his breath. This was succeeded, as he has since admitted, by a cold chill, which crept imperceptibly over him as he stood there, and seemed to paralyse his powers of articulation. Hastily rallying himself, with rising anger, he found utterance.

"Conductor, do you take me for a fool, or am I to consider you one, to believe in such humbug as this? I looked upon you as a man of some sense, but you appear to be as foolish as the coolies. You know as well as I do that the devil doesn't play practical jokes like these, and that no such person as the devil is allowed to go about as these ignorant people describe—that it is simply a tissue of humbugging superstition."

The conductor shook his head. "He was very sorry to lose master's good opinion, he had no wish to believe in the devil, he did not believe in the devil, at the same time he could not account for the sounds. No person would dare to be in the jungle at this hour, in such darkness, therefore no human being could make them" *ergo* the devil must!

Logic certainly, but not convincing enough for E——. Exasperated beyond control, he called for his gun, and shouting in Tamil that he was going to fire, discharged both barrels in the direction whence the sounds proceeded—the strip of jungle almost adjoining the compound, so close was

its proximity to the bungalow. The sounds became fainter; suddenly stopped. Congratulating himself upon having "settled" the devil, for the present at any rate, E—— re-loaded his gun, and sending the servants to their rooms, we returned to our own, to compose ourselves to slumber again if possible; but I am fain to confess that my apprehensions were quickened and my nerves by this time quite unstrung. Anything tangible one might grapple with and surmount, but this mysterious intruder baffled and filled one with undefinable dread—of what, it was impossible to conjecture.

Some time elapsed, it may have been a quarter of an hour, and my quakings having somewhat subsided, I was dropping off into a restless doze, when suddenly a whole battery of blows resounded in the immediate vicinity, succeeded by thundering crashes in quick succession. Then came a violent rush of wind, followed by a volley of what seemed to be missiles, in the shape of stones, sand, and other loose materials hurled down upon the roof of the outside buildings with the noise of a hurricane.

The sudden alarm almost deprived me of my self-possession, and E—— could scarcely repress his indignation, so firmly did the conviction rest in his mind that human agency was at work. His muttered imprecations were not a few, and I pitied the poor "devil," whoever he might be, who might at that moment have fallen under the lash of his vengeful feelings.

After this we heard no more, the fiend having apparently exhausted his displeasure. Daylight came at last, and with it my nerves recovered their wonted equilibrium.

Directly after the matutinal cup of coffee, E—— went out, traversed every part of the small belt of jungle adjacent, and came back thoroughly disappointed and nonplussed with the result of his investigations. Not a trace of a tree having been touched was perceptible, nor was there a vestige of any substance whatever on

the roof of the buildings in the compound.

No satisfactory solution of the mysterious noises we heard has ever been offered, and we can arrive at no conclusion. It has been suggested that they may have been produced by an echo. The strip of jungle ascended the hill, on the other side of which was a deep valley. On the opposite side of this valley rose another range of hills, covered with a tract of heavy jungle. This was valuable, as the district did not abound in very extensive forest, and timber was in request. It is possible that the sound of felling in this jungle might be echoed by the opposite hill, but even then, other circumstances combined to stultify this supposition; the echo would be heard on the hill where the sounds were made, not on that which produced it. No felling was going on there at that time, and had any one attempted to fell and carry off timber by stealth, the act must have been detected. Throughout the entire jungle did E—— subsequently extend his investigations without discovering a sign of human being having been engaged in any such operation. And then, who would, who could, go into the depths of a Ceylon jungle at dead of night without even a streak of moonlight to direct their steps, for any purpose whatsoever? Most natives are timorous of even walking on the high road in darkness. Lights would have been of little use, and moreover would have been likely to lead to the discovery of their whereabouts. But the main fact remained to overthrow all the possible explanations we could devise—no felling had taken place in any part of the jungle.

This fact goes far also to disprove any supposition which might be urged on the ground of volcanic agency, which would leave some traces of its action. Neither is Ceylon subject to earthquakes or disturbances resulting from this cause, though it is not altogether exempt from them, as, in the autumn of 1874, I myself experienced

a shock one night which we found was attributable to a slight earthquake which was felt more or less in different parts of the island.

Time passed on. I was not so brave as formerly about being left alone at night, and that day week E—— had occasion to attend a medical committee meeting at Cooroovagalan, and could not return home till the following morning. I might have accompanied him had I felt equal to the ride, but my nerves were in so shaken a state that I could not sit my horse, and had to give up the attempt and remain at home. As night advanced, my fears redoubled. Dinner over, I kept the servants about the bungalow as long as I could, but at length they had finished all I could find for them to do, and, not wishing to display any feelings of nervousness, I was obliged to dismiss them. I could, however, hear them in conversation outside over their rice, and summoned up courage to retire for the night. Just before “turning in” an impulse led me to push aside the curtain over the doorway, and gaze upon the solitude around. The tall pillars and bare scaffolding, half-built walls and dark corners looked weird and desolate enough; and with a feeling of insecurity I dropped the curtain and extinguished my lamp. The convivial domestic outside had by this time ceased their chattering; all was still, when upon my startled ears fell the unwelcome but familiar sound of a heavy blow—an axe falling upon a tree! Horrified and unnerved, and dreading that the events of the previous week were about to be re-enacted, to what extent I could form no limit or conception, I hastily sought my pillow, bathed in a cold perspiration. Whether imagination or not this time I cannot determine, but if it was the “pezazi” again, bent upon terrifying us poor human beings, he desisted for that night, and relinquished his intention; for no more of the dreaded sounds did I hear; nor have I, from that day to this, ever been troubled with anything

intangible to cause alarm or raise suspicions of a superstitious nature in my mind.

As might have been expected, after this occurrence all sorts of reports and vague stories were brought to our ears, such as that of a mason who, sleeping in an open shed in company with several other workmen, deposed to having actually seen the "pezazi" in *propria persona*, and went so far as to give a vivid description of his chain, horns, and cloven foot in regular order!

Another man, a Jaffna Tamil, had occasion to sleep in a small store standing alone on the patina some few hundred yards from any other dwelling, and he calmly asserted with great seriousness that nightly did the Evil One pace the narrow verandah in front of his room, clanking his chain, and from time to time knocking for admittance. Samuel, who professed Christianity, stated that on the arrival of

this unwelcome visitant from the unknown world, he read aloud his Testament by the light of his solitary lamp, and after repeated unsuccessful demands to enter, the uninvited guest was forced to take his departure, unable to endure the reading of Holy Writ.

All these stories we took for what they were worth; and gradually the natives became less importunate, and, as time went on, the rumours died a natural death.

But the fact remains, and will be for ever impressed upon my memory, that the felling of the jungle at dead of night was no conjured-up fancy of a disordered imagination; though to what cause the sounds were attributable must, I fear, remain an inexplicable mystery, or be put down, as by the natives, to the evil machinations of a veritable "Pezazi."

A. EDWARDS.

NOTE.

IN an article written by Mr. Harry Quilter in *Macmillan's Magazine* for September, named *The New Renaissance*, I find two sentences relating to myself. The first is this: "The temptation of course was very great for Mr. W. M. Rossetti to write complimentary criticisms of Mr. Swinburne." The second sentence is this: "We know that . . . one Rossetti wrote poems and painted pictures, and the other wrote criticisms on them, and so influenced both arts."

Some sort of imputation upon me appears to be intended in these sentences, taken in their general context.

I should like to learn from Mr. Quilter what is the reason why (in his opinion) the temptation was very great for me to write complimentary criticisms of Mr. Swinburne, and why this should be "of course." Also whether his second sentence means (as, according to grammatical rules, it naturally would mean) that I wrote criticisms on the poems and pictures of my brother Dante Rossetti, and if so, what is the evidence which he adduces in proof of this. If he merely means that I wrote criticisms on poems and pictures (other than those of my brother), I must be excused for expressing a wish that the laxity of his diction had been exercised upon some topic not involving my character for critical probity.

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

To the EDITOR of "MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIR,—I regret that Mr. W. M. Rossetti's sensitiveness to criticism should compel me to enter in your pages upon a subject which can hardly be of the slightest interest to any one but Mr. Rossetti himself. Nevertheless, as he has challenged me to explain and justify certain assertions, I reluctantly proceed to do both as briefly as possible. As to the first matter mentioned in Mr. Rossetti's letter—if personal friendship, identity of artistic creed, and fellowship in literary work, do not constitute a "great temptation" to favourable criticism, then men are much stronger, and surrounding influences much weaker, than I have previously supposed. The "of course, &c." referred to, merely meant that the friendship and sympathy were matters of public knowledge.

As to Mr. Rossetti's second question, I need only refer him to the preface to a volume of collected criticisms published by him in 1867, in which he states that he shall not there reprint any of his critical notices on his brother's pictures, not because he fears to reproduce with the authority of his name what had first been written anonymously, but because such criticisms are comparatively slight and unimportant, owing to his brother's best pictures never having been publicly exhibited.

Allow me to say in conclusion that no imputation whatever upon Mr. W. M. Rossetti's "critical probity" was intended by me in the article which has evoked his censure, nor is any such imputation intended in this reply, which nothing but Mr. Rossetti's reiterated demand would have elicited, and which, as far as I am concerned, must be considered final.

HARRY QUILTER.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1880.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

XI.

HE took a resolve after this not to misinterpret her words, even when Miss Stackpole appeared to strike the personal note most strongly. He be-thought himself that persons, in her view, were simple and homogeneous organisms, and that he, for his own part, was too perverted a representative of human nature to have a right to deal with her in strict reciprocity. He carried out his resolve with a great deal of tact, and the young lady found in her relations with him no obstacle to the exercise of that somewhat aggressive frankness which was the social expression of her nature. Her situation at Gardencourt, therefore, appreciated as we have seen her to be by Isabel, and full of appreciation herself of that fine freedom of composition which, to her sense, rendered Isabel's character a sister spirit, and of the easy venerableness of Mr. Touchett, whose general tone, as she said, met with her full approval—her situation at Gardencourt would have been perfectly comfortable, had she not conceived an irresistible mistrust of the little lady to whom she had at first supposed herself obliged to pay a certain deference as mistress of the house. She presently discovered, however, that this obligation was of the lightest, and that Mrs. Touchett cared very

little how Miss Stackpole behaved. Mrs. Touchett had spoken of her to Isabel as a "newspaper woman," and expressed some surprise at her niece's having selected such a friend; but she had immediately added that she knew Isabel's friends were her own affair, and that she never undertook to like them all, or to restrict the girl to those she liked.

"If you could see none but the people I like, my dear, you would have a very small society," Mrs. Touchett frankly admitted; "and I don't think I like any man or woman well enough to recommend them to you. When it comes to recommending, it is a serious affair. I don't like Miss Stackpole—I don't like her tone. She talks too loud, and she looks at me too hard. I am sure she has lived all her life in a boarding-house, and I detest the style of manners that such a way of living produces. If you ask me if I prefer my own manners, which you doubtless think very bad, I will tell you that I prefer them immensely. Miss Stackpole knows that I detest boarding-house civilisation, and she detests me for detesting it, because she thinks it is the highest in the world. She would like Gardencourt a great deal better if it were a boarding-house. For me I find it almost too much of one! We shall never get on together, therefore, and there is no use trying."

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Mrs. Touchett was right in guessing that Henrietta disapproved of her, but she had not quite put her finger on the reason. A day or two after Miss Stackpole's arrival she had made some invidious reflections on American hotels, which excited a vein of counter-argument on the part of the correspondent of the *Interviewer*, who in the exercise of her profession had acquired a large familiarity with the technical hospitality of her country. Henrietta expressed the opinion that American hotels were the best in the world, and Mrs. Touchett recorded a conviction that they were the worst. Ralph, with his experimental geniality, suggested, by way of healing the breach, that the truth lay between the two extremes, and that the establishments in question ought to be described as fair middling. This contribution to the discussion, however, Miss Stackpole rejected with scorn. Middling, indeed! If they were not the best in the world, they were the worst, but there was nothing middling about an American hotel.

"We judge from different points of view, evidently," said Mrs. Touchett. "I like to be treated as an individual; you like to be treated as a 'party'."

"I don't know what you mean," Henrietta replied. "I like to be treated as an American lady."

"Poor American ladies!" cried Mrs. Touchett, with a laugh. "They are the slaves of slaves."

"They are the companions of freemen," Henrietta rejoined.

"They are the companions of their servants—the Irish chambermaid and the negro waiter. They share their work."

"Do you call the domestics in an American household 'slaves'?" Miss Stackpole inquired. "If that's the way you desire to treat them, no wonder you don't like America."

"If you have not good servants, you are miserable," Mrs. Touchett said, serenely. "They are very bad in America, but I have five perfect ones in Florence."

"I don't see what you want with five," Henrietta could not help observing. "I don't think I should like to see five persons surrounding me in that menial position."

"I like them in that position better than in some others," cried Mrs. Touchett, with a laugh.

"Should you like me better if I were your butler, dear?" her husband asked.

"I don't think I should; you would make a very poor butler."

"The companions of freemen—I like that, Miss Stackpole," said Ralph. "It's a beautiful description."

"When I said freemen, I didn't mean you, sir!"

And this was the only reward that Ralph got for his compliment. Miss Stackpole was baffled; she evidently thought there was something treasonable in Mrs. Touchett's appreciation of a class which she privately suspected of being a mysterious survival of feudalism. It was perhaps because her mind was oppressed with this image that she suffered some days to elapse before she said to Isabel in the morning, while they were alone together,

"My dear friend, I wonder whether you are growing faithless?"

"Faithless? Faithless to you, Henrietta?"

"No, that would be a great pain; but it is not that."

"Faithless to my country, then?"

"Ah, that I hope will never be. When I wrote to you from Liverpool, I said I had something particular to tell you. You have never asked me what it is. Is it because you have suspected?"

"Suspected what? As a rule, I don't think I suspect," said Isabel. "I remember now that phrase in your letter, but I confess I had forgotten it. What have you to tell me?"

Henrietta looked disappointed, and her steady gaze betrayed.

"You don't ask that right—as if you thought it important. You are changed—you are thinking of other things."

"Tell me what you mean, and I will think of that."

"Will you really think of it? That is what I wish to be sure of."

"I have not much control of my thoughts, but I will do my best," said Isabel.

Henrietta gazed at her in silence for a period of time, which tried Isabel's patience, so that our heroine said at last—

"Do you mean that you are going to be married?"

"Not till I have seen Europe!" said Miss Stackpole. "What are you laughing at?" she went on. "What I mean is that Mr. Goodwood came out in the steamer with me."

"Ah!" Isabel exclaimed quickly.

"You say right. I had a good deal of talk with him; he has come after you!"

"Did he tell you so?"

"No, he told me nothing; that's how I knew it," said Henrietta, cleverly. "He said very little about you, but I spoke of you a good deal."

Isabel was silent a moment. At the mention of Mr. Goodwood's name she had coloured a little, and now her blush was slowly fading.

"I am very sorry you did that," she observed at last.

"It was a pleasure to me, and I liked the way he listened. I could have talked a long time to such a listener; he was so quiet, so intense; he drank it all in."

"What did you say about me?" Isabel asked.

"I said you were on the whole the finest creature I know."

"I am very sorry for that. He thinks too well of me already; he ought not to be encouraged."

"He is dying for a little encouragement. I see his face now, and his earnest, absorbed look while I talked. I never saw an ugly man look so handsome!"

"He is very simple-minded," said Isabel. "And he is not so ugly."

"There is nothing so simple as a great passion."

"It is not a great passion; I am very sure it is not that."

"You don't say that as if you were sure."

Isabel gave rather a cold smile.

"I shall say it better to Mr. Goodwood himself!"

"He will soon give you a chance," said Henrietta.

Isabel offered no answer to this assertion, which her companion made with an air of great confidence.

"He will find you changed," the latter pursued. "You have been affected by your new surroundings."

"Very likely. I am affected by everything."

"By everything but Mr. Goodwood!" Miss Stackpole exclaimed, with a laugh.

Isabel failed even to smile in reply; and in a moment she said—

"Did he ask you to speak to me?"

"Not in so many words. But his eyes asked it—and his handshake, when he bade me good-bye."

"Thank you for doing so." And Isabel turned away.

"Yes, you are changed; you have got new ideas over here," her friend continued.

"I hope so," said Isabel; "one should get as many new ideas as possible."

"Yes, but they shouldn't interfere with the old ones."

Isabel turned about again. "If you mean that I had any idea with regard to Mr. Goodwood——" And then she paused; Henrietta's bright eyes seemed to her to grow enormous.

"My dear child, you certainly encouraged him," said Miss Stackpole.

Isabel appeared for the moment to be on the point of denying this charge, but instead of this she presently answered—"It is very true; I did encourage him." And then she inquired whether her companion had learned from Mr. Goodwood what he intended to do. This inquiry was a concession to curiosity, for she did not enjoy discussing the gentleman with Henrietta Stackpole, and she

thought that in her treatment of the subject this faithful friend lacked delicacy.

"I asked him, and he said he meant to do nothing," Miss Stackpole answered. "But I don't believe that; he's not a man to do nothing. He is a man of action. Whatever happens to him, he will always do something, and whatever he does will be right."

"I quite believe that," said Isabel. Henrietta might be wanting in delicacy; but it touched the girl, all the same, to hear this rich assertion made.

"Ah, you *do* care for him," Henrietta murmured.

"Whatever he does will be right," Isabel repeated. "When a man is of that supernatural mould, what does it matter to him whether one cares for him?"

"It may not matter to him, but it matters to one's self."

"Ah, what it matters to me, that is not what we are discussing," said Isabel, smiling a little.

This time her companion was grave. "Well, I don't care; you have changed," she replied. "You are not the girl you were a few short weeks ago, and Mr. Goodwood will see it. I expect him here any day."

"I hope he will hate me, then," said Isabel.

"I believe that you hope it about as much as I believe that he is capable of it!"

To this observation our heroine made no rejoinder; she was absorbed in the feeling of alarm given her by Henrietta's intimation that Caspar Goodwood would present himself at Gardencourt. Alarm is perhaps a violent term to apply to the uneasiness with which she regarded this contingency; but her uneasiness was keen, and there were various good reasons for it. She pretended to herself that she thought the event impossible, and, later, she communicated her disbelief to her friend; but for the next forty-eight

hours, nevertheless, she stood prepared to hear the young man's name announced. The feeling was oppressive; it made the air sultry as if there were to be a change of weather; and the weather, socially speaking, had been so agreeable during Isabel's stay at Gardencourt that any change would be for the worse. Her suspense, however, was dissipated on the second day. She had walked into the park, in company with the sociable Bunchie, and after strolling about for some time, in a manner at once listless and restless, had seated herself on a garden bench, within sight of the house, beneath a spreading beech, where, in a white dress ornamented with black ribbons, she formed, among the flickering shadows, a very graceful and harmonious image. She entertained herself for some moments with talking to the little terrier, as to whom the proposal of an ownership divided with her cousin had been applied as impartially as possible—as impartially as Bunchie's own somewhat fickle and inconstant sympathies would allow. But she was notified for the first time, on this occasion, of the finite character of Bunchie's intellect; hitherto she had been mainly struck with its extent. It seemed to her at last that she would do well to take a book; formerly, when she felt heavy-hearted, she had been able, with the help of some well-chosen volume, to transfer the seat of consciousness to the organ of pure reason. Of late, however, it was not to be denied, literature had a less absorbing force, and even after she had reminded herself that her uncle's library was provided with a complete set of those authors which no gentleman's collection should be without, she sat motionless and empty-handed, with her eyes fixed upon the cool green turf of the lawn. Her meditations were presently interrupted by the arrival of a servant who handed her a letter. The letter bore the London postmark, and was addressed in a hand that she knew—that she seemed to know all the better, indeed,

as the writer had been present to her mind when the letter was delivered. This document proved to be short, and I may give it entire.

"MY DEAR MISS ARCHER,—I don't know whether you will have heard of my coming to England, but even if you have not, it will scarcely be a surprise to you. You will remember that when you gave me my dismissal at Albany three months ago, I did not accept it. I protested against it. You in fact appeared to accept my protest, and to admit that I had the right on my side. I had come to see you with the hope that you would let me bring you over to my conviction; my reasons for entertaining this hope had been of the best. But you disappointed it; I found you changed, and you were able to give me no reason for the change. You admitted that you were unreasonable, and it was the only concession you would make; but it was a very cheap one, because you are not unreasonable. No, you are not, and you never will be. Therefore it is that I believe you will let me see you again. You told me that I am not disagreeable to you, and I believe it; for I don't see why that should be. I shall always think of you; I shall never think of any one else. I came to England simply because you are here; I couldn't stay at home after you had gone; I hated the country because you were not in it. If I like this one at present, it is only because you are here. I have been to England before, but I have never enjoyed it much. May I not come and see you for half an hour? This at present is the dearest wish of, yours faithfully,

"CASPAR GOODWOOD."

Isabel read Mr. Goodwood's letter with such profound attention that she had not perceived an approaching tread on the soft grass. Looking up, however, as she mechanically folded the paper, she saw Lord Warburton standing before her.

XII.

SHE put the letter into her pocket, and offered her visitor a smile of welcome, exhibiting no trace of discomposure and half surprised at her self-possession.

"They told me you were out here," said Lord Warburton; "and as there was no one in the drawing-room, and it is really you that I wish to see, I came out with no more ado."

Isabel had got up; she felt a wish, for the moment, that he should not sit down beside her. "I was just going in-doors," she said.

"Please don't do that; it is much pleasanter here; I have ridden over from Lockleigh; it's a lovely day." His smile was peculiarly friendly and pleasing, and his whole person seemed to emit that radiance of good feeling and wellbeing which had formed the charm of the girl's first impression of him. It surrounded him like a zone of fine June weather.

"We will walk about a little, then," said Isabel, who could not divest herself of the sense of an intention on the part of her visitor, and who wished both to elude the intention and to satisfy her curiosity regarding it. It had flashed upon her vision once before, and it had given her on that occasion, as we know, a certain alarm. This alarm was composed of several elements, not all of which were disagreeable; she had indeed spent some days in analysing them, and had succeeded in separating the pleasant part of this idea of Lord Warburton's making love to her from the painful. It may appear to some readers that the young lady was both precipitate and unduly fastidious; but the latter of these facts, if the charge be true, may serve to exonerate her from the discredit of the former. She was not eager to convince herself that a territorial magnate, as she had heard Lord Warburton called, was smitten with her charms; because a declaration from such a source would arouse more

questions than it would answer. She had received a strong impression of Lord Warburton's being a personage, and she had occupied herself in examining the idea. At the risk of making the reader smile, it must be said that there had been moments when the intimation that she was admired by a "personage" struck her as an aggression which she would rather have been spared. She had never known a personage before; there were no personages in her native land. When she had thought of such matters as this, she had done so on the basis of character—of what one liked in a gentleman's mind and in his talk. She herself was a character—she could not help being aware of that; and hitherto her visions of a completed life had concerned themselves largely with moral images—things as to which the question would be whether they pleased her soul. Lord Warburton loomed up before her, largely and brightly, as a collection of attributes and powers which were not to be measured by this simple rule, but which demanded a different sort of appreciation—an appreciation which the girl, with her habit of judging quickly and freely, felt that she lacked the patience to bestow. Of course, there would be a short cut to it, and as Lord Warburton was evidently a very fine fellow, it would probably also be a safe cut. Isabel was able to say all this to herself, but she was unable to feel the force of it. What she felt was that a territorial, a political, a social, magnate had conceived the design of drawing her into the system in which he lived and moved. A certain instinct, not imperious, but persuasive, told her to resist—it murmured to her that virtually she had a system and an orbit of her own. It told her other things besides—things which both contradicted and confirmed each other; that a girl might do much worse than trust herself to such a man as Lord Warburton, and that it would be very interesting to see something of his system from his own point of

view; that on the other hand, however, there was evidently a great deal of it which she should regard only as an incumbrance, and that even in the whole there was something heavy and rigid which would make it unacceptable. Furthermore, there was a young man lately come from America who had no system at all; but who had a character of which it was useless for her to try to persuade herself that the impression on her mind had been light. The letter that she carried in her pocket sufficiently reminded her of the contrary. Smile not, however, I venture to repeat, at this simple young lady from Albany, who debated whether she should accept a brilliant English viscount before he had offered himself, and who was disposed to believe that on the whole she could do better. She was a person of great good faith, and if there was a great deal of folly in her wisdom, those who judge her severely may have the satisfaction of finding that, later, she became consistently wise only at the cost of an amount of folly which will constitute almost a direct appeal to charity.

Lord Warburton seemed quite ready to walk, to sit, or to do anything that Isabel should propose, and he gave her this assurance with his usual air of being particularly pleased to exercise a social virtue. But he was, nevertheless, not in command of his emotions, and as he strolled beside her for a moment in silence, looking at her without letting her know it, there was something embarrassed in his glance and his misdirected laughter. Yes, assuredly—as we have touched on the point, we may return to it for a moment again—the English are the most romantic people in the world, and Lord Warburton was about to give an example of it. He was about to take a step which would astonish all his friends and displease a great many of them, and which, superficially, had nothing to recommend it. The young lady who trod the turf beside him had come from a queer country

across the sea, which he knew a good deal about; her antecedents, her associations, were very vague to his mind, except in so far as they were generic, and in this sense they occurred to him with a certain vividness. Miss Archer had neither a fortune nor the sort of beauty that justifies a man to the multitude, and he calculated that he had spent about twenty-six hours in her company. He had summed up all this—the perversity of the impulse, which had declined to avail itself of the most liberal opportunities to subside, and the judgment of mankind, as exemplified particularly in the more quickly-judging half of it; he had looked these things well in the face, and then he had dismissed them from his thoughts. He cared no more for them than for the rosebud in his button-hole. It is the good fortune of a man who for the greater part of a lifetime has abstained without effort from making himself disagreeable to his friends that, when the need comes for such a course, it is not discredited by irritating associations.

"I hope you had a pleasant ride," said Isabel, who observed her companion's hesitancy.

"It would have been pleasant if for nothing else than that it brought me here," Lord Warburton answered.

"Are you so fond of Gardencourt?" the girl asked; more and more sure that he meant to make some demand of her; wishing not to challenge him if he hesitated, and yet to keep all the quietness of her reason if he proceeded. It suddenly came upon her that her situation was one which a few weeks ago she would have deemed deeply romantic; the park of an old English country-house, with the foreground embellished by a local nobleman in the act of making love to a young lady who, on careful inspection, should be found to present remarkable analogies with herself. But if she were now the heroine of the situation, she succeeded scarcely the less in looking at it from the outside.

"I care nothing for Gardencourt,"

said Lord Warburton; "I care only for you."

"You have known me too short a time to have a right to say that, and I cannot believe you are serious."

These words of Isabel's were not perfectly sincere, for she had no doubt whatever that he was serious. They were simply a tribute to the fact, of which she was perfectly aware, that those he himself had just uttered would have excited surprise on the part of the public at large. And, moreover, if anything beside the sense she had already acquired that Lord Warburton was not a frivolous person had been needed to convince her, the tone in which he replied to her would quite have served the purpose.

"One's right in such a matter is not measured by the time, Miss Archer; it is measured by the feeling itself. If I were to wait three months, it would make no difference; I shall not be more sure of what I mean than I am to-day. Of course I have seen you very little; but my impression dates from the very first hour we met. I lost no time; I fell in love with you then. It was at first sight, as the novels say; I know now that is not a fancy phrase, and I shall think better of novels for evermore. Those two days I spent here settled it; I don't know whether you suspected I was doing so, but I paid—mentally speaking, I mean—the greatest possible attention to you. Nothing you said, nothing you did, was lost upon me. When you came to Gardencourt the other day—or rather, when you went away—I was perfectly sure. Nevertheless, I made up my mind to think it over, and to question myself narrowly. I have done so; all these days I have thought of nothing else. I don't make mistakes about such things; I am a very judicious fellow. I don't go off easily, but when I am touched, it's for life. It's for life, Miss Archer, it's for life," Lord Warburton repeated in the kindest, tenderest, pleasantest voice Isabel had ever heard, and looking at her with eyes that shone

with the light of a passion that had sifted itself clear of the baser parts of emotion—the heat, the violence, the unreason—and which burned as steadily as a lamp in a windless place.

By tacit consent, as he talked, they had walked more and more slowly, and at last they stopped, and he took her hand.

"Ah, Lord Warburton, how little you know me," Isabel said, very gently; gently, too, she drew her hand away.

"Don't taunt me with that; that I don't know you better makes me unhappy enough already; it's all my loss. But that is what I want, and it seems to me I am taking the best way. If you will be my wife, then I shall know you, and when I tell you all the good I think of you, you will not be able to say it is from ignorance."

"If you know me little, I know you even less," said Isabel.

"You mean that, unlike yourself, I may not improve on acquaintance? Ah, of course, that is very possible. But think, to speak to you as I do, how determined I must be to try and give satisfaction! You do like me rather, don't you?"

"I like you very much, Lord Warburton," the girl answered; and at this moment she liked him immensely.

"I thank you for saying that; it shows you don't regard me as a stranger. I really believe I have filled all the other relations of life very creditably, and I don't see why I should not fill this one—in which I offer myself to you—seeing that I care so much more about it. Ask the people who know me well; I have friends who will speak for me."

"I don't need the recommendations of your friends," said Isabel.

"Ah now, that is delightful of you. You believe in me yourself."

"Completely," Isabel declared; and it was the truth.

The light in her companion's eyes turned into a smile, and he gave a long murmur of satisfaction.

"If you are mistaken, Miss Archer, let me lose all I possess!"

She wondered whether he meant this for a reminder that he was rich, and, on the instant, felt sure that he did not. He was sinking that, as he would have said himself; and indeed he might safely leave it to the memory of any interlocutor, especially of one to whom he was offering his hand. Isabel had prayed that she might not be agitated, and her mind was tranquil enough, even while she listened and asked herself what it was best she should say, to indulge in this incidental criticism. What she should say, had she asked herself? Her foremost wish was to say something as nearly as possible as kind as what he had said to her. His words had carried perfect conviction with them; she felt that he loved her.

"I thank you more than I can say for your offer," she rejoined at last; "it does me great honour."

"Ah, don't say that!" Lord Warburton broke out. "I was afraid you would say something like that. I don't see what you have to do with that sort of thing. I don't see why you should thank me—it is I who ought to thank you, for listening to me; a man whom you know so little, coming down on you with such a thumping demand! Of course it's a great question; I must tell you that I would rather ask it than have it to answer myself. But the way you have listened—or at least your having listened at all—gives me some hope."

"Don't hope too much," Isabel said.

"Oh, Miss Archer!" her companion murmured, smiling again in his seriousness, as if such a warning might perhaps be taken but as the play of high spirits—the coquetry of elation.

"Should you be greatly surprised if I were to beg you not to hope at all?" Isabel asked.

"Surprised? I don't know what you mean by surprise. It wouldn't be that; it would be a feeling very much worse."

Isabel walked on again; she was silent for some minutes.

"I am very sure that, highly as I already think of you, my opinion of you, if I should know you well, would only rise. But I am by no means sure that you would not be disappointed. And I say that not in the least out of conventional modesty; it is perfectly sincere."

"I am willing to risk it, Miss Archer," her companion answered.

"It's a great question, as you say; it's a very difficult question."

"I don't expect you, of course, to answer it outright. Think it over as long as may be necessary. If I can gain by waiting, I will gladly wait a long time. Only remember that in the end my dearest happiness depends upon your answer."

"I should be very sorry to keep you in suspense," said Isabel.

"Oh, don't mind. I would much rather have a good answer six months hence than a bad one to-day."

"But it is very probable that even six months hence I should not be able to give you one that you would think good."

"Why not, since you really like me?"

"Ah, you must never doubt of that," said Isabel.

"Well, then, I don't see what more you ask!"

"It is not what I ask; it is what I can give. I don't think I should suit you; I really don't think I should."

"You needn't bother about that; that's my affair. You needn't be a better royalist than the king."

"It is not only that," said Isabel; "but I am not sure I wish to marry any one."

"Very likely you don't. I have no doubt a great many women begin that way," said his lordship, who, be it averred, did not in the least believe in the axiom he thus beguiled his anxiety by uttering. "But they are frequently persuaded."

"Ah, that is because they want to be!"

And Isabel lightly laughed.

Her suitor's countenance fell, and he looked at her for a while in silence.

"I'm afraid it's my being an Englishman that makes you hesitate," he said, presently. "I know your uncle thinks you ought to marry in your own country."

Isabel listened to this assertion with some interest; it had never occurred to her that Mr. Touchett was likely to discuss her matrimonial prospects with Lord Warburton.

"Has he told you that?" she asked.

"I remember his making the remark; he spoke perhaps of Americans generally."

"He appears himself to have found it very pleasant to live in England," said Isabel, in a manner that might have seemed a little perverse, but which expressed both her constant perception of her uncle's picturesque circumstances and her general disposition to elude any obligation to take a restricted view.

It gave her companion hope, and he immediately exclaimed, warmly—

"Ah, my dear Miss Archer, old England is a very good sort of country, you know! And it will be still better when we have furbished it up a little."

"Oh, don't furbish it, Lord Warburton; leave it alone; I like it this way."

"Well, then, if you like it, I am more and more unable to see your objection to what I propose."

"I am afraid I can't make you understand."

"You ought at least to try; I have got a fair intelligence. Are you afraid—afraid of the climate? We can easily live elsewhere, you know. You can pick out your climate, the whole world over!"

These words were uttered with a tender eagerness which went to Isabel's heart, and she would have given her little finger at that moment, to feel, strongly and simply, the impulse to answer, "Lord Warburton, it is impos-

sible for a woman to do better in this world than to commit herself to your loyalty." But though she could conceive the impulse, she could not let it operate; her imagination was charmed, but it was not led captive. What she finally bethought herself of saying was something very different—something which altogether deferred the need of answering, "Don't think me unkind if I ask you to say no more about this to-day."

"Certainly, certainly!" cried Lord Warburton. "I wouldn't pain you for the world."

"You have given me a great deal to think about, and I promise you I will do it justice."

"That's all I ask of you, of course—and that you will remember that my happiness is in your hands."

Isabel listened with extreme respect to this admonition, but she said after a minute—"I must tell you that what I shall think about is some way of letting you know that what you ask is impossible, without making you miserable."

"There is no way to do that, Miss Archer. I won't say that, if you refuse me, you will kill me; I shall not die of it. But I shall do worse; I shall live to no purpose."

"You will live to marry a better woman than I."

"Don't say that, please," said Lord Warburton, very gravely. "That is fair to neither of us."

"To marry a worse one, then."

"If there are better women than you, then I prefer the bad ones; that's all I can say!" he went on, with the same gravity. "There is no accounting for tastes."

His gravity made her feel equally grave, and she attested it by again requesting him to drop the subject for the present. "I will speak to you myself, very soon," she said. "Perhaps I will write to you."

"At your convenience, yes," he answered. "Whatever time you take, it must seem to me long, and I suppose I must make the best of that."

"I shall not keep you in suspense; I only want to collect my mind a little."

He gave a melancholy sigh and stood looking at her a moment, with his hands behind him, giving short nervous shakes to his hunting-whip. "Do you know I am very much afraid of it—of that mind of yours?"

Our heroine's biographer can scarcely tell why, but the question made her start and brought a conscious blush to her cheek. She returned his look a moment, and then, with a note in her voice that might almost have appealed to his compassion—"So am I, my lord!" she exclaimed.

His compassion was not stirred, however; all that he possessed of the faculty of pity was needed at home. "Ah! be merciful, be merciful," he murmured.

"I think you had better go," said Isabel. "I will write to you."

"Very good; but whatever you write, I will come and see you." And then he stood reflecting, with his eyes fixed on the observant countenance of Bunchie, who had the air of having understood all that had been said, and of pretending to carry off the indiscretion by a simulated fit of curiosity as to the roots of an ancient beech.

"There is one thing more," said Lord Warburton. "You know, if you don't like Lockleigh—if you think it's damp, or anything of that sort—you need never go within fifty miles of it. It is not damp, by the way; I have had the house thoroughly examined; it is perfectly sanitary. But if you shouldn't fancy it, you needn't dream of living in it. There is no difficulty whatever about that; there are plenty of houses. I thought I would just mention it; some people don't like a moat, you know. Good-bye."

"I delight in a moat," said Isabel. "Good-bye."

He held out his hand, and she gave him hers a moment—a moment long enough for him to bend his head and kiss it. Then, shaking his hunting-whip with little quick strokes, he

walked rapidly away. He was evidently much excited.

Isabel herself was excited, but she was not agitated, as she would have expected beforehand to be. What she felt was not a great responsibility, a great difficulty of choice; for it appeared to her that there was no choice in the question. She could not marry Lord Warburton; the idea failed to correspond to any vision of happiness that she had hitherto entertained, or was now capable of entertaining. She must write this to him, she must convince him, and this duty was comparatively simple. But what excited her, in the sense that it struck her with wonderment, was this very fact that it cost her so little to refuse a great opportunity. With whatever qualifications one would, Lord Warburton had offered her a great opportunity; the situation might have discomforts, might contain elements that would displease her, but she did her sex no injustice in believing that nineteen women out of twenty would accommodate themselves to it with extreme zeal. Why then upon her also should it not impose itself? Who was she, what was she, that she should hold herself superior? What view of life, what design upon fate, what conception of happiness, had she that pretended to be larger than this large occasion? If she would not do this, then she must do great things, she must do something greater. Poor Isabel found occasion to remind herself from time to time that she must not be too proud, and nothing could be more sincere than her prayer to be delivered from such a danger; for the isolation and loneliness of pride had for her mind the horror of a desert place. If it were pride that interfered with her accepting Lord Warburton, it was singularly misplaced; and she was so conscious of liking him that she ventured to assure herself it was not. She liked him too much to marry him, that was the point; something told her that she should not be satisfied, and to inflict upon a man who offered so much a wife with a

tendency to criticize would be a peculiarly discreditable act. She had promised him that she would consider his proposal, and when, after he had left her, she wandered back to the bench where he had found her, and lost herself in meditation, it might have seemed that she was keeping her word. But this was not the case; she was wondering whether she were not a cold, hard girl; and when at last she got up and rather quickly went back to the house, it was because, as she had said to Lord Warburton, she was really frightened at herself.

XIII.

It was this feeling, and not the wish to ask advice—she had no desire whatever for that—that led her to speak to her uncle of what Lord Warburton had said to her. She wished to speak to some one; she should feel more natural, more human, and her uncle, for this purpose, presented himself in a more attractive light than either her aunt or her friend Henrietta. Her cousin, of course, was a possible confidant; but it would have been disagreeable to her to confide this particular matter to Ralph. So, the next day, after breakfast, she sought her occasion. Her uncle never left his apartment till the afternoon; but he received his cronies, as he said, in his dressing-room. Isabel had quite taken her place in the class so designated, which, for the rest, included the old man's son, his physician, his personal servant, and even Miss Stackpole. Mrs. Touchett did not figure in the list, and this was an obstacle the less to Isabel's finding her uncle alone. He sat in a complicated mechanical chair, at the open window of his room, looking westward over the park and the river, with his newspapers and letters piled up beside him, his toilet freshly and minutely made, and his smooth, fine face composed to benevolent expectation.

Isabel approached her point very

directly. "I think I ought to let you know that Lord Warburton has asked me to marry him. I suppose I ought to tell my aunt; but it seems best to tell you first."

The old man expressed no surprise, but thanked her for the confidence she showed him. "Do you mind telling me whether you accepted him?" he added.

"I have not answered him definitely yet; I have taken a little time to think of it, because that seems more respectful. But I shall not accept him."

Mr. Touchett made no comment upon this; he had the air of thinking that whatever interest he might take in the matter from the point of view of sociability, he had no active voice in it. "Well, I told you you would be a success over here. Americans are highly appreciated."

"Very highly indeed," said Isabel. "But at the cost of seeming ungrateful, I don't think I can marry Lord Warburton."

"Well," her uncle went on, "of course an old man can't judge for a young lady. I am glad you didn't ask me before you made up your mind. I suppose I ought to tell you," he added slowly, but as if it were not of much consequence, "that I have known all about it these three days."

"About Lord Warburton's state of mind?"

"About his intentions, as they say here. He wrote me a very pleasant letter, telling me all about them. Should you like to see it?" the old man asked, obligingly.

"Thank you; I don't think I care about that. But I am glad he wrote to you; it was right that he should, and he would be certain to do what was right."

"Ah, well, I guess you do like him!" Mr. Touchett declared. "You needn't pretend you don't."

"I like him extremely; I am very free to admit that. But I don't wish to marry any one just now."

"You think some one may come

along whom you may like better. Well, that's very likely," said Mr. Touchett, who appeared to wish to show his kindness to the girl by easing off her decision, as it were, and finding cheerful reasons for it.

"I don't care if I don't meet any one else; I like Lord Warburton quite well enough," said Isabel, with that appearance of a sudden change of point of view with which she sometimes startled and even displeased her interlocutors.

Her uncle, however, seemed proof against either of these sensations.

"He's a very fine man," he resumed, in a tone which might have passed for that of encouragement. "His letter was one of the pleasantest letters I have received in some weeks. I suppose one of the reasons I liked it was that it was all about you; that is, all except the part which was about himself. I suppose he told you all that."

"He would have told me everything I wished to ask him," Isabel said.

"But you didn't feel curious?"

"My curiosity would have been idle—once I had determined to decline his offer."

"You didn't find it sufficiently attractive?" Mr. Touchett inquired.

The girl was silent a moment.

"I suppose it was that," she presently admitted. "But I don't know why."

"Fortunately, ladies are not obliged to give reasons," said her uncle. "There's a great deal that's attractive about such an idea; but I don't see why the English should want to entice us away from our native land. I know that we try to attract them over there; but that's because our population is insufficient. Here, you know, they are rather crowded. However, I suppose there is room for charming young ladies everywhere."

"There seems to have been room here for you," said Isabel, whose eyes had been wandering over the large pleasure-spaces of the park.

Mr. Touchett gave a shrewd, conscious smile.

"There is room everywhere, my dear, if you will pay for it. I sometimes think I have paid too much for this. Perhaps you also might have to pay too much."

"Perhaps I might," the girl replied.

This suggestion gave her something more definite to rest upon than she had found in her own thoughts, and the fact of her uncle's genial shrewdness being associated with her dilemma seemed to prove to her that she was concerned with the natural and reasonable emotions of life, and not altogether a victim to intellectual eagerness and vague ambitions—ambitions reaching beyond the copious honours of Lord Warburton's petition to something indefinable and possibly not commendable. In so far as the indefinable had an influence upon Isabel's behaviour at this juncture, it was not the conception, however unformulated, of a union with Caspar Goodwood; for however little she might have felt warranted in lending a receptive ear to her English suitor, she was at least as far removed from the disposition to let the young man from Boston take complete possession of her. The sentiment in which she ultimately took refuge, after reading his letter, was a suppressed irritation at his having come abroad; for it was part of the influence he had upon her that he seemed to take from her the sense of freedom. There was something too sensible, something oppressive and restrictive, in the manner in which he presented himself. She had been haunted at moments by the image of his disapproval, and she had wondered—a consideration she had never paid in one equal degree to any one else—whether he would like what she did. The difficulty was that more than any man she had ever known, more than poor Lord Warburton (she had begun now to give his lordship the benefit of this epithet), Caspar Goodwood gave her an impression of

strength. She might like it or not, but at any rate there was something very firm about him; even in one's usual contact with him one had to reckon with it. The idea of a diminished liberty was particularly disagreeable to Isabel at present, because it seemed to her that she had just given a sort of personal accent to her independence by making up her mind to refuse Lord Warburton. Sometimes Caspar Goodwood had seemed to range himself on the side of her destiny, to be the stubbornest fact she knew; she said to herself at each moment that she might evade him for a time, but that she must make terms with him at last—terms which would be certain to be favourable to himself. Her impulse had been to avail herself of the things that helped her to resist such an obligation; and this impulse had been much concerned in her eager acceptance of her aunt's invitation, which had come to her at a time when she expected from day to day to see Mr. Goodwood, and when she was glad to have an answer ready for something she was sure he would say to her. When she had told him at Albany, on the evening of Mrs. Touchett's visit, that she could not now discuss difficult questions, because she was preoccupied with the idea of going to Europe with her aunt, he declared that this was no answer at all; and it was to obtain a better one that he followed her across the seas. To say to herself that he was a kind of fate was well enough for a fanciful young woman, who was able to take much for granted in him; but the reader has a right to demand a description less metaphysical.

He was the son of a proprietor of certain well-known cotton-mills in Massachusetts—a gentleman who had accumulated a considerable fortune in the exercise of this industry. Caspar now managed the establishment, with a judgment and an energy which, in spite of keen competition and languid years, had kept its prosperity from

dwindling. He had received the better part of his education at Harvard university, where, however, he had gained more renown as a gymnast and an oarsman than as a votary of culture. Later, he had become reconciled to culture, and though he was still fond of sport, he was capable of showing an excellent understanding of other matters. He had a remarkable aptitude for mechanics, and had invented an improvement in the cotton-spinning process, which was now largely used and was known by his name. You might have seen his name in the papers in connection with this fruitful contrivance; assurance of which he had given to Isabel by showing her in the columns of the *New York Interviewer* an exhaustive article on the Goodwood patent—an article not prepared by Miss Stackpole, friendly as she had proved herself to his more sentimental interests. He had great talent for business, for administration, and for making people execute his purpose and carry out his views—for managing men, as the phrase was; and to give its complete value to this faculty, he had an insatiable, an almost fierce, ambition. It always struck people who knew him that he might do greater things than carry on a cotton-factory; there was nothing cottony about Caspar Goodwood, and his friends took for granted that he would not always content himself with that. He had once said to Isabel that, if the United States were only not such a confoundedly peaceful nation, he would find his proper place in the army. He keenly regretted that the Civil War should have terminated just as he had grown old enough to wear shoulder-straps, and was sure that if something of the same kind would only occur again, he would make a display of striking military talent. It pleased Isabel to believe that he had the qualities of a famous captain, and she answered that, if it would help him along, she shouldn't object to a war—a speech which ranked among the

three or four most encouraging ones he had elicited from her, and of which the value was not diminished by her subsequent regret at having said anything so heartless, inasmuch as she never communicated this regret to him. She liked at any rate this idea of his being potentially a commander of men—liked it much better than some other points in his character and appearance. She cared nothing about his cotton-mill, and the Goodwood patent left her imagination absolutely cold. She wished him not an inch less a man than he was; but she sometimes thought he would be rather nicer if he looked, for instance, a little differently. His jaw was too square and grim, and his figure too straight and stiff; these things suggested a want of easy adaptability to some of the occasions of life. Then she viewed with disfavour a habit he had of dressing always in the same manner; it was not apparently that he wore the same clothes continually, for, on the contrary, his garments had a way of looking rather too new. But they all seemed to be made of the same piece; the pattern, the cut, was in every case identical. She had reminded herself more than once that this was a frivolous objection to a man of Mr. Goodwood's importance; and then she had amended the rebuke by saying that it would be a frivolous objection if she were in love with him. She was not in love with him, and therefore she might criticise his small defects as well as his great ones—which latter consisted in the collective reproach of his being too serious, or, rather, not of his being too serious, for one could never be that, but of his seeming so. He showed his seriousness too simply, too artlessly; when one was alone with him he talked too much about the same subject, and when other people were present he talked too little about anything. And yet he was the strongest man she had ever known, and she believed that at bottom he was the cleverest. It was very

strange; she was far from understanding the contradictions among her own impressions. Caspar Goodwood had never corresponded to her idea of a delightful person, and she supposed that this was why he was so unsatisfactory. When, however, Lord Warburton, who not only did correspond with it, but gave an extension to the term, appealed to her approval, she found herself still unsatisfied. It was certainly strange.

Such incongruities were not a help to answering Mr. Goodwood's letter, and Isabel determined to leave it a while unanswered. If he had determined to persecute her, he must take the consequences; foremost among which was his being left to perceive that she did not approve of his coming to Gardencourt. She was already liable to the incursions of one suitor at this place, and though it might be pleasant to be appreciated in opposite quarters, Isabel had a personal shrinking from entertaining two lovers at once, even in a case where the entertainment should consist of dismissing them. She sent no answer to Mr. Goodwood; but at the end of three days she wrote to Lord Warburton, and the letter belongs to our history. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR LORD WARBURTON,—A great deal of careful reflection has not led me to change my mind about the suggestion you were so kind as to make me the other day. I do not find myself able to regard you in the light of a husband, or to regard your home—your various homes—in the light of my own. These things cannot be reasoned about, and I very earnestly entreat you not to return to the subject we discussed so exhaustively. We see our lives from our own point of view; that is the privilege of the weakest and humblest of us; and I shall never be able to see mine in the manner you proposed. Kindly let this suffice you, and do me the justice to believe that I have given your proposal the deeply respectful considera-

tion it deserves. It is with this feeling of respect that I remain very truly yours,

"ISABEL ARCHER."

While the author of this missive was making up her mind to despatch it, Henrietta Stackpole formed a resolution which was accompanied by no hesitation. She invited Ralph Touchett to take a walk with her in the garden, and when he had assented with that alacrity which seemed constantly to testify to his high expectations, she informed him that she had a favour to ask of him. It may be confided to the reader that at this information the young man flinched; for we know that Miss Stackpole had struck him as indiscreet. The movement was unreasonable, however; for he had measured the limits of her discretion as little as he had explored its extent; and he made a very civil profession of the desire to serve her. He was afraid of her, and he presently told her so.

"When you look at me in a certain way," he said, "my knees knock together, my faculties desert me; I am filled with trepidation, and I ask only for strength to execute your commands. You have a look which I have never encountered in any woman."

"Well," Henrietta replied, good-humouredly, "if I had not known before that you were trying to turn me into ridicule, I should know it now. Of course I am easy game—I was brought up with such different customs and ideas. I am not used to your arbitrary standards, and I have never been spoken to in America as you have spoken to me. If a gentleman, conversing with me, over there, were to speak to me like that, I shouldn't know what to make of it. We take everything more naturally over there, and, after all, we are a great deal more simple. I admit that; I am very simple myself. Of course, if you choose to laugh at me for that, you are very welcome; but I think on the whole I would rather be myself

than you. I am quite content to be myself; I don't want to change. There are plenty of people that appreciate me just as I am; it is true they are only Americans!" Henrietta had lately taken up the tone of helpless innocence and large concession. "I want you to assist me a little," she went on. "I don't care in the least whether I amuse you while you do so; or, rather, I am perfectly willing that your amusement should be your reward. I want you to help me about Isabel."

"Has she injured you?" Ralph asked.

"If she had I shouldn't mind, and I should never tell you. What I am afraid of is that she will injure herself."

"I think that is very possible," said Ralph.

His companion stopped in the garden walk, fixing on him a gaze which may perhaps have contained the quality that caused his knees to knock together. "That, too, would amuse you, I suppose! The way you do say things! I never heard any one so indifferent."

"To Isabel? Never in the world."

"Well, you are not in love with her, I hope."

"How can that be, when I am in love with another?"

"You are in love with yourself, that's the other!" Miss Stackpole declared. "Much good may it do you! But if you wish to be serious once in your life, here's a chance; and if you really care for your cousin, here is an opportunity to prove it. I don't expect you to understand her; that's too much to ask. But you needn't do that to grant my favour. I will supply the necessary intelligence."

"I shall enjoy that immensely!" Ralph exclaimed. "I will be Caliban, and you shall be Ariel."

"You are not at all like Caliban, because you are sophisticated, and Caliban was not. But I am not talking about imaginary characters; I am

talking about Isabel. Isabel is intensely real. What I wish to tell you is that I find her fearfully changed."

"Since you came, do you mean?"

"Since I came, and before I came. She is not the same as she was."

"As she was in America?"

"Yes, in America. I suppose you know that she comes from there. She can't help it, but she does."

"Do you want to change her back again?"

"Of course I do; and I want you to help me."

"Ah," said Ralph, "I am only Caliban; I am not Prospero."

"You were Prospero enough to make her what she has become. You have acted on Isabel Archer since she came here, Mr. Touchett."

"I, my dear Miss Stackpole? Never in the world. Isabel Archer has acted on me—yes; she acts on every one. But I have been absolutely passive."

"You are too passive, then. You had better stir yourself and be careful. Isabel is changing every day; she is drifting away—right out to sea. I have watched her and I can see it. She is not the bright American girl she was. She is taking different views, and turning away from her old ideals. I want to save those ideals, Mr. Touchett, and that is where you come in!"

"Not surely as an ideal?"

"Well, I hope not," Henrietta replied, promptly. "I have got a fear in my heart that she is going to marry one of these Europeans, and I want to prevent it."

"Ah, I see," cried Ralph; "and to prevent it, you want me to step in and marry her?"

"Not quite; that remedy would be as bad as the disease, for you are the typical European from whom I wish to rescue her. No; I wish you to take an interest in another person—a young man to whom she once gave great encouragement, and whom she now doesn't seem to think good

enough. He's a noble fellow, and a very dear friend of mine, and I wish very much you would invite him to pay a visit here."

Ralph was much puzzled by this appeal, and it is perhaps not to the credit of his purity of mind that he failed to look at it at first in the simplest light. It wore, to his eyes, a tortuous air, and his fault was that he was not quite sure that anything in the world could really be as candid as this request of Miss Stackpole's appeared. That a young woman should demand that a gentleman whom she described as her very dear friend should be furnished with an opportunity to make himself agreeable to another young woman, whose attention had wandered, and whose charms were greater—this was an anomaly which for the moment challenged all his ingenuity of interpretation. To read between the lines was easier than to follow the text, and to suppose that Miss Stackpole wished the gentleman invited to Gardencourt on her own account was the sign not so much of a vulgar, as of an embarrassed, mind. Even from this venial act of vulgarity, however, Ralph was saved, and saved by a force that I can scarcely call anything less than inspiration. With no more outward light on the subject than he already possessed, he suddenly acquired the conviction that it would be a sovereign injustice to the correspondent of the *Interviewer* to assign a dishonourable motive to any act of hers. This conviction passed into his mind with extreme rapidity; it was perhaps kindled by the pure radiance of the young lady's imperturbable gaze. He returned this gaze a moment, consciously, resisting an inclination to frown, as one frowns in the presence of larger luminaries. "Who is the gentleman you speak of?"

"Mr. Caspar Goodwood, from Boston. He has been extremely attentive to Isabel—just as devoted to her as he can live. He has followed her out here, and he is at present in London.

I don't know his address, but I guess I can obtain it."

"I have never heard of him," said Ralph.

"Well, I suppose you haven't heard of every one. I don't believe he has ever heard of you; but that is no reason why Isabel shouldn't marry him."

Ralph gave a little laugh. "What a rage you have for marrying people! Do you remember how you wanted to marry me the other day?"

"I have got over that. You don't know how to take such ideas. Mr. Goodwood does, however; and that's what I like about him. He's a splendid man and a perfect gentleman; and Isabel knows it."

"Is she very fond of him?"

"If she isn't she ought to be. He is simply wrapped up in her."

"And you wish me to ask him here," said Ralph, reflectively.

"It would be an act of true hospitality."

"Caspar Goodwood," Ralph continued—"it's rather a striking name."

"I don't care anything about his name. It might be Ezekiel Jenkins, and I should say the same. He is the only man I have ever seen whom I think worthy of Isabel."

"You are a very devoted friend," said Ralph.

"Of course I am. If you say that to laugh at me, I don't care."

"I don't say it to laugh at you; I am very much struck with it."

"You are laughing worse than ever; but I advise you not to laugh at Mr. Goodwood."

"I assure you I am very serious; you ought to understand that," said Ralph.

In a moment his companion understood it. "I believe you are; now you are too serious."

"You are difficult to please."

"Oh, you are very serious indeed. You won't invite Mr. Goodwood."

"I don't know," said Ralph. "I am capable of strange things. Tell

me a little about Mr. Goodwood. What is he like?"

"He is just the opposite of you. He is at the head of a cotton factory; a very fine one."

"Has he pleasant manners?" asked Ralph.

"Splendid manners—in the American style."

"Would he be an agreeable member of our little circle?"

"I don't think he would care much about our little circle. He would concentrate on Isabel."

"And how would my cousin like that?"

"Very possibly not at all. But it will be good for her. It will call back her thoughts."

"Call them back—from where?"

"From foreign parts and other unnatural places. Three months ago she gave Mr. Goodwood every reason to suppose that he was acceptable to her, and it is not worthy of Isabel to turn her back upon a real friend simply because she has changed the scene. I have changed the scene too, and the effect of it has been to make me care more for my old associations than ever. It's my belief that the sooner Isabel changes it back again the better. I know her well enough to know that she would never be truly happy over here, and I wish her to form some strong American tie that will act as a preservative."

"Are you not a little too much in a hurry?" Ralph inquired. "Don't you think you ought to give her more of a chance in poor old England?"

"A chance to ruin her bright young life? One is never too much in a hurry to save a precious human creature from drowning."

"As I understand it, then," said Ralph, "you wish me to push Mr. Goodwood overboard after her. Do you know," he added, "that I have never heard her mention his name?"

Henrietta Stackpole gave a brilliant smile. "I am delighted to hear that; it proves how much she thinks of him."

Ralph appeared to admit that there was a good deal in this, and he surrendered himself to meditation, while his companion watched him askance. "If I should invite Mr. Goodwood," he said, "it would be to quarrel with him."

"Don't do that; he would prove the better man."

"You certainly are doing your best to make me hate him! I really don't think I can ask him. I should be afraid of being rude to him."

"It's just as you please," said Henrietta. "I had no idea you were in love with her yourself."

"Do you really believe that?" the young man asked, with lifted eyebrows.

"That's the most natural speech I have ever heard you make! Of course I believe it," Miss Stackpole answered, ingenuously.

"Well," said Ralph, "to prove to you that you are wrong, I will invite him. It must be, of course, as a friend of yours."

"It will not be as a friend of mine that he will come; and it will not be to prove to me that I am wrong that you will ask him—but to prove it to yourself!"

These last words of Miss Stackpole's (on which the two presently separated) contained an amount of truth which Ralph Touchett was obliged to recognise; but it so far took the edge from too sharp a recognition that, in spite of his suspecting that it would be rather more indiscreet to keep his promise than it would be to break it, he wrote Mr. Goodwood a note of six lines, expressing the pleasure it would give Mr. Touchett the elder that he should join a little party at Gardencourt, of which Miss Stackpole was a valued member. Having sent his letter (to the care of a banker whom Henrietta suggested) he waited in some suspense. He had heard of Mr. Caspar Goodwood by name for the first time; for when his mother mentioned to him on her arrival that there was a story about the girl's

having an "admirer" at home, the idea seemed deficient in reality, and Ralph took no pains to ask questions the answers to which would suggest only the vague or the disagreeable. Now, however, the native admiration of which his cousin was the object had become more concrete; it took the form of a young man who had followed her to London; who was interested in a cotton-mill, and had manners in the American style. Ralph had two theories about this young man. Either his passion was a sentimental fiction of Miss Stackpole's (there was always a sort of tacit understanding among women, born of the solidarity of the sex, that they should discover or invent lovers for each other), in which case he was not to be feared, and would probably not accept the invitation; or else he would accept the invitation, and in this event would prove himself a creature too irrational to demand further consideration. The latter clause of Ralph's argument might have seemed incoherent; but it embodied his conviction that if Mr. Goodwood were interested in Isabel in the serious manner described by Miss Stackpole, he would not care to present himself at Gardencourt on a summons from the latter lady. "On this supposition," said Ralph, "he must regard her as a thorn on the stem of his rose; as an intercessor he must find her wanting in tact."

Two days after he had sent his invitation he received a very short note from Caspar Goodwood, thanking him for it, regretting that other engagements made a visit to Gardencourt impossible, and presenting many compliments to Miss Stackpole. Ralph handed the note to Henrietta, who, when she had read it, exclaimed—

"Well, I never have heard of anything so stiff!"

"I am afraid he doesn't care so much about my cousin as you suppose," Ralph observed.

"No, it's not that; it's some deeper motive. His nature is very deep. But

I am determined to fathom it, and I will write to him to know what he means."

His refusal of Ralph's overtures made this young man vaguely uncomfortable; from the moment he declined to come to Gardencourt Ralph began to think him of importance. He asked himself what it signified to him whether Isabel's admirers should be desperadoes or laggards; they were not rivals of his, and were perfectly welcome to act according to their peculiar temperaments. Nevertheless he felt much curiosity as to the result of Miss Stackpole's promised inquiry into the causes of Mr. Goodwood's stiffness—a curiosity for the present ungratified, inasmuch as when he asked her three days later whether she had written to London, she was obliged to confess that she had written in vain. Mr. Goodwood had not answered her.

"I suppose he is thinking it over," she said; "he thinks everything over; he is not at all impulsive. But I am accustomed to having my letters answered the same day."

Whether it was to pursue her investigations, or whether it was in compliance with still larger interests, is a point which remains somewhat uncertain; at all events she presently proposed to Isabel that they should make an excursion to London together.

"If I must tell the truth," she said, "I am not seeing much at this place, and I shouldn't think you were either. I have not even seen that aristocrat—what's his name?—Lord Washburton. He seems to let you severely alone."

"Lord Warburton is coming to-morrow, I happen to know," replied Isabel, who had received a note from the master of Lockleigh in answer to her own letter. "You will have every opportunity of examining him."

"Well, he may do for one letter, but what is one letter when you want to write fifty? I have described all the scenery in this vicinity, and raved

about all the old women and donkeys. You may say what you please, scenery makes a thin letter. I must go back to London and get some impressions of real life. I was there but three days before I came away, and that is hardly time to get started."

As Isabel, on her journey from New York to Gardencourt had seen even less of the metropolis than this, it appeared a happy suggestion of Henrietta's that the two should go thither on a visit of pleasure. The idea struck Isabel as charming; she had a great desire to see something of London, which had always been the city of her imagination. They turned over their scheme together and indulged in visions of æsthetic hours. They would stay at some picturesque old inn—one of the inns described by Dickens—and drive over the town in those delightful hansoms. Henrietta was a literary woman, and the great advantage of being a literary woman was that you could go everywhere and do everything. They would dine at a coffee-house, and go afterwards to the play; they would frequent the Abbey and the British Museum, and find out where Doctor Johnson had lived, and Goldsmith and Addison. Isabel grew eager, and presently mentioned these bright intentions to Ralph, who burst into a fit of laughter which did not express the sympathy she had desired.

"It's a delightful plan," he said. "I advise you to go to the Tavistock Hotel in Covent Garden, an easy, informal, old-fashioned place, and I will have you put down at my club."

"Do you mean it's improper?" Isabel asked. "Dear me, isn't anything proper here? With Henrietta, surely I may go anywhere; she isn't hampered in that way. She has travelled over the whole American continent, and she can surely find her way about this simple little island."

"Ah, then," said Ralph, "let me take advantage of her protection to go up to town as well. I may never have a chance to travel so safely!"

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS STACKPOLE would have prepared to start for London immediately; but Isabel, as we have seen, had been notified that Lord Warburton would come again to Gardencourt, and she believed it to be her duty to remain there and see him. For four or five days he had made no answer to her letter; then he had written, very briefly, to say that he would come to lunch two days later. There was something in these delays and postponements that touched the girl, and renewed her sense of his desire to be considerate and patient, not to appear to urge her too grossly, a discretion the more striking that she was so sure he really liked her. Isabel told her uncle that she had written to him, and let Mr. Touchett know of Lord Warburton's intention of coming; and the old man, in consequence, left his room earlier than usual, and made his appearance at the lunch-table. This was by no means an act of vigilance on his part, but the fruit of a benevolent belief that his being of the company might help to cover the visitor's abstraction, in case Isabel should find it needful to give Lord Warburton another hearing. This gentleman drove over from Lockleigh, and brought the elder of his sisters with him, a measure presumably dictated by considerations of the same order as Mr. Touchett's. The two visitors were introduced to Miss Stackpole, who, at luncheon, occupied a seat adjoining Lord Warburton's. Isabel, who was nervous, and had no relish of the prospect of again arguing the question he had so precipitately opened, could not help admiring his good-humoured self-possession, which quite disguised the symptoms of that admiration it was natural she should suppose him to feel. He neither looked at her nor spoke to her, and the only sign of his emotion was that he avoided meeting her eye. He had plenty of talk for the others, however, and he appeared

to eat his luncheon with discrimination and appetite. Miss Molyneux, who had a smooth, nun-like forehead, and wore a large silver cross suspended from her neck, was evidently pre-occupied with Henrietta Stackpole, upon whom her eyes constantly rested in a manner which seemed to denote a conflict between attention and alienation. Of the two ladies from Lockleigh, she was the one that Isabel had liked best; there was such a world of hereditary quiet in her. Isabel was sure, moreover, that her mild forehead and silver cross meant something—that she was a member of a High Church sisterhood, or was versed in works of charity and piety. She wondered what Miss Molyneux would think of her if she knew Miss Archer had refused her brother; and then she felt sure that Miss Molyneux would never know—that Lord Warburton never told her such things. He was fond of her and kind to her, but on the whole he told her little. Such at least was Isabel's theory: when, at table, she was not occupied in conversation, she was usually occupied in forming theories about her neighbours. According to Isabel, if Miss Molyneux should ever learn what had passed between Miss Archer and Lord Warburton, she would probably be shocked at the young lady's indifference to such an opportunity; or no, rather (this was our heroine's last impression) she would credit the young American with a high sense of general fitness.

Whatever Isabel might have made of her opportunities, Henrietta Stackpole was by no means disposed to neglect those in which she now found herself immersed.

"Do you know you are the first lord I have ever seen?" she said, very promptly, to her neighbour. "I suppose you think I am awfully benighted."

"You have escaped seeing some very ugly men," Lord Warburton answered, looking vaguely about the table and laughing a little.

"Are they very ugly? They try to make us believe in America that they are all handsome and magnificent, and that they wear wonderful robes and crowns."

"Ah, the robes and crowns have gone out of fashion," said Lord Warburton, "like your tomahawks and revolvers."

"I am sorry for that; I think an aristocracy ought to be splendid," Henrietta declared. "If it is not that, what is it?"

"Oh, you know, it isn't much, at the best," Lord Warburton answered. "Won't you have a potato?"

"I don't care much for these European potatoes. I shouldn't know you from an ordinary American gentleman."

"Do talk to me as if I were one," said Lord Warburton. "I don't see how you manage to get on without potatoes; you must find so few things to eat over here."

Henrietta was silent a moment; there was a chance that he was not sincere.

"I have had hardly any appetite since I have been here," she went on at last; "so it doesn't much matter. I don't approve of *you*, you know; I feel as if I ought to tell you that."

"Don't approve of me?"

"Yes, I don't suppose any one ever said such a thing to you before, did they? I don't approve of lords, as an institution. I think the world has got beyond that—far beyond."

"Oh, so do I. I don't approve of myself in the least. Sometimes it comes over me—how I should object to myself if I were not myself, don't you know? But that's rather good, by the way—not to be vainglorious."

"Why don't you give it up, then?" Miss Stackpole inquired.

"Give up—a—?" asked Lord Warburton, meeting her harsh inflection with a very soft one.

"Give up being a lord."

"Oh, I am so little of one! One would really forget all about it, if you wretched Americans were not constantly reminding one. However, I

do think of giving up—the little there is left of it—one of these days.”

“I should like to see you do it,” Henrietta exclaimed, rather grimly.

“I will invite you to the ceremony; we will have a supper and a dance.”

“Well,” said Miss Stackpole, “I like to see all sides. I don’t approve of a privileged class, but I like to hear what they have got to say for themselves.”

“Mighty little, as you see!”

“I should like to draw you out a little more,” Henrietta continued. “But you are always looking away. You are afraid of meeting my eye. I see you want to escape me.”

“No, I am only looking for those despised potatoes.”

“Please explain about that young lady—your sister—then. I don’t understand about her. Is she a Lady?”

“She’s a capital good girl.”

“I don’t like the way you say that—as if you wanted to change the subject. Is her position inferior to yours?”

“We neither of us have any position to speak of; but she is better off than I, because she has none of the bother.”

“Yes, she doesn’t look as if she had much bother. I wish I had as little bother as that. You do produce quiet people over here, whatever you may do.”

“Ah, you see one takes life easily, on the whole,” said Lord Warburton. “And then you know we are very dull. Ah, we can be dull when we try!”

“I should advise you to try something else. I shouldn’t know what to talk to your sister about; she looks so different. Is that silver cross a badge?”

“A badge?”

“A sign of rank.”

Lord Warburton’s glance had wandered a good deal, but at this it met the gaze of his neighbour.

“Oh, yes,” he answered, in a moment; “the women go in for those

things. The silver cross is worn by the elder daughters of Viscounts.”

This was his harmless revenge for having occasionally had his credulity too easily engaged in America.

After lunch he proposed to Isabel to come into the gallery and look at the pictures; and though she knew that he had seen the pictures twenty times, she complied without criticising this pretext. Her conscience now was very easy; ever since she sent him her letter she had felt particularly light of spirit. He walked slowly to the end of the gallery, looking at the paintings and saying nothing; and then he suddenly broke out—

“I hoped you wouldn’t write to me that way.”

“It was the only way, Lord Warburton,” said the girl. “Do try and believe that.”

“If I could believe it of course I should let you alone. But we can’t believe by willing it; and I confess I don’t understand. I could understand your disliking me; that I could understand well. But that you should admit what you do——”

“What have I admitted?” Isabel interrupted, blushing a little.

“That you think me a good fellow; isn’t that it?” She said nothing, and he went on—“You don’t seem to have any reason, and that gives me a sense of injustice.”

“I have a reason, Lord Warburton,” said the girl; and she said it in a tone that made his heart contract.

“I should like very much to know it.”

“I will tell you some day when there is more to show for it.”

“Excuse my saying that in the meantime I must doubt of it.”

“You make me very unhappy,” said Isabel.

“I am not sorry for that; it may help you to know how I feel. Will you kindly answer me a question?” Isabel made no audible assent, but he apparently saw something in her eyes which gave him courage to go on. “Do you prefer some one else?”

"That's a question I would rather not answer."

"Ah, you *do* then!" her suitor murmured, with bitterness.

The bitterness touched her, and she cried out—

"You are mistaken! I don't."

He sat down on a bench, unceremoniously, doggedly, like a man in trouble; leaning his elbows on his knees and staring at the floor.

"I can't even be glad of that," he said, at last throwing himself back against the wall, "for that would be an excuse."

Isabel raised her eyebrows, with a certain eagerness.

"An excuse? Must I excuse myself?"

He paid, however, no answer to the question: Another idea had come into his head.

"Is it my political opinions. Do you think I go too far?"

"I can't object to your political opinions, Lord Warburton," said the girl, "because I don't understand them."

"You don't care what I think," he cried, getting up. "It's all the same to you."

Isabel walked away, to the other side of the gallery, and stood there, showing him her charming back, her light slim figure, the length of her white neck as she bent her head, and the density of her dark braids. She stopped in front of a small picture, as if for the purpose of examining it; and there was something young and flexible in her movement, which her companion noticed. Isabel's eyes, however, saw nothing; they had suddenly been suffused with tears. In a moment he followed her, and by this time she had brushed her tears away; but when she turned round, her face was pale, and the expression of her eyes was strange.

"That reason that I wouldn't tell you," she said, "I will tell it you, after all. It is that I can't escape my fate."

"Your fate?"

"I should try to escape it if I should marry you."

"I don't understand. Why should not that be your fate, as well as anything else?"

"Because it is not," said Isabel, femininely. "I know it is not. It's not my fate to give up—I know it can't be."

Poor Lord Warburton stared, with an interrogative point in either eye.

"Do you call marrying me giving up?"

"Not in the usual sense. It is getting—getting—getting a great deal. But it is giving up other chances."

"Other chances?" Lord Warburton repeated, more and more puzzled.

"I don't mean chances to marry," said Isabel, her colour rapidly coming back to her. And then she stopped, looking down with a deep frown, as if it were hopeless to attempt to make her meaning clear.

"I don't think it is presumptuous in me to say that I think you will gain more than you will lose," Lord Warburton observed.

"I can't escape unhappiness," said Isabel. "In marrying you, I shall be trying to."

"I don't know whether you would try to, but you certainly would: that I must in candour admit!" Lord Warburton exclaimed, with an anxious laugh.

"I must not—I can't!" cried the girl.

"Well, if you are bent on being miserable, I don't see why you should make me so. Whatever charms unhappiness may have for you, it has none for me."

"I am not bent on being miserable," said Isabel. "I have always been intensely determined to be happy, and I have often believed I should be. I have told people that; you can ask them. But it comes over me every now and then that I can never be happy in any extraordinary way; not by turning away, by separating myself."

"By separating yourself from what?"

"From life. From the usual chances and dangers, from what most people know and suffer."

Lord Warburton broke into a smile that almost denoted hope.

"Why, my dear Miss Archer," he began to explain, with the most considerate eagerness, "I don't offer you any exoneration from life, or from any chances or dangers whatever. I wish I could; depend upon it I would! For what do you take me, pray? Heaven help me, I am not the Emperor of China! All I offer you is the chance of taking the common lot in a comfortable sort of way. The common lot? Why, I am devoted to the common lot! Strike an alliance with me, and I promise you that you shall have plenty of it. You shall separate from nothing whatever—not even from your friend Miss Stackpole."

"She would never approve of it," said Isabel, trying to smile and take advantage of this side-issue; despising herself too, not a little, for doing so.

"Are we speaking of Miss Stackpole!" Lord Warburton asked, impatiently. "I never saw a person judge things on such strange, such theoretic grounds."

"Now I suppose you are speaking of me," said Isabel, with humility; and she turned away again, for she saw Miss Molyneux enter the gallery, accompanied by Henrietta and by Ralph.

Lord Warburton's sister addressed him with a certain timidity, and reminded him that she ought to return home in time for tea, as she was expecting some company. He made no answer—apparently not having heard her; he was preoccupied—with good reason. Miss Molyneux looked ladylike and patient, and awaited his pleasure.

"Well, I never, Miss Molyneux!" said Henrietta Stackpole. "If I wanted to go, he would have to go.

If I wanted my brother to do a thing, he would have to do it."

"Oh, Warburton does everything one wants," Miss Molyneux answered, with a quick, shy laugh. "How very many pictures you have!" she went on, turning to Ralph.

"They look a good many, because they are all put together," said Ralph. "But it's really a bad way."

"Oh, I think it's so nice. I wish we had a gallery at Lockleigh. I am so very fond of pictures," Miss Molyneux went on, persistently, to Ralph, as if she were afraid that Miss Stackpole would address her again. Henrietta appeared at once to fascinate and to frighten her.

"Oh yes, pictures are very indispensable," said Ralph, who appeared to know better what style of reflection was acceptable to her.

"They are so very pleasant when it rains," the young lady continued. "It rains so very often."

"I am sorry you are going away, Lord Warburton," said Henrietta. "I wanted to get a great deal more out of you."

"I am not going away," Lord Warburton answered.

"Your sister says you must. In America the gentlemen obey the ladies."

"I am afraid we have got some people to tea," said Miss Molyneux, looking at her brother.

"Very good, my dear. We'll go."

"I hoped you would resist!" Henrietta exclaimed. "I wanted to see what Miss Molyneux would do."

"I never do anything," said this young lady.

"I suppose in your position it's sufficient for you to exist!" Miss Stackpole rejoined. "I should like very much to see you at home."

"You must come to Lockleigh again," said Miss Molyneux, very sweetly, to Isabel, ignoring this remark of Isabel's friend.

Isabel looked into her quiet eyes a moment, and for that moment seemed to see in their grey depths the reflec-

tion of everything she had rejected in rejecting Lord Warburton—the peace, the kindness, the honour, the possessions, a deep security and a great exclusion. She kissed Miss Molyneux, and then she said—

“I am afraid I can never come again.”

“Never again?”

“I am afraid I am going away.”

“Oh, I am so very sorry,” said Miss Molyneux. “I think that’s so very wrong of you.”

Lord Warburton watched this little passage; then he turned away and stared at a picture. Ralph, leaning against the rail before the picture, with his hands in his pockets, had for the moment been watching him.

“I should like to see you at home,” said Henrietta, whom Lord Warburton found beside him. “I should like an hour’s talk with you; there are a great many questions I wish to ask you.”

“I shall be delighted to see you,” the proprietor of Lockleigh answered; “but I am certain not to be able to answer many of your questions. When will you come?”

“Whenever Miss Archer will take me. We are thinking of going to London, but we will go and see you first. I am determined to get some satisfaction out of you.”

“If it depends upon Miss Archer, I am afraid you won’t get much. She will not come to Lockleigh; she doesn’t like the place.”

“She told me it was lovely!” said Henrietta.

Lord Warburton hesitated a moment.

“She won’t come, all the same. You had better come alone,” he added.

Henrietta straightened herself, and her large eyes expanded.

“Would you make that remark to an English lady?” she inquired, with soft asperity.

Lord Warburton stared.

“Yes, if I liked her enough.”

“You would be careful not to like

her enough. If Miss Archer won’t visit your place again, it’s because she doesn’t want to take me. I know what she thinks of me, and I suppose you think the same—that I oughtn’t to bring in individuals.”

Lord Warburton was at a loss; he had not been made acquainted with Miss Stackpole’s professional character, and did not catch her allusion.

“Miss Archer has been warning you!” she went on.

“Warning me?”

“Isn’t that why she came off alone with you here—to put you on your guard!”

“Oh, dear no,” said Lord Warburton, blushing; “our talk had no such solemn character as that.”

“Well, you have been on your guard—intensely. I suppose it’s natural to you; that’s just what I wanted to observe. And so, too, Miss Molyneux—she wouldn’t commit herself. *You* have been warned, anyway,” Henrietta continued, addressing this young lady, “but for you it wasn’t necessary.”

“I hope not,” said Miss Molyneux, vaguely.

“Miss Stackpole takes notes,” Ralph explained, humorously. “She is a great satirist; she sees through us all, and she works us up.”

“Well, I must say I never have had such a collection of bad material!” Henrietta declared, looking from Isabel to Lord Warburton, and from this nobleman to his sister and to Ralph. “There is something the matter with you all; you are as dismal as if you had got a bad telegram.”

“You do see through us, Miss Stackpole,” said Ralph in a low tone, giving her a little intelligent nod, as he led the party out of the gallery. “There is something the matter with us all.”

Isabel came behind these two; Miss Molyneux, who decidedly liked her immensely, had taken her arm, to walk beside her over the polished floor. Lord Warburton strolled on the other side, with his hands behind him, and his eyes lowered. For

some moments he said nothing; and then—

"Is it true that you are going to London?" he asked.

"I believe it has been arranged."

"And when shall you come back?"

"In a few days; but probably for a very short time. I am going to Paris with my aunt."

"When, then, shall I see you again?"

"Not for a good while," said Isabel; "but some day or other, I hope."

"Do you really hope it?"

"Very much."

He went a few steps in silence; then he stopped, and put out his hand.

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Isabel.

Miss Molyneux kissed her again, and she let the two depart; after which, without rejoining Henrietta and Ralph, she retreated to her own room.

In this apartment, before dinner, she was found by Mrs. Touchett, who

had stopped on her way to the drawing-room.

"I may as well tell you," said her aunt, "that your uncle has informed me of your relations with Lord Warburton."

Isabel hesitated an instant.

"Relations? They are hardly relations. That is the strange part of it; he has seen me but three or four times."

"Why did you tell your uncle rather than me?" Mrs. Touchett inquired, dryly but dispassionately.

Again Isabel hesitated.

"Because he knows Lord Warburton better."

"Yes, but I know you better."

"I am not sure of that," said Isabel, smiling.

"Neither am I, after all; especially when you smile that way. One would think you had carried off a prize! I suppose that when you refuse an offer like Warburton's it's because you expect to do something better."

"Ah, my uncle didn't say that!" cried Isabel, smiling still.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW ENGLISH UNIVERSITY.

THE foundation of a new university in England is more important than almost any of those results of our parliamentary contests which make up our most prominent contemporary history. Future generations may forget that it was in 1880 that the British farmer first acquired a right to shoot hares and rabbits, of which he was made incapable of depriving himself; but they will remember that it was then settled that great centres of population, eager and able to organise higher education in their own localities, should be encouraged to do so, and that a university was then founded absolutely free from all religious tests, untrammelled by any ecclesiastical or theological connection or history, and open alike, at all events in theory, to students of both sexes.

The history of the movement, which was brought to a successful issue this summer, is sufficiently recent to be in the recollection of most of our readers. It was initiated, in a paper issued in March 1876, by four of the leading members of the staff of Owens College, Manchester, which was forwarded for consideration to a number of persons eminent in science and literature, and to the leading journals. The college represented that the University of London was the only source from which its students could obtain university degrees; that that university prescribed a uniform course of study for all applicants, to which every teacher preparing students for its degrees must adapt his teaching, and that the senate of Owens College believed that they could teach better, work more freely, and stimulate in

their pupils a more genial enthusiasm for science and learning for their own sakes if they were left to adapt their teaching to what they believed the highest models of the time, and if they had the power to regulate their examinations in view of their teaching. They argued that while it was an advantage that there should be a university for all comers, whose degrees should be open even to students without any collegiate training, such training was in itself an excellent thing, with a great educative influence; and that wherever, as they believed was the case in Manchester, it had established itself on a broad, secure, and independent basis, it was sound policy for the State to stamp it with such a public sanction as it gave to the existing universities.

For the ordinary public the question thus raised was undoubtedly difficult. It might have been expected that they would be slow to see how it could hamper the teaching of chemistry, for instance, that the students of a professor of chemistry in Manchester should be examined by a chemist of great eminence in London. The elementary facts of all sciences are the same all over the world. A knowledge of classics could be given, it might have been said, as completely in the preparation of subjects prescribed for the whole kingdom by a central authority, as of others chosen arbitrarily by the teachers of a particular locality. But the British Philistine, to whom so many epistles have been written by Professor Huxley's friend, declined to enter on these considerations. With a sure and liberal instinct, he recognised that such questions were for

experts. If educational authorities agreed, as it was soon found that they did, that teachers of the first class did their work best, and stimulated their pupils most successfully when they were least under external domination and freest to follow their own impulses, the public was content to accept the statement. The question lay behind, whether Owens College had as yet done enough to prove itself entitled to a permanent public recognition, and whether its locality was sufficiently interested in it to secure it in all future time from the misfortunes that have so often waited on institutions which have been forced on the world before it was ripe for them. On that point also the public was content to accept the general judgment of experts. The expedient of a Royal Commission, which is so often resorted to when people cannot find arguments enough for not doing something they do not wish to do, was never tried. Circumstances arose, indeed, during the discussion of the question which raised all the points upon which a commission might have been expected to throw light.

The most difficult question raised by the application of Owens College was this, What would be the effect of granting it on other localities? The argument of the college authorities pointed to one definite issue—to the creation of a local university wherever a college had established itself in a district, adequately supported by a sufficient population, and permanently endowed for the purposes of university teaching. But it was urged, and with great force, that the establishment of one such university might depress instead of stimulating colleges in the neighbourhood which had otherwise reasonable possibilities of ultimate success. The Yorkshire College in Leeds, for example, had undoubtedly attained a position in 1880 fairly comparable to that which had been reached by Manchester in 1865, and it was argued that to establish a new

university within forty miles might possibly draw students away from Leeds, and prevent the natural growth of university facilities in its district. In Liverpool, again, the success of the foundation in Manchester had created a desire to found a similar institution, the strength and sincerity of which have been amply demonstrated within the last few months by the subscription of 90,000% towards the foundation of chairs in various branches of literature and science. It was possible that the creation of a university in Manchester might render a university impossible in Liverpool. Another consideration of almost equal force had to be taken into account. The value of university degrees depends on the public estimation in which the universities which grant them happen to be held, and it was at least conceivable that if the number of universities in England should come to be greatly multiplied, the standard for degrees might vary materially, and an unworthy competition for students might end in lowering it, at least in the less prosperous colleges, till the public might cease to recognise any real meaning in academical distinctions. It became clear to the Government that these objections, which were urged by powerful sections of the community, must be fairly faced, and the original Owens College scheme was abandoned for another which, like most successful things in England, was of the nature of a compromise. A university was founded of an entirely new type, which was to have its seat in Manchester, though its name, the Victoria University, was not to be local. It was to commence its career with a single college—the Owens College. But its authorities were to be a wider body, representing the State on the one hand, and on the other the whole of the localities in the neighbourhood. It was to consist ultimately of a number of affiliated colleges, something like those in Oxford and Cambridge, but each located

in a different district. The conditions under which these new colleges were to be assumed were laid down in the charter. A college is to be admitted by the university court, subject to an appeal from the court in the case of refusal to the Privy Council, when the court is satisfied—

(1) That the college applying has established a reasonably complete curriculum, and possesses a reasonably sufficient teaching staff in the departments of arts and sciences at least;

(2) That the means and appliances of the college for its teaching are established on a sound basis; and

(3) That the college is under the independent control of its own governing body.

These conditions point substantially to the incorporation of local institutions when they reach a position something like that which Owens College has already attained. The most important interpretation they have yet received lies in the fact that the Yorkshire College, the friends of which are adequately represented in the court of the new university, have not thought the time come to claim its admission. The reasonably complete curriculum in arts and sciences (at all events) indicates the possible exclusion from the list of constituent colleges of such foundations as Sir Josiah Mason's munificent institution at Birmingham, if Professor Huxley's interpretation of the founder's fundamental prohibition of "mere literary instruction and education" should prove to be correct. The word "arts" has not indeed received anywhere a very accurate definition. It has generally been interpreted elsewhere as including instruction in philosophy, in mathematics, in classical languages and literature. But it is open to argument whether instruction in mathematics, English, French, and German languages and literature, supplemented possibly by what Professor Huxley calls the science of sociology, might not fairly be held to

constitute a reasonably complete curriculum in arts. The words of the charter are obviously capable of a wide latitude of interpretation, and they will fall to be construed from time to time by a court adequately representing the best thought of the time on university subjects. What is called the Arts curriculum in the Scotch universities includes in all cases mathematics and natural philosophy or physics, and in one of them natural history. English language and literature has been added to it in recent times, and history is still conspicuously absent.

When the first of the outside colleges has been added, the Victoria University will enter on a new career. It will differ in principle little from the University of London as it was first projected, though it will differ very widely in practice. The University of London started with a number of affiliated colleges in all parts of the country, and no institution but these colleges could train students for its degrees. But it was found difficult or impossible to lay down any clear principle on which a college could be admitted to affiliation or refused it, and in the end it became inevitable that the university should open its doors to all students wherever or however they might have been educated. For the last twenty years the University of London has departed from the collegiate system, and the Victoria University will differ from it by making that system its essential basis. The university examiners in London have always been selected from the most eminent men available, whether engaged or not engaged in teaching in affiliated colleges or elsewhere. The examiners in the Victoria University will always include, as is the case also in the Scotch universities, a preponderating proportion of the professors of the incorporated colleges, assisted by eminent outside examiners. So long at least as the number of incorporated colleges is strictly limited, there is

no reason to doubt that the university will accomplish the object for which it was instituted. Its examinations will not be under the control, but they will be under the dominant influence, of the teachers in its incorporated colleges, who will be left to shape them, teaching freely according to their independent opinion of what is necessary at the time, and what is best in literature or science.

The colleges have reserved to them under the charter every possible freedom. It is expressly provided that "a college in the university shall not in any way be under the jurisdiction or control of the university court or council, except as regards the regulations for the duration and nature of the studies to be required of the students of the college as a qualification for university degrees or distinctions." So long as the colleges are practically on the same level as to the teaching they can supply, no serious difficulty will arise as to these regulations as to "duration and nature of the studies to be required of the students of the college." A similar power was given in the first charter of the University of London. The two colleges named there were University College and King's College; but after fifteen years had elapsed there were thirty-two institutions (besides all universities in Great Britain and the University of Dublin) from which the university received certificates for degrees in arts and law. The admission of affiliated colleges had been left pretty much to take care of itself. The university authorities were directed to receive certificates from "University College or King's College, or such other institution, corporate or unincorporated, as now is or shall hereafter be established for the purposes of education, whether in the metropolis or elsewhere within our United Kingdom, and as we, our heirs and successors, under our or their sign manual, shall hereafter authorise to issue such certificates." The system of affiliated colleges was broken in upon in

1850, the university being then thrown open to "persons who had prosecuted the study of such branches of knowledge," so far as to grant them, not degrees, but certificates of proficiency. In 1863 a new charter directed the university to admit these persons to all the examinations, and to compete for all the degrees except those in medicine and surgery. The university dealt with the outsiders, except those, very much as Austria is supposed to have been dealing with her Slav population. At first she admitted them with faltering uncertainty to a few feeble privileges; gradually they acquired larger and wider rights; and the original Austria may one day find herself, instead of merely tolerating the Slavs, existing solely by and for them, a pure Slav empire from which all the non-Slavic elements have gradually dropped away. The university begins by offering certificates of proficiency outside the circle of the affiliated colleges; in the end affiliation and non-affiliation are absolutely indifferent to her.

The new university begins just where London did, but it would be suicidal for it to follow the same road. There could be no *raison d'être* for two Universities of London, the one in the south and the other in the north, and the place which London originally filled in relation to her higher affiliated colleges is practically vacant. Whatever may happen to be their attitude on the general question it is not indeed likely that University or King's College will ever think of associating themselves with a centre so remote as Manchester. Local colleges in a state of growth must continue to associate themselves with London, and it will probably not be till they feel that they can enter the confederation of the Victoria University on something like equal terms that they will wish to do so. It is among the duties of the university authorities to assign each of the members of the united body its adequate and proportioned place in the common

system. Representatives of a new college are at once to take their seats among the governing body, in a proportion to be in each instance determined by the University Court. Except for this proportional representation, the colleges of the university will be in every respect equal. In this respect also they will have a right to claim a readjustment of the proportion of representation at the end of every sixth year, and the readjustment is to be made "in view of the relative magnitude and efficiency" of the various colleges.

In one particular, and in one alone, the university begins its career incomplete. Its original scheme included medicine as an integral part of it, and it looked naturally to the claim to grant medical degrees as on precisely the same footing with that to grant them in arts, in science, or in law. It had recently attached to itself a medical school of considerable local reputation, and its own staff provided special training in branches, such as chemistry, physiology, and anatomy, which are indispensable to medical training, but where the teacher has usually to devote himself to teaching alone. The number of medical students in the day-classes during last session (232) is in fair proportion to the number of students (392) in arts, science, and law. But the question of medical degrees was involved in special difficulties. It is complicated by the two facts that university medical degrees confer the license to practise, and that certain non-university bodies forming medical corporations have an equal power to confer this license. At the present moment there are altogether nineteen bodies, not to speak of the Archbishop of Canterbury, authorised upon examination to admit a medical student to be a legally qualified medical practitioner. The objections to one uniform standard of medical training and qualification seem to me as powerful as those to one uniform national academic standard in

science or literature. But whatever may be the weight of the objection to one common standard, it may fairly be said that it is not greater than the force of that against nineteen different standards, especially when they have ultimately to be applied to the persons of Her Majesty's subjects. This was an objection which had long been felt, and an eager and vehement party had been agitating to obtain a single licensing board without whose certificate no one in future should be permitted to practise. Their idea was that the universities should continue to give their degrees—the possession of one of which would of course form a special distinction—but that their degrees, and indeed the licenses of the whole nineteen bodies now authorised, should cease to have any legal value or professional effect. It is easy to understand what vital interests so radical a measure would have affected, and how medical schools like Edinburgh and Dublin, with a long and splendid record behind them, and crowded with students attracted by their well-earned reputation, might object to so complete a disturbance of the balance of power. The subject had been discussed interminably in medical circles; committees had sat upon it, and the late Government was engaged in promoting the Duke of Richmond's Bill at the very moment when they were asked to confer on Owens College the right to grant medical degrees and the inevitably accompanying license to practise. They doubtless recognised, what was indeed obvious, that the claim to grant medical degrees was quite as reasonable, and was indeed founded on substantially the same grounds, as that to grant non-medical degrees. But the former had, and the latter had not, in the same sense at least, an immediate pecuniary and professional value. It would have been impossible to separate the degree from the license to practise in this new case only. But it seemed not unreasonable that the Government should refuse to give a charter which

would involve the right of a twentieth corporation to give licenses to practise, at the very time when the position of the other nineteen was unsettled, and while the Government were proposing, unsuccessfully as it turned out, a plan of settlement inconsistent with what they were asked to do by Manchester. In their view the question needed settlement one way or another before the newly emerging case could be dealt with. When Parliament decided anything finally about the degrees and consequent licenses to practise in the existing universities, it would be easy to deal with Owens College on the same principle. Till it did so, it seemed to the Government impossible to deal with it at all. They offered the promoters of the university movement their choice between a charter in which the whole medical question was postponed *sine die*, and none. It was of course impossible to make any bargain with the Government that in such or such an event the question was to be settled in such or such a way, for it was impossible to foresee how long the medical degree and license question might take to settle, what form the settlement might ultimately take, or who might have the duty of dealing with the college on behalf of the State when the new circumstances emerged. But the Government did all it could. It expressly named the subject in the charter, debarring the university from granting degrees in medicine or surgery "unless and until authority in that behalf is given by our further charter or by Act of Parliament." The reference itself makes the case of the university clear. Before again approaching the Crown or Parliament on the subject it may possibly choose to wait, or think it politic to wait, till the new Government and Parliament have had an opportunity of dealing with it. Should it decide to do so, and should Government and Parliament do nothing, it will have an irresistible claim to whatever rights and privileges in medicine may

be left to the other universities. It would be rash indeed for any one, even for a member of the profession intimately acquainted with the forces that may be expected to move Parliament in either direction, to speculate on the issue of future medical discussions; but if the indications given during the last parliamentary struggle are to be trusted, it seems doubtful whether the universities will ultimately lose either of their present rights. It is plain that in that event the Victoria University must have power given her, in the words of her charter, "to grant and confer all such degrees and other distinctions as now or at any time hereafter can be granted and conferred by any other university in our United Kingdom." To give her that power would go some way to redress the inequality of the existing distribution in favour of Scotland and Ireland. Should the medical degree be separated from the license to practise, the whole difficulty so far as the new university is concerned would disappear. The danger—and it is a serious one—is that neither Parliament, nor the medical authorities, nor the Government may be able for a long time to make up their own minds, so far as to carry any definite policy into legislation. Meanwhile the university would be divided uneasily into a non-medical and recognised, and another medical non-recognised half. The next college that is admitted may repeat the same division; and so long as the students and teachers in one department are left in a different position from those in another, the working of the college and university must be unsatisfactory. It would be unreasonable for the State to expect either to wait indefinitely. A year or two ought to make it quite clear whether any medical cataclysm can be accomplished before the Irish Land Question, or the County Franchise Bill, or the interminable Eastern Question, is down upon us once more. A merciful and, indeed, a reasonable,

Government cannot keep the new-born university too long in suspense. Nothing is worse for real university work than the need of a perpetual agitation. The last four years of restless and harassing worry to the authorities of Owens College ought not on any account to be indefinitely prolonged.

I have told briefly the story of the past. But the interest of the friends of education and of the university is in the far-reaching future. When half a century has passed away, will the foundation of 1880 be proved to have

been wise? Will it have left its stamp on the character of its district, and given a tone to the education of the country? Are our children to look back on its establishment as the beginning of a new period in English education or in English learning? None know better than those to whose energy and patience the success which has been attained is due, that it is neither in organisation nor administration that a university finds its worthiest or most enduring renown.

WILLIAM JACK.

A NEW ANTIPODEAN PERIODICAL.

THE first number of the *Victorian Review* was issued in November of last year, with a prefatory note explaining why it had sprung into existence. There was a "felt want" among the leading men in Melbourne of "a first-class magazine which should reflect the highest culture of the colony, and express the opinions of the best thinkers of the day on all the great problems now agitating the public mind in the colonies." "The complete discussion and satisfactory settlement of vital questions at home," that is to say in Victoria, was of course proclaimed to be one of the main objects of the new monthly, and the editor purposed not to confine the discussion to thinkers on both sides in the colony, but to invite expressions of opinion on colonial affairs from thinkers in the mother country. But while thus obeying the golden precept of minding and trying to influence its own affairs, the *Victorian Review* has an aim beyond this. It aspires to be read in Europe and America, as well as in Australia, and to show English-speaking people everywhere what their kinsmen are doing and thinking, what political and social and artistic problems occupy their minds, and what degree of wisdom and culture they bring to the solution of them.

We have twelve numbers of this interesting enterprise before us. There are many papers, as might have been expected, on the problem which has been discussed with such heat in Victoria for several years past—the great "constitutional difficulty." The *Review* is open to all sides, the disputants being subject only to one condition—an excellent one—that they write with becoming temper. With reasonable adherence to this condition,

"Berryism" is attacked and defended, the burning questions of Finality and Reform are ably argued, and readers outside the colony are enabled to understand the real points at issue as they could never do from partial statements. To the light thus thrown upon a constitutional struggle that would probably have attracted more attention in this country if we had been at the time less keenly interested in our own affairs, we shall return presently; but in the first place a word or two falls to be said on the general characteristics of the new periodical, which has our best hopes of continuing to flourish when the constitutional difficulty has been laid to rest.

In the first number a question is discussed which must be admitted to be of primary importance. "Will the Anglo-Australian race degenerate?" The men of light and leading in Victoria apparently do not shrink from comprehensive problems. That men at the outset of an enterprise which has for one of its aims the intellectual stimulation and elevation of their fellow-countrymen, should deliberately sit down and consider whether in spite of all their efforts they are not bound by an inexorable law of destiny to degenerate, to sink to a lower level of civilisation, has a certain propriety in itself and is at the same time a proof of high speculative courage. If this question were answered in the affirmative, they might well make it a reason for going no further. The cause of degeneration, of which the writer of this paper is afraid—it is one of the very few anonymous papers in the periodical, perhaps for good reasons—is not that which would most readily occur to anybody made aware for the first time that the question had been asked. It

is not that the institutions of the Anglo-Australian race are too democratic, nor is it that they have rejected the gospel of Free Trade. It is not for either of these reasons, which trouble some of the well wishers of the Anglo-Australian race, that the writer of the paper fears they may be doomed to sink to a lower grade, but because they are settled upon an early geological formation. "If it be true," he says, "that the physique, intelligence, and morals of a race are determined by the geological conditions of the country, we are brought face to face with the conclusion that we, the members of a branch of the human family which has been settled for ages in regions belonging to the quaternary formation, and therefore 'foremost in the ranks of time,' have transferred ourselves to a part of the world in which the greater part of the soil consists of palaeozoic rock, while a small portion only belongs to the mesozoic and tertiary strata; and that having done so we must be prepared for an inevitable degeneration of the Anglo-Saxon stock." The writer is not beside the mark when he adds that the question thus opened up is "one of tremendous importance to the future of the Anglo-Australian race." He breaks it with all gentleness to his countrymen, not pretending to give a dogmatic answer, but only putting before them various reasons for believing that the anthropological speculation upon which the question is based is a verifiable hypothesis. He "leaves to other hands the task of discussing it in the light of ampler knowledge and by the aid of a wider and fuller array of facts."

The challenge thus thrown down has not been taken up in the pages of the *Victorian Review*, and meantime the periodical has gone on as resolutely as if no such fatalistic shadow had ever been thrown across its path. There is no trace of a depressing consciousness of inevitable degeneration in the new Antipodean magazine. It bears evi-

dence to an intellectual life in the colony as fresh and varied and vigorous as if that life had its foundations in a quaternary formation. Both in matter and in manner it will bear comparison with the periodicals of any part of the English-speaking world. Those who may have supposed that the colonists of Victoria were exclusively occupied with the race for wealth, that they might be divided into individuals without money striving with all their might to get some, and individuals with money struggling to preserve it from the assaults of a rapacious democracy, or into gold-diggers and sheep-farmers, and caterers for their material wants, will be agreeably surprised on taking up this mirror of Melbourne culture. The *Victorian Review* is strikingly free from the provincial spirit which characterised the beginnings of magazine literature in America. The editor aims, he tells us, at making it "distinctively Australian in tone," but that tone can apparently be preserved without the petty local personalities, the ostentatious parade of imperfect knowledge, the obtrusion of unlicked individuality, which are of the essence of the provincial spirit. "Provincial" is, of course, a relative term. Mr. Matthew Arnold would apply it in many quarters where any hint of not being metropolitan of the metropolitans would be bitterly resented. In the pursuit of his analysis of the nature of snobs, Thackeray was compelled in candour to come to the conclusion that all men are snobs; and perhaps a rigidly scientific inquirer into the varieties of the species provincial, might find himself in like manner driven to admit that all men are provincial. The perfect man in any conceivable division of virtue is hard to find. And the same may be said of the perfect periodical. But as regards this particular periodical, we may safely say that in culture, in political, literary, artistic, and philosophical knowledge, it starts from the point which has been reached by the periodicals of the mother country. We referred by way

of distinction to the beginnings of magazine literature in America. But of these also it was true to a certain extent that they started from the English level of their day. If they reflected the opinions of narrower coteries, the explanation is found in the simple fact that they existed before the steam-engine and the electric telegraph.

A remarkable feature in the *Victorian Review* is the amount of scholarship displayed—we use the word in its best sense—in its contents. This is not what we should expect in the literary organ of a new community. "We colonists," one of the contributors, Mr. J. Wood Beilby, says, in propounding a theory still more appalling than the possible degeneration of the Anglo-Australian race—nothing less than the possible inundation of large tracts of the earth in consequence of the shifting of its centre of gravity—"we colonists, especially, are a light-hearted, pleasure-loving, and wealth-adoring people, and cogitations upon dry science and its deductions, even when indicating the future of our globe, but rarely interest us." Mr. Beilby goes on to complain that the colonists have a preference for "recreative readings and pursuits" in their intervals of leisure, occupations which give "as little strain as possible to our mental faculties." It is to be feared that this complaint might be made with equal justice by the devotees of high science about other people than the colonists of Victoria. We certainly should not suppose from the contents of the *Victorian Review* that they are more degenerate in this respect than the inhabitants of the mother country. The editor makes considerable concessions to the human weakness for light reading. But science obtains a fair share of his space. We find in the first six months of the *Review* papers on Metempsychosis, on Lewes's *History of Philosophy*, on McLennan's *Kinship in Early Greece*, on Deforestation, on the Victorian Treatment of the Insane. The highest

problems of religion and ethics are discussed with great freedom and ability from different points of view. The champions of different methods of education, primary and secondary, are allowed a fair field for attack and reply. And in all these discussions the reader in this country cannot fail to be struck not only with the ability of the writers but with the care they have taken to master the literature of their various subjects. The predominance of criticism and scholarship has often been remarked upon as one of the characteristics of the present generation. We do not escape from it on crossing the southern seas, and landing in a new country where we might have supposed there would not yet have been time to accumulate the large libraries to which no doubt our own literature is indebted for its scholarly tinge. Scholarship, acquaintance with what has been thought and written, with old saws and old instances, is everywhere. It appears in articles on Tennis and on the Melbourne Cup, as much as in an account of Conyers Middleton, or in discussions on the proper function and constitution of a Second Chamber.

There is little poetry in the *Victorian Review*. Life in the colonies does not seem to be favourable to the development of poetry. Why is it that the colonies have never yet produced even a minor poet of distinctively original vein? The art which comes first in history, and which, one might think, ought to be stimulated before all others by the wonder and excitement of novel experiences, by new scenes, and by the exhilaration of boundless prospects, of "an ampler ether, a diviner air" in a new world, has always been the last to show itself among our emigrants. It is significant also that for its fiction the *Victorian Review* has to come to the mother country. Is there any essential incompatibility between the romantic and emotional temperament, and the temperament which sustains men in colonising enterprise? Or are the colonies, like the sons of

great fathers, so overwhelmed by the greatness of the parent country that they have not the heart to begin in this field? It would take us away from our subject to speculate further on the point, but whatever the explanation may be, it is a notable fact that while this organ of Victorian culture testifies to an abundance of minute and profound scholarship in the colony, it has nothing to show for the existence of original creative faculty.

When we speak of the amount of scholarship in the *Victorian Review*, we must not be understood to mean knowledge accumulated in the mind without any independent judgment being exercised upon it. There is plenty of free and independent thinking in the various essays; the writers are properly called scholarly in this sense, that they do not write upon their themes without ample knowledge of what has been written before, and that they have the command of a wide range of authorities for the illustration and support of their opinions. Take, for example, Mr. Arthur Lloyd Windsor's article on "A Learned Divine of the Eighteenth Century." We should rather expect to find in an Antipodean capital, even when it assumes the dimensions of Melbourne, as a necessary result of the preponderance of men of business and the comparative smallness of the learned class, a considerable number of one-book men—men whose reading was thorough, but not extensive, and very much disposed to exaggerate the pretensions of their favourite authors. Such *homines unius libri*, the old-fashioned type of scholar, the extinction of which is still often lamented by those who regard the present age as one of superficial smattering, were often to be found till recently in our largest provincial towns. If such a scholar had accused comprehensive students like Mr. Lecky or Mr. Leslie Stephen of neglecting "the Reverend and Learned Conyers Middleton" in their survey of eigh-

teenth century thought, and had thereupon attacked them bitterly for complete ignorance of the subject which they had the presumption to discuss, he would have been acting after his kind. We should not have been greatly surprised to find a similar kind of scholar of limited horizon in a colonial capital. But Mr. Windsor gives an account of Conyers Middleton from as lofty and as well-stored a standpoint of scholarship as that which is occupied by Mr. Lecky or Mr. Leslie Stephen himself. He does not exaggerate Middleton's position; he traces the reverend rationalist's relations with preceding thinkers, defines the part he played in the general movement of thought in his time, and finds parallels to his position among the thinkers of the present century, with a clear sense of historical perspective which could not have been obtained without wide and careful reading. The same wide range of study and mature soundness of judgment appears in Mr. Windsor's criticism of Mill's *Essay on Liberty*.

The *Victorian Review* finds ample room for the discussion of literary and philosophical questions; and the subjects discussed, as well as the ability with which the discussions are carried on, show how intimate is the intellectual union between the colonists and the mother country. They are some three months late in reading our new books, but our new books in all departments of literature and science encounter on their arrival in Melbourne a body of opinion and sentiment substantially the same as that to which they appeal at home.

Some of the papers on artistic subjects have fairly surprised us, and we may point to those on "Franz Schubert" and "Shakespeare," by Mr. James Smith, and on the "Growth of Dramatic Art," by Mr. Wybert Reeve, as articles which would be a credit to any of the best periodicals at home. The attention shown to music is a rare and, let us add, a very interesting feature in the *Victorian Review*.

But what of Victorian politics? Can we trace a distinctively Australian tone in them? The attention of the English public is sometimes invited to what is passing in the Australian political arena on the ground that we may there see, as in a microcosm, the action of political forces which have for some time been in conflict there and may soon be in conflict in our own country. The Victorian democracy is organised on the basis of manhood suffrage, and we are sometimes asked to look at the conduct of the Victorian democracy as a political experiment which foreshadows the tendencies of democracy in this country, and may therefore be studied with profit.

A political experiment in a microcosm is a fascinatingly simple idea, and though there is very little real analogy between the political problems of Victoria and the problems of the mother country, either immediate or impending, this experiment is worth looking at carefully. There are not a few superficial resemblances between the recent course of events in the colony and in the mother country. The last few years have been a time of intense political excitement and serious commercial depression in both. Shortly after our own general election, we received here the details of a general election which had been held in Victoria early in February, and had been attended with a similarly surprising result. Mr. Berry's Ministry, which had come into power in May, 1877, with an overwhelming majority, and had kept that majority intact for nearly the complete term of a Parliament—Parliaments in Victoria are triennial—had appealed to the country, and to the surprise alike of their opponents and themselves, had been defeated. One of the explanations of the result of our general election was the fickleness of the democracy. The defeat of Mr. Berry, the favourite of the electors in 1877, was ascribed to the same cause; the electors, it was said, were tired of him

they were suffering from the stagnation of trade, and were blindly restless for a change of Government. Since then, the Victorian democracy has given a more signal proof of its fickleness. The new Ministry under Mr. Service was defeated on a cardinal measure before it had been three months in office; there was another general election in July, and Mr. Berry is again in office, though not with the same secure majority that he had in 1877. At this point the parallel between colonial and imperial political history breaks down, though there are many people here who hold that if Mr. Gladstone for any reason had been compelled again to appeal to the country, the parallel would have been continued.

On the surface this apparent restlessness and fickleness of the electoral body in Victoria is a very grave fact. Are all democracies inherently and inevitably fickle? or is the Anglo-Australian race really degenerating? When we look a little closer into the facts, into the issues upon which the Victorian democracy has pronounced, we do not find the same cause for alarm. Impartial outsiders can form a more sober judgment of the general drift of a struggle than those who are in the heat and dust of it. The Victorian democracy, as a matter of fact, resisted at the general election in February as tempting a lure as was ever offered to any democracy.

For what were the electors asked to decide upon? We shall answer this question in the words of one of the principal organs of Mr. Berry's party:—

"The issue to be decided at the election has narrowed itself down so that it can be comprehended by the most slender intellect. It is this: Are the people to continue to have a direct voice in the government of the country, and in the control of its finances, or shall the wealthy orders be allowed to grasp the reins of power and rule the people after the traditions of the effete nations of Europe? With the decline of popular power, will fall in succession the industries which, in spite of the Conservatives, have been established.

What then becomes of the artisan? What of the thousands of young colonists who, even as it is, find a difficulty in obtaining employment?¹

This, it must be admitted, was a tolerably strongly-spiced appeal to the selfish interests of the democracy. Demagogism could not easily go further. Shall we say that the future of Victorian democracy is altogether hopeless when it had the good sense to answer such an appeal as this by rejecting the Ministry in whose favour it was made? And when we strip this rhetoric of its fine phrases, and inquire what were the actual legislative proposals before the country, we find further reason for believing that Victorian democracy is not such a terrific many-headed monster after all, but is guided by very much the same habits of thought that sway political conduct in the mother country. The charge against the unpropertied electorate, of seeking as a mass to break with the effete traditions of England by wholesale robbery and confiscation, is as absurd as the charge against the propertied classes which we have quoted of trying to deprive their poorer fellow-citizens of all voice in the management of public affairs.

In the first few numbers of the *Victorian Review* we find clear statements of the main issues, and calm unrhettorical arguments on both sides, all classes of disputants agreeing in this respect, that they not only reason directly and practically from the facts of the situation, as is our insular custom, but make frequent references to English precedent and precept. The Victorian electors, in February last, decided in effect against a particular plan for settling legislative proposals, about which the two Houses of Parliament could not agree. Mr. Berry proposed that when a Bill had been passed by the Legislative Assembly and been rejected in two successive sessions by the Council, its fate should be decided by a plebiscite. A poll of the electors was to be taken on the question whether this Bill should or

should not become law, and if a majority of the electors decided in its favour, it was to become law forthwith, in spite of the resistance of the Upper Chamber.

It was to this proposal that the journal from which we have quoted alluded, when it asked whether Victoria was to be bound by "the effete traditions of Europe." We need not go at length into the history of the relations between the two Chambers, out of which had emerged the great "constitutional difficulty" which Mr. Berry proposed thus to settle. Suffice it to say that the Upper Chamber was accused of obstructing legislation in the interests of the richer classes. It was calculated last year that in the course of the twenty-two years during which the colonial legislature had been in existence, 634 Bills had been passed by both Houses, while ninety had been rejected by the Council. In the case of some three or four measures on which the Ministry of the day had been resolved—one of them enacting the protective tariff, and another the payment of members—the device had been resorted to of "tacking" them on to the Appropriation Bill, and the Council had met this boldly by rejecting the Appropriation Bill. The rejection of the Appropriation Bill, with a provision for the payment of members tacked to it, was the immediate occasion three years ago of making the reform of the Upper Chamber the principal question in Victorian politics. Something must be done, it was urged, to prevent the recurrence of dead-locks resulting from the collision of the two Chambers.

Since the crisis occurred, suggestions have poured in from all sides for the resolution of this constitutional difficulty. Lord Grey, in a letter to the *Victorian Review*, suggested that there ought to be only one Chamber, and that stability should be given to it by having a certain number of members elected by the Assembly itself for life. Another suggestion was, that when a collision occurred and amicable con-

ference failed to produce an agreement, the "healing interposition of the Crown," as represented by the Governor, should be exercised. But in the main only two kinds of proposal were practically put before the electors. One was Mr. Berry's plan, of settling difficulties by a general poll or plebiscite, the Assembly being constituted at the same time supreme, without any necessity of appeal to popular arbitration, in the case of money bills. The other plan was to modify the constitution of the Upper Chamber so as to give it a more popular character, and then settle difficulties by a conference of the two houses, in which the majority should decide.

The propertied classes, it is to be observed, as represented by the Council, did not oppose an unyielding front to the popular demand for change. If they had met all proposals for obviating a dead-lock with an unconditional negative, they might with reason have been accused of breaking with the good old English tradition of compromise. But they met Mr. Berry and his party half-way. His plan they rightly regarded as virtually equivalent to the abolition of the Second Chamber. To this they would not assent; but after various tentatives, they went before Manhood Suffrage with the offer of considerable concessions. The Council is now composed of thirty members. They offered to increase it to forty-two, with a different distribution of the electoral provinces. The qualification for a member of Council was the possession of freehold property rated at 250*l.*; they were willing to reduce it to 150*l.* The qualification of Council electors they were willing to reduce from 50*l.* to 25*l.*, with the effect of increasing the electorate from about 30,000 to about 50,000. A considerable body of the so-called Conservatives were supposed to be favourable to a further extension of the Council franchise if this concession were not accepted.

Such then were the two schemes for reforming the constitution before the

Victorian electors in February last, and we cannot suppose that the democracy there has completely cast off the English feeling in favour of compromise and gradual change, when the result of the election was that Mr. Berry's supporters were put in a minority. The electors were invited to ratify a scheme which would have made the power of the majority directly supreme, and they declined. Practically a plebiscite was taken on the question whether legislative measures in detail should be settled by plebiscite, and the answer of the democracy was in the negative. This surely argued self-denial, self-restraint, an indisposition to break with English traditions of representative government.

But, it may be said, there was another election in July, and Mr. Berry was again—such is the fickleness of democracies—returned to power. This is true. But the remarkable thing is, that before this second appeal to the country Mr. Berry had apparently accepted the decision of the electorate in February upon the question of the plebiscite as final. It did not appear in his programme of July. He had previously condemned all schemes for reforming the Second Chamber; the essence of his proposals was that it should be superseded. But in the July election he and his party went to the country with a scheme for reforming the Council. The main feature of it was, that the Council should be elected by the rate-payers of the colony. Whether this proposal will settle the constitutional difficulty in Victoria, or whether the plebiscite will again emerge, remains to be seen. It is practically identical with one of the compromises which was suggested two years ago from the side of the "moderate" politicians. But, at any rate, the significant fact has to be remarked, in illustration of the alleged fickleness of the democracy, that though Mr. Berry has been returned to power, it is after his rivals have had an opportunity of settling the question and have failed, and it

is with a different programme from that which he put forward before—a programme conceived upon the lines of which the electors declared their approval in February.

A diminution of the obstructive power of a Second Chamber cannot, of course, be considered purely as an abstract question. We must look behind the demand for a change in the constitutional machinery to the objects for which this change is desired. What was the bribe which Mr. Berry and his party offered to the democracy to induce them to accept his original scheme? What were the democracy told they might do with their plebiscite when they had got it? Two great measures, with an ugly democratic look, are identified with the objects of the advanced party in Victoria—a progressive land-tax, designed, as the phrase is, to “burst up” large estates, and the establishment of state banks for the assistance of peasant proprietors. The democracy, as we have seen, were deaf to this inducement to invest themselves with the power of the plebiscite—still further evidence of their self-restraint and their obedience to English traditions. But if they had supported these proposals, apart from the machinery proposed for facilitating their execution, it must not be forgotten that a progressive land-tax and agricultural state banks mean one thing in Victoria and would have quite another meaning

if proposed in England. Such institutions may be objectionable in abstract political economy, and they may be objectionable in their proposed application to the special circumstances of Victoria, but before we take the proposal of them in the colony as evidence of the dangerous tendencies of democracy, we should remark that they are proposed in view of a state of things which does not exist in this country. They do not necessarily imply either spoliation or communism in their application to the circumstances of the colony; they could not even be fairly called a step in the direction either of the one or the other. The cry for state help, and even for state employment, has been raised in Victoria during the recent depression, but no concession has yet been made by responsible politicians which need cause any reasonable apprehension about the future of Victorian democracy, always supposing that the political spirit of the people remains as firmly centred in good sense as recent events have shown it to be. The recent startling turns in politics, when they are looked at closely, and when their underlying motives are seen in the arguments of rival thinkers and rival politicians, exhibit as little tendency to break with “the effete traditions” of the mother country as the literary and philosophical disquisitions of the contributors to the *Victorian Review*.

W. M.

PHOEBUS WITH ADMETUS.

I.

WHEN by Zeus relenting the mandate was revoked,
 Sentencing to exile the bright Sun-God,
 Mindful were the ploughmen of who the steer had yoked,
 Who : and what a track showed the upturned sod !
 Mindful were the shepherds as now the noon severe
 Bent a burning eyebrow to brown eve-tide,
 How the rustic flute drew the silver to the sphere,
 Sister of his own, till her rays fell wide.
 God ! of whom music
 And song and blood are pure,
 The day is never darkened
 That had thee here obscure.

II.

Chirping none the scarlet cicadas crouched in ranks :
 Slack the thistle-head piled its down-silk grey :
 Scarce the stony lizard sucked hollows in his flanks :
 Thick on spots of umbrage our drowsed flocks lay.
 Sudden bowed the chestnuts beneath a wind unheard,
 Lengthened ran the grasses, the sky grew slate :
 Then amid a swift flight of winged seed white as curd,
 Clear of limb a Youth smote the master's gate.
 God ! of whom music
 And song and blood are pure,
 The day is never darkened
 That had thee here obscure.

III.

Water, first of singers, o'er rocky mount and mead,
First of earthly singers, the sun-loved rill,
Sang of him, and flooded the ripples on the reed,
Seeking whom to waken and what ear fill.
Water, sweetest soother to kiss a wound and cool,
Sweetest and divinest, the sky-born brook,
Chuckled, with a whimper, and made a mirror-pool
Round the guest we welcomed, the strange hand shook.
God! of whom music
And song and blood are pure,
The day is never darkened
That had thee here obscure.

IV.

Many swarms of wild bees descended on our fields:
Stately stood the wheatstalk with head bent high:
Big of heart we laboured at storing mighty yields,
Wool and corn, and clusters to make men cry!
Hand-like rushed the vintage; we strung the bellied skins
Plump, and at the sealing the Youth's voice rose:
Maidens clung in circle, on little fists their chins;
Gentle beasties through pushed a cold long nose.
God! of whom music
And song and blood are pure,
The day is never darkened
That had thee here obscure.

V.

Foot to fire in snowtime we trimmed the slender shaft:
Often down the pit spied the lean wolf's teeth
Grin against his will, trapped by masterstrokes of craft;
Helpless in his froth-wrath as green logs seethe!
Safe the tender lambs tugged the teats, and winter sped
Whirled before the crocus, the year's new gold.
Hung the hooky beak up aloft the arrowhead
Reddened through his feathers for our dear fold.
God! of whom music
And song and blood are pure,
The day is never darkened
That had thee here obscure.

VI.

Tales we drank of giants at war with gods above :

Rocks were they to look on, and earth climbed air !

Tales of search for simples, and those who sought of love

Ease because the creature was all too fair.

Pleasant ran our thinking that while our work was good

Sure as fruits for sweat would the praise come fast.

He that wrestled stoutest and tamed the billow-brood

Danced in rings with girls, like a sail-flapped mast.

God ! of whom music

And song and blood are pure,

The day is never darkened

That had thee here obscure.

VII.

Lo, the herb of healing, when once the herb is known,

Shines in shady woods bright as new-sprung flame.

Ere the string was tightened we heard the mellow tone,

After he had taught how the sweet sounds came.

Stretched about his feet, labour done, 'twas as you see

Red pomegranates tumble and burst hard rind.

So began contention to give delight and be

Excellent in things aimed to make life kind.

God ! of whom music

And song and blood are pure,

The day is never darkened

That had thee here obscure.

VIII.

You with shelly horns, rams ! and, promontory goats,

You whose browsing beards dip in coldest dew !

Bulls, that walk the pastures in kingly-flashing coats !

Laurel, ivy, vine, wreathed for feasts not few !

You that build the shade-roof, and you that court the rays,

You that leap besprinkling the rock stream-rent !

He has been our fellow, the morning of our days :

Us he chose for housemates, and this way went.

God ! of whom music

And song and blood are pure,

The day is never darkened

That had thee here obscure.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR IRELAND?

I PUT forward the following statements on Irish matters, like those in two former papers,¹ as the result of my own personal experience during forty years' residence in Ireland as a landlord. In discussing the proposed remedies for our difficulties, it is needful to bear clearly in mind the facts established in the papers just alluded to. No one can wish to avoid harsh words more than I do, yet the truth must be told truly. The falsehood and scheming that prevail in Ireland are the causes of the chief part of the difficulty.

The real state of the country is one of great backwardness in civilisation. Education, habits, and ideas are those of a semi-barbarous people. They have both the virtues and vices of that state. Read the daily account in the papers of outrages committed. To say nothing of shocking murders, consider what such facts as these mean. A few weeks ago the house of a poor man in County Limerick who had given offence was beset. They tied him down in bed and cut off his ears. Of course this is better than burning him and his wife and children alive in their house, as was done in the same district within the memory of many. To cut off only the man's ears shows progress. But what a progress! It is still grievous barbarism, if less horrible than formerly. Since then other poor fellows' ears were cut off in other places. It is becoming an institution. Yet there are a large number of Irish M.P.'s who feel no shame in stirring up an agitation of which such acts are the sure fruit, and when these cruelties have been done, palliate and excuse them, denying that they are answerable for such wickedness, and asserting

that it is the fault of the Government or the landlords.

The country being in this state of semi-barbarism, with parts on the eastern side more advanced, and parts on the western side more backward, the first fact to be observed is, that the average Irish peasant has no desire for progress and civilisation. His view is that he ought to be left with all the rough advantages of his uncivilised condition, and that concession ought also to be made to him (at whose cost he cares not) to compensate him for all the disadvantages of that condition. The strongest ground on which he asks for such concessions is his poverty, and he and his M.P.s urge the extreme poverty of the poorest part of Connaught as a reason why concessions should be extended over the more advanced districts. He has no thought that such concessions, not being founded on strict right, must be ruinous to the country, and in the end even to himself. The present moment and his personal gain are all he can think of, and by this importunity of poverty, like the clamour of the sturdy beggar, he does influence those who act on sentiment rather than on facts. Nearly all the fine sentiments of patriotism and the rest, that are put forward, are the merest shams, invented for the occasion, and having no foundation in fact. The strongest feeling of patriotism is jealousy of England. The legislation of 1870 proceeded on the view that most Irish tenants are good and worthy men, and most Irish landlords the reverse; the truth being, that the proportion of bad tenants in Ireland, indolent, drinking, and useless, is grievously large, and that though some landlords neglect their duties by not laying out money on their land, the proportion of

¹ "Ireland, 1840-1880"; and "Ireland—its Social State. — *Macmillan* for April and July.

those who treat their tenants with any harshness is very small.

The Devon Commission in 1844 visited every corner of Ireland and investigated every case of hardship that could be heard of. The result was so trifling that for a generation complaints of hardship ceased. Lately such complaints have again begun, it is believed with even less foundation than in 1844. Whenever definite complaints have been made, they have been shown to be untrue. One good of the new Commission is, that it will test all such complaints. This is one reason why it was objected to by the Land-League.

We who live in the country know the men and the details of the cases that are brought forward in our own districts. I know the facts about two such cases that have been the pretence for neighbouring land meetings, and assert that, from first to last, they rest on mere untruth. It is upon men in this social and moral state that the franchise has been conferred.

I.—ULSTER TENANT-RIGHT.

The extension of the Ulster Tenant-right customs to the rest of Ireland is often spoken of as a remedy for all the evils of the country. I assert that except those who hope to gain by it, no one advocates Tenant-right, but men ignorant of land and farming. Such an extension would be contrary to all principles of honest dealing towards the owners of land. By the Ulster Tenant-right, whenever the tenant leaves his farm from any cause, he is usually entitled to sell (what is called) his interest in it to the best bidder, provided he is not a bad character. The transaction is wholly between the outgoing and incoming tenants, the landlord having nothing to do with it, except that any arrears of rent due are paid out of the purchase-money. The landlord may object to the purchaser if he is of bad character. But the faults that would justify such an objection are not of the kind that are common among those who have money enough to buy a farm. So that this

right in the landlord is of little consequence. In theory, too, the landlord is at liberty to raise the rent. But the practical difficulties in his way, unless the rise be very trifling or the rent unduly low, are so great, that it is very seldom he can accomplish it. The rate of purchase is sometimes as high as twenty years of the rent and over. Ten years' purchase is thought an ordinary and moderate rate. The price depends upon the acreable rent, and all the other incidents that affect the letting value of land, especially the demand for farms at the moment. Whether the times are good or bad makes a great difference in the price of Tenant-right. It has been asserted that tenant-right existed in Ulster more than 200 years ago. The proof of this, however, is very indifferant. Whether it existed or not, it is certain its great extension occurred at the latter part of the last century, when the large improvement of the linen trade took place. Hand-spinning of linen thread and hand-loom-weaving were then universal in many parts of Ireland. They went on in every farmer and labourer's house. The land in Ulster had already been very much subdivided. When the linen trade flourished, it enabled industrious families to make money and pay great sums for the Tenant-right of the small lots of their neighbours, willing to sell from any cause.

The spinning-wheel and the loom afterwards earned the means of stocking and manuring the land bought. Tenant-right can only live when the rent is under the true value of the land. If the land is let at the full value the tenant has nothing to sell. Very little thought will show the impossibility that men should go on, from generation to generation, paying the full value of the land in rent, and a great sum of money besides on entry. In those days, and long after, rents were very ill paid in Ireland; the landlords lost in this way very largely. As under Tenant-right all arrears of rent due were paid out of the purchase-

money, most Ulster landlords acquiesced in the system, and sanctioned it. The purchaser paid his money into the landlord's office; the arrears were taken out of it, and the balance handed to the out-going tenant. It is well known that incoming tenants thus often paid away not only all their own money, but also all they were able to borrow from their friends besides, in order to buy Tenant-right. It suits best too for small lots of land.

When thus stripped of capital it is impossible for a mere farming tenant to farm the land well. If a few bad years chance to come he is ruined, and has to sell his interest again for whatever it will fetch, submitting to the loss. Any arrears of rent, then, that he may have accumulated are stopped out of the money that is payable to him, and thus he often becomes a pauper, or near it. The immense effect of bad or good years upon Tenant-right has never been duly observed. It is much greater than upon tenants holding in the common way. Further, Tenant-right is a chattel. It may be sold by a creditor for debt, and it may be left by will, or settled independently of the farm itself. Sales by creditors are common; they are in effect just the same as ejectments. Tenant-right, too, is often left to wife and younger children as a provision, and so has to be paid over again by the son who gets the farm, thus pumping the farm dry of capital every generation, at the very time when a young, energetic man entering on it could do much good if he had the capital. Tenant-right rested wholly upon custom; and the custom is said to vary in nearly every county in Ulster. It had no legal authority, but the customs were so undoubted that hardly any one thought of disregarding them. The Land Act gave the customs legal right. Having been acted on by landlord and tenant alike, there was a clear equity in favour of the customs, and it was right that any legal doubt about them should be removed.

There have been disputes under the Land Act, but they have been about small accessories of the customs. These have been decided on appeal by the Judges of the Superior Court named for that purpose. It has been established that a limitation of the custom on estates to four years' purchase is good. This was settled as to Lord Erne's estate, where the tenants are very flourishing. Four years was insisted on, as still leaving the tenant some of his capital needful for farming the land. There have been other like minor points. The decisions, it should be observed, wholly turn on the question, What was the custom of the estate? The tenants had bought their several rights in their farms expressly under the custom of the estate, well known to them and the landlord. What they had bought and paid for, the same, and no other, they had a just claim to sell. The tenants' efforts of course have been to claim and get the utmost custom that prevails anywhere. Whenever a decision was made contrary to their interest, of course a howl and clamour rose up about it. The question has not been one of Law, but of fact. Several small attempts have been made in Parliament to get an Act passed reversing the Judges' decisions. All have failed. The custom is the universal rule of right everywhere.

About 1840 I went to Ulster to inform myself on the management of land there. Previous to that time the difficulties in the management of land in Ulster were as great as in other provinces. Tenants were usually as badly off and unsatisfactory there as elsewhere. The linen trade had led to great subdivision of farms. The arrears of rent on many estates were grievous. The intermixing of fields of different occupiers caused a great loss to them. How is it possible to farm to advantage when the farmer has several fields, an acre or two each, in different parts of the estate, that he must go a quarter or half a mile round to get into?

I happened to know Mr. W. Blacker,

of Armagh, who, besides having property of his own, was agent to Lord Gosford and other large proprietors. He had started the plan of getting over a Scotch grievance and fixing him on an estate, whose whole business it should be to go amongst the tenants teaching them better farming, and especially how to grow clover and turnips, before quite unknown. This answered well. The increased food for stock soon produced more and better manure; this gave better crops, and a wonderful change was effected. I stayed some time with Mr. Blacker, and remember going over an estate with him which he had bought for a friend, with a large arrear of rent upon it, every shilling of which by this plan was paid up in a few years, and the purchase money thus largely reduced, whilst the tenants prospered much.

Nothing could be more interesting or instructive than the results Mr. Blacker showed. His example had been followed by many other landlords, sometimes by getting Scotch grieves, sometimes by transplanting one of Mr. Blacker's good tenants into one of their farms as an example. He took me a tour in the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh, to see what was going on there among his pupils.

I remember at one place we went to visit one of Mr. Blacker's transplanted tenants, and found that he had given up all the good ways in which he had been instructed, and had relapsed into barbarous native habits. Whilst Blacker was reproving his erring sheep, an old neighbouring tenant who had joined himself to us in our walk, as the way is in Ireland, came up to his landlord and me and said, "Whisha, your honour, ye brought that fellow to be a parable to us, and sure he is as bad as any of us." It was too true.

(1) It will thus be seen that though the looms were at that time in almost every house in a large part of Ulster, Tenant-right did not save the country from the common troubles of Irish bad farming and subdividing land, nor

raise the condition of the people. It never could do so. Still less can it do so in the other provinces, where very few are able to pay large sums to get possession of farms, except shopkeepers who have made money in business. What is the gain from having such men as farmers? A great trade in Ulster has enriched many of the people, and Scotch blood and habits have helped to make Ulster more prosperous. That is all. After the Land Act passed in 1870 we had several very prosperous years for farmers. The prices paid for Tenant-right rose higher and higher; and the years being good, and Hope, as usual, telling a flattering tale, all were sure that prosperity would be eternal, only it would be greater still. Sellers and buyers both could not praise Tenant-right enough. But those of us who remembered, that after the famine in 1846, the price of Tenant-right fell to almost nothing, and knew its unsoundness in principle, always predicted what would happen in the changes and chances of time. The last three years the tall talk in Ulster in favour of Tenant-right has greatly come down. Of course there are many who still praise it, and the interests of all who now occupy land are involved in it to the extent of hoping to be able to sell out of their farms well. But let the account of Donegal in Mr. Tuke's pamphlet on *Irish Distress and its Remedies*, p. 8 *et seq.* be read. Mr. Tuke gives the most instructive view of Tenant-right that I have ever seen. He proves that it in no way meets the farmer's troubles and difficulties. It will be seen there that Tenant-right is no security even against starvation. Tenant-right is as strong in Donegal as in any other part of Ulster; yet, as Mr. Tuke tells us, whole parishes were starving last winter, though every man had this valuable Tenant-right, as it is supposed to be, which he could have sold not long before for ten to twenty years purchase. A few with better or larger lots, that could still find purchasers,

sold out at a low price to go to America. (Page 11.) The rest were fed by charity. Large parts all over Ulster, in spite of Tenant-right, are no better than the rest of Ireland, and are as much dissatisfied; yet this is put forth as a system to cure all the evils of the country! The sure result of a bad system is, it breaks down when the pinch comes. For forty years past it has been my clear opinion, as a practical farmer, that the time would come when Ulster would be the poorest part of Ireland, because Tenant-right sucked away from the land the capital that ought to enrich it. Nor are the difficulties at all confined to Donegal.

In the *English Agricultural Gazette* of August 30 there are two letters from an Ulster farmer who is plainly a man of some education, and, we are told by Mr. Morton, the editor, has often sent him valuable practical notes on farming subjects. The letters are nothing else but a prolonged scream against rents and landlords, with really piteous and pitiable appeals to landlords and to Parliament to lower rents out of charity, and every other motive he can think of. Of course he does not say that he or his predecessor bought the Tenant-right of his farm from the previous tenant for a large sum, knowing perfectly the rent it was subject to, and without any thought of the landlord, thus proving the farm to be worth more than the rent he pays. He calls himself one of an oppressed and down-trodden class; talks of landlords rolling in wealth, and tries to excite all the prejudice and ill-feeling which the Land League habitually relies on, because, having made a bad bargain in buying Tenant-right, his landlord does not save him from the consequent loss.

Well may Mr. A. M. Sullivan, the Home Rule M.P., suggest, as he does, that the price of Tenant-right shall be fixed by arbitration, as well as the rent. I wonder how the tenants who now own Tenant-right will like that

proposal. It is a blessed foretaste of the wise principles on which Ireland will be governed under Home Rule. Why should not everything be settled by arbitration? Prices of corn and meat, etc. To any one who can read between the lines, both Mr Sullivan's letter and Mr. Tuke's pamphlet are more than instructive.

(2) The Land Act makes Tenant-right legally binding in all parts of Ireland as much as in Ulster, *wherever like customs exist*. There are many estates in other parts, of which Lord Portsmouth's in Wexford is a leading example, on which the custom of Tenant-right has been allowed to grow up. Whenever this has happened with the consent of landlord and tenant, no one has a right to say anything against it. If it is unsound in principle, it must be left to cure itself in time, and meanwhile it does not hinder others from acting on sounder principles, or stop, except to a small extent, the general progress of the country, which depends on sound principle, and on nothing else. Tenant-right is liked by agents, because it greatly lessens their trouble in collecting rents and getting rid of bad tenants, who must be turned out. The rent is always safe, and a broken tenant goes out with much less trouble when he is to receive a lot of money on doing so. Naturally when a tenant paid nothing at all for his farm at hiring, he finds it pleasant and profitable if he leaves it—perhaps by his own fault, from indolence or drink—to receive a great sum also for nothing.

Forty years ago, I remember, it was much discussed in the South, among landowners and agents, whether the introduction of the Ulster Tenant-right on their estates would be advantageous? Having thoroughly seen its working in Ulster, I have never had any doubt that the common way of fair contract between landlord and tenant is much better for both; that the tenants would gain far more by using their money in better stocking and manuring their farms, and that they need every

shilling for those purposes; that paying away their capital to broken tenants, for land which had been utterly exhausted, and which can only be restored by more capital, could only be ruinous. Besides, in those days very few of my men had any money. What could they have done under Tenant-right, and with their farms often intermixed in four or five separate parts of the estate? Unless by going in debt, not one of them under the Ulster custom could have got an acre more than he had, or a better situated field.

(3) The payment of the arrears of rent out of the purchase money of Tenant-right differs in nothing from the payment of a fine to the landlord, which in England everybody understands would ruin any estate, and has therefore been almost wholly abandoned there. Nothing but the great ignorance in Ireland of sound principles in all that relates to land prevents such a system being scouted as the utter folly it really is. Tenant-right is in substance a fine far beyond the amount of any fine ever heard of anywhere else, or that the hardest landlord ever exacted. Such fines as seven years value were never dreamed of. The usual copyhold fines are a mere flea-bite in comparison.

(4) Judge Longfield's article in the *Fortnightly* for August shows throughout that he knows nothing of practical farming and management of land. Yet it is on such knowledge of land that the question turns, and no legal knowledge will make up for the want of it. Judge Longfield does not say a word on the undoubted evil of stripping a tenant bare of capital needed for better farming his land, but proposes that somehow the tenant should pay seven years' rent to the landlord for Tenant-right. Seven years of say 50*l.* a year is 350*l.* Where are tenants to be found with capital enough to pay this, make all permanent improvements, and farm the land besides? My tenants are richer than most, yet I doubt if I have

one able to do it, except by going in debt. Judge Longfield's whole scheme is a milder Ulster Tenant-right, honestly recognising in part the rights of owners to their land. It is open to the same difficulties and objections still, as a breach of the rights of owners, unless he means it to be left wholly voluntary. He suggests that the rent may vary every ten years, upon principles as complicated as a Chinese puzzle, just as if nobody had ever heard of the working of leases for nineteen or twenty-one years in Scotland and their benefit, and that the best farming authorities in the kingdom believe such twenty-one year leases to be the greatest gain to landlords and tenants alike; and that under the modern system of high feeding and manuring, which alone pays, it is impossible in less than nineteen years to recompense the tenant for honest outlay in good farming.

That on which legal Tenant-right wholly rests, is custom. In Parliament it was put on the same ground as copyhold custom in England. In forty years no tenant of mine has ever paid or received a shilling for Tenant-right. If the custom is to be acted on in my case (and thousands of others) Tenant-right is simply impossible. I have given nearly all my tenants larger, many much larger farms than they had. Every farm is near the homestead, with no scattered fields. Most are paying smart rents, but there are no arrears. Many tenants have become wealthy. The two rent days are fixed at times most convenient to them for paying. No excuse except positive misfortune is taken. I believe the regular payment has been a great gain to them. They know that after the rent is paid all remaining is their own. There is nothing hanging over them to keep them down. They begin early to prepare for the next rent day, and so are ready without pressure or loss. All these things tend to industry and exertion, by which they gain far more than they would by the easiest rents. It is very convenient to me too.

I shall be happy to show my tenants against those of any equal number of acres, on Lord Portsmouth's estate or any other, where Tenant-right is allowed, in wealth, condition of their farms, and good farming.

The simple fact is that money laid out by the farmer in manuring exhausted land will pay him many times better than any other way he can spend it. Ten, twenty, fifty per cent is a common return. Often all the money comes back in the first crop, and pays well for years after. What money my men had, they thus laid out, instead of stripping themselves bare to buy Tenant-right. In consequence, the condition of their farms is much better, and when times were good they were fast making money. Many are now wealthy men. There are few who are not comfortable, or whom I should wish to change.

(5) The fatal objection to the Ulster Tenant-right is that in buying it, all or a great part of whatever capital an incoming tenant has is absorbed, often leaving him without the means of farming well, and always crippled in means. There can be no doubt that in Ireland the farming class is far less wealthy than the same class in England and Scotland. Yet whilst in England care is taken to let only men with sufficient capital into farms, we are told that it will be for the advantage of all future Irish farmers to sink in the pocket of the out-going tenant, (who nine times out of ten failed, because he was indolent or a drunkard), a great part of their small capital, and to pay to the landlord a heavy fine in the shape of arrears of rent. All this is only to save the broken tenant from being forced to earn an honest living as a labourer—which any one who likes, can do now, in most parts of Ireland, as easily as he can in England or Scotland—and to enable him to spend the money he gets in idling and drinking.

An actual case will enable the best judgment to be formed. Last January I ejected a tenant for non-payment

of rent who was a drunken rake. His farm was fifty-two acres at 52*l.* a year. It was good land, but for many years he had done nothing to it in manuring or anything else. Twice I have seen his corn left in the field till winter, being not worth paying labourers to cut it, and he too lazy to do it himself, though idling about all day at the public-houses. His eight cows he let to a dairyman, his own wife, a strong young woman, being too idle to manage them. The cows paid his rent, and more, till last year, when I was glad to get rid of him, as a discredit to the estate. I re-let the farm at once for 64*l.* per annum to a Scotchman. I engaged to put up good buildings that will cost me 200*l.* There was a good house and barn before, a large part of the cost of which I paid thirty-five years ago for the tenant's father, an honest, thriving fellow, who lived comfortably and prospered. All other buildings were wholly ruinous, the land dirty and exhausted. If there had been Ulster Tenant-right, ten years' purchase, at least 520*l.*, should have been paid to this worthless man for nothing. (Under Mr. Forster's Disturbance Bill I should have had to pay him four years' rent, 208*l.*) In addition to the 520*l.*, the Scotchman would of course have had to put up buildings for himself costing 200*l.*—720*l.* capital spent for a farm of fifty-two acres. Where was the further capital to come from for stocking, manuring, and farming it? 10*l.* an acre, 500*l.*, was wanted for this purpose. Nowhere are men to be found with 1,200*l.* capital to lay out on a farm of fifty-two acres. The interest on the money alone, at 10 per cent would be 120*l.* a year, 47*s.* 6*d.* per acre, leaving the rent 24*s.* per acre, a trifle by comparison. Having added largely to nearly all my tenants' farms, without the increase having cost them one shilling of capital in any way, I am able to give any number of similar cases. So much do I feel the importance to myself of a new

tenant having his whole capital available, that I do not make him pay any of the expense of his lease, or even the stamps upon it.

(6) Another objection to Tenant-right is the undue competition when land is hired, far more severe than that the greatest screw of a landlord ever puts on his tenants. The average rent of the country is much below the value of the land. Even those who look for higher rent, take care that it is not more than the tenant is able to pay, else the rent is only promised, and cannot be paid. But with Tenant-right, the competition is wholly unchecked, extreme, and often ruinous. The outgoing tenant of course wants the last penny. He cares nothing at all for the future of the farm. With the jealous habits of our people towards each other, they often bid quite without sense from boastfulness. It is here the influence of a landlord with judgment might usefully come in. If he had any real power where Tenant-right prevails he would not accept a tenant who was offered after such competition, nor allow a son, who succeeds to the farm, to be stripped bare of the capital needful to farm the land to a profit, for the gain of the rest of the family.

Once Tenant-right is made compulsory by law, there is an end of the landlord's power for good, though men in Parliament often talk as if after landlords have been fleeced at their pleasure they ought still to co-operate, as it is called, in carrying out the measures for their own injury. Some complain that they do not thus co-operate in working the Land Act. It would be just as reasonable to expect that a sheep would co-operate with the shearer who clips it, or with the butcher who cuts its throat. What is the use of expecting that landlords will exert themselves, and take trouble, and incur odium in regulating an estate when they will gain nothing by its good management, nor lose if it is

badly managed? Let it be observed, too, that if the Tenant-right system was made compulsory in the rest of Ireland, it is only the present tenants who would gain anything. Their successors, even their own sons, would have to pay the utmost farthing of the value. It would put a great gift into the pockets of existing tenants out of the landlord's reversion, which reversion Parliament has no right to touch unless by buying it.

(7) Another bad effect of Tenant-right is, that it deprives the owner of the power of selecting the best tenants for vacant farms, or of re-arranging farms, the fields of which are scattered and intermixed. Whoever will give most money to the broken tenant must get the farm just as it stands. On neglected estates such intermixed farms are very common. It is impossible for the tenants to improve till they are re-arranged. In the case of the farm of fifty-two acres, just mentioned, it would have paid me best to hold it myself. I let it to the Scotchman, because I thought his good farming as a man who had to make it pay, would be an excellent example, and do more good than farming it myself. In parts of England and Scotland it is not uncommon for a clever, industrious labourer, who has saved some money, to hire a small farm, perhaps with the help of friends, and if times favour him to work himself up gradually into the position of a considerable farmer. These are often the best farmers in the district, and their rise is thoroughly wholesome and useful to all. But under Tenant-right such choice of good tenants would have no place. The first requisite, where Tenant-right exists, is that to hire even fifty acres a man must have large capital to pay for the Tenant-right, to make all permanent improvements, *and of course to farm the land afterwards.*

(8) This brings me to another objection. It is never worth a landlord's while to lay out money in improvements where there is Tenant-right.

He could not raise the rent enough to pay the interest on any large outlay for improvements, and if he made such outlay, he would be adding to the value of what the tenant would have to sell at leaving. There can thus be no sufficient profit to the landlord to lead him to lay out money; and thus all money laid out in improvements would have to be found by the tenant alone. Those of us who now do all improvements ourselves would cease to do so. The great number who now pay part of the cost of improvements would also stop doing so. Some have so stopped because of the Land Act. Loans for draining, of which so many have been taken by landlords, would cease to be taken. And this, though all the available capital of Landlords and Tenants together for generations is wanted to make the necessary permanent improvements on land in Ireland! Those who wish the landlords to leave the country, could not do better than promote the extension of Tenant-right. Whoever knows how much the good working of every part of Local Government depends on the landlords, had better well consider the question. It may be relied on, there is no need to add to the inducement for any man of education not to live in Ireland; and but for the pleasure and profit of seeing an estate improve, very few would undergo it. To few can it prove more profitable than it has done to me. Besides the gain from an improved estate, from rent paid with very little trouble, and no ill-will, and from very successful farming, I bought much land after the famine which has paid me well and given much satisfaction to the tenants. Yet, in spite of such gain, and of the pleasure of seeing one's people thriving, and being on good terms with them, it is a sorely heavy drag to live here. And though I have seen as lovely a place grow up under my hands as can be found in the South of Ireland, if the Government likes to pay the honest value of it all, I shall gladly leave it, and think my son a

gainer by the change. This by the way.

These are some of the practical objections to making the Ulster Tenant-right compulsory, and also to that modification which some have described as fixity of tenure, fair rents, valued by County Court judges, and free liberty to the tenant to sell his interest—plans all open to the same objections as Tenant-right.

(9) The objections on principle are still more weighty. A number of witnesses in favour of Tenant-right were called before the Duke of Richmond's Commission. This question was put to each of them: "A man hires land for the purpose of farming it. He lays out a considerable sum in improvements, which repay him, both principal and interest. Where, or on what principle of right, does he get a just claim to be paid a large sum besides if he leave the farm?" Of course no one could answer the question.

The claim of tenants who have not, with the assent of the landlord, paid their predecessors for Tenant-right, to receive a large sum on leaving the farm, is, as lawyers would say, wholly without consideration. The tenant has done nothing to give him a just right to be thus paid. At best, it is a case of *nudum pactum*, and therefore void for want of consideration, even though there was an express contract. And, besides, the payment is really taken out of the reversion, which belongs to the landlord, and the value of which it reduces. If an incoming tenant is to pay 500*l.* for a farm of fifty acres, the interest on that sum at 5 per cent is 25*l.* a year. This is 10*s.* per acre on the farm, and if he had not to pay his 500*l.*, but had to pay 5*s.* an acre extra rent instead, he would be a gainer of 12*l.* 10*s.* a year. Even if he had to pay 10*s.* per acre extra rent, he would still be better off, because he would have his 500*l.* capital to lay out in manure and help to make the rent.

However it may be concealed the future rent of the farm is lessened by payments for Tenant-right, and in the long run must be lessened accordingly. The landowner loses whatever the tenant gains.

According to all principles of right, the State cannot justly thus take from one what belongs to him, and give it to another. If there is good cause for the State to take away a man's property, it is bound to pay the honest value for it. There is no escaping this result, if right and justice are still to prevail among us. We hear sometimes in Ireland that by Tenant-right the tenant gains, but the landlord does not lose. This is the mere ignorance of men who either will not or do not understand the business of managing land. If the landowner knows how to make his land pay by farming it himself, the payment of Tenant-right to a broken tenant at once appears in its true light, as so much taken out of the landlord's reversion.

(10) We have further positive evidence now, such as we never had before, of the value of land in Ireland. M. de Molinari is an eminent Belgian political economist, familiar with the subject, and, after carefully seeing the land here, he states without hesitation in the *Débats* that it is let at half the rent similar land would let for in Belgium. This quite agrees with my own experience. As I said in a former paper, I have for many years made double the rent that used to be paid by tenants on 1,000 acres in my own hands.

Allowing for the drawbacks and greater expenses inevitable in a gentleman's farming, I assert there are very few farms in the South of Ireland that by better farming would not yield more than double the produce, and pay double the rent, they now yield. Again and again when an exhausted farm was given up, I have put as many cows on it as the broken tenant had, until I had time to manure and improve the land, and they have

made me a net profit of double the rent. My balance-sheets are conclusive.

At a Land Meeting near me lately, though the object was to attack others, I received the larger share of the abuse. As they had not a word to say of any tenant being ill-used, they said, that as they came they saw on both sides of my property many gables of ruined houses, but on my land they could not see one. They were sure I had turned out many tenants to get possession of the 1,000 acres I farm myself, so I must have pulled down the gables on purpose. No doubt 16 or 17 tenants held the land I now farm. Though their rents were very low, less than half the net amount I now make out of the same land, and had never been raised, yet all lived in poverty, and many gave up their land freely. There are now 22 good labourers' cottages on this land, besides three or four of the old tenants' houses, which, after repair, do duty at present for labourers.

Some one told me the other day my labourers were "claner, nater dressed, and fatter looking," than any body of men in the country. They, their wives and children, came to my house last summer (as they do every year) for some small festivity. A more hearty, healthy lot could not be found in the three kingdoms. This is not wonderful, as more than 25*l.* per week is paid in wages. They have now as many blankets to their beds as they want, though forty years ago I am assured there was not one blanket on the whole land. At our Clothing Club—which has existed for so many years that there is no doubt in the minds of most that the Queen sends the money for it—our own people have for some years begun to take sheets instead of blankets—a pitch of luxury which is considered rather a scandal. The Land-Leaguers passed in sight of seven of my good cottages by the road, where they could find no ruined gables. But, besides this, the land yields at least four times the produce

tenants made it yield. We take no excuse for labourers not working, and a more prosperous set, leading more comfortable lives, does not exist.

My next offence, stated at the land-meeting, was that my garden wall bristled with broken glass, which I suppose was taken as showing an unworthy distrust of the Irish people.

My third offence was that, in an account I printed of the International Dairies, at the Kilburn Agricultural Show, London, 1879, for the information of the farmers of our county, I contrasted the bright, clean German dairymaid, wearing blue ribbons and a smart cap, with the dirty drudges so frequent in Ireland. A man who could so speak of Irish women was declared unfit to live in the country.

(11) A further difficulty of compulsory Tenant-right is that much land is let on lease. Leases are definite contracts. What is to be done about them? On one of the lands I bought, a tenant, having another large farm adjoining, has a thirty-one-years lease of 124 acres of splendid land, at a low rent. The farm, when let to him, had been in the occupation of the former owner, and there was a clause that by paying at any time 100*l.*, possession might be resumed. They bound me not to take advantage of this clause. The lease will be out five years hence. I can easily make five times the rent out of this farm. I have elsewhere 150 acres, let for 5*s.* 9*d.* per acre, on thirty-one year leases, worth three times the rent. This, too, was bought with the leases running, and the value taken into account in the purchase money. The land is worth 15*s.* per acre.

It will probably be said that definite contracts cannot be touched. Even the Land Act excepted leases from most of its provisions—from all important ones, making future leases for thirty-one years the alternative for such provisions, and since the Land Act great numbers of leases have been given. Three-fifths of my estate is let on lease.

Since the establishment of the Landed Estates Court, after the fullest notice to each tenant, it has sold all the land that has passed through it with most careful statements in a schedule to every conveyance, of the precise rights of each tenant by lease or otherwise. This schedule is virtually a contract, absolutely binding between landlord and tenant. How can Parliament vary these rights, except by consent? Besides, on many estates there are honourable contracts as definite as leases, and that have been acted on in favour of the tenants without exception for near half a century. These have been more favourable to tenants than if they had leases under the Land Act.

Forty years ago I let my tenants know that, with the single exception of gross misconduct, each should hold his land for his life without increase of rent. This was, of course, equivalent to a lease for thirty years. Practically it has been more. Out of kindness I had to make concessions to the widows and children of any who died young. There were a few old leases, and an old verbal promise of thirty-one years to the tenants of one plough-land. The holders of these had the same advantage of my promise as the yearly tenants. Nearly two-fifths of my people still hold under this arrangement. These are now all old, and a few years will place their successors under leases.

I have given these details, because they show plainly the arrangements by which great numbers of tenants in all parts, in fact, hold under respectable landlords. The State would have to recognise all such contracts, because tenants have profited by them for a long course of years. A compulsory Tenant-right in such cases would be an outrage on right. If ever the question is gone into as one of right, many such cases will be proved in which thorough consideration and indulgence has been shown to the tenants. Knowing England better than I know Ireland, I assert that

Irish tenants, as a body, are treated with a consideration and indulgence, especially in the rent charged for the land, such as English tenants never asked for nor expected. The statements of the Land-Leaguers to the contrary are false. If they have any facts of this kind to prove, why should they hesitate to prove them before the new Commission?

What then is a fair rent? Is it what an honest, industrious tenant of reasonable means can make of the land? or what an indolent, ignorant man, perhaps a drunkard and a pauper, can make? The most easy and liberal rule on this question, strictly and honestly applied, will cause ten evictions for one that is now made by landlords. The strictest landlords among us do not evict one quarter of those who ought to be evicted, if the good of the country was duly considered. No part of M. de Molinari's letter is more striking than that in which he describes the sadly low social and moral state of many Irish tenants, and divides them into two classes—one with fair-sized farms at moderate rents, industrious, paying their rents and living comfortably; the other with small farms at equally easy rents, but idle, in debt, and steeped in whisky, and unable to support themselves even if they held the land rent free. Professor Baldwin's evidence before the Duke of Richmond's Commission is also very remarkable as to the entire badness and worthlessness in all respects of the large class of inferior Irish tenants.

The truth is, there is no fixed fair value of land; the value varies in England, in Scotland, everywhere, with the skill and industry of the farmer, with the climate, with the prices of particular sorts of produce, and the cost of production, just like any other kind of goods. The true point is, what profit can a farmer make by the land? That is all that matters. Acts of Parliament cannot regulate prices nor values; neither can arbitrations, which are at best only

lawsuits. Why not try arbitration on the value of meat and bread? All these proposals rest on a false principle, if free trade means anything. Their end is to do away with the competition of others. Nowhere is competition so much wanted to cause better farming. All fixity of tenure is more or less confiscation, and leaves the tenant to go on as miserably and badly as before.

II.—PEASANT PROPRIETORS.

The question of peasant proprietors is one wholly for Parliament. It involves buying the land from the present owners and selling it again to the tenants. Present owners will not object to that, if honestly done.

The success depends on the qualities of those to whom 'the land is sold—their industry, skill, and willingness to pay the purchase money. There are plenty of proofs to be found in other countries of what peasant proprietors have done successfully, and plenty of proofs in Ireland of what tenants with very long leases (even 2,000 years), who are in all respects proprietors, have not done. Good thriving tenants can buy their land with advantage and pay for it. The difficulty is (just the same as the landlords' difficulty), What to do with bad tenants?

Parliament may buy at its value all the land offered for sale; may sell their holdings to the good tenants who are able to buy; may raise the rent to its honest value—which is certain to be more than the old rent—on all bad tenants and those unable to buy; may give leases for thirty-one years to all these men, and then sell the fee of the residue to any one who will buy it: though it is the residue from which the plums have been picked out, it will probably sell, in consequence of the increased rent, for enough to recoup the Government in the full purchase money given for the whole estate. The total number of landowners will thus be increased at both ends, which is desirable.

III.—REMEDIES.

I shall naturally be asked, What is the remedy for the state of things in Ireland? If both Tenant-right and Peasant proprietors will not answer, what will answer?

The opinion expressed by M. de Molinari, that there is no royal road to prosperity in Ireland, is the very same that I have acted on for forty years past. He says, increased production can alone make men better off. The production may be from land or manufactures, it matters not which, but more production there must be for more prosperity. Misery may be relieved by poor laws or charity, and, rightly, from other motives; but it is only from increased production in some way that a country can be better off. The poor fellows who raised from the land I farm one-fourth of the produce it now yields, not only lived like paupers themselves, but sorely hindered the prosperity of the country besides, because they added nothing to its trade. My labourers now, who work on the same fields, not only spend much of their ten or twelve shillings a week in ways that do good to trade, but the increased produce they raise adds greatly to the trade of the country. This truth lies at the bottom of the whole question. Men may shut their eyes to it, but they cannot escape it. Unless there is increased produce, things can never be better. All this is ignored by the Land-League people. Their end is that every man in Ireland should live at ease under his own vine and fig-tree, without rent or ought else to disturb him, and work and drink as much or as little as he likes. This might be right if it could only be shown where the money is to come from, that will support him and his whilst he lives like a gentleman.

But to take the subject in order.

The agitation now going on is meant to produce its true work in England. The agitators believe that people in England are really afraid of them, and

that the Government will yield more in proportion as they can increase this fear. The Land Act excited the imagination of ignorant men here, and raised the expectation that Parliament would take from the landlords to give to the tenants;¹ and several utterances of Mr. Gladstone's, quoted at every Land meeting, inflamed such ideas. In parts of Ireland, no doubt, the agitation has produced a dreadful state of things, but still we have seen disturbances of the same kind, only much greater, at intervals of a few years, again and again, since the beginning of the century. We know just what such agitation is worth, or, rather, what it is not worth, and how it ought to be met and put down; and that it is sure to collapse directly it is known that the authorities are in earnest, and mean to put it down. During nearly a generation, that Lord Chancellor Blackburne ruled Ireland, when outrages became numerous from agitation or any other cause, the law was simply put in force. A special commission was issued, a few convictions obtained, and, without bloodthirstiness or undue severity, all were convinced the law could not be set aside, and quiet quickly followed. When O'Connell had to be thus met, Blackburne met him and put him down: whether the Government was Conservative or Liberal, it was just the same. Lately a milder course has been taken. By the Westmeath Act, nine years ago, the Lord-Lieutenant, when a county was proclaimed, could order the arrest and detention in prison at the pleasure of the Crown of any dangerous person. As all those who had been doing wrong, and knew they were therefore in danger of arrest, forthwith ran away to America, this plan answered every good purpose. Scarcely any persons were caught and shut up under the Act. It was the highest sort of moral rule. Men's own consciences judged them, and they bolted

¹ I stated this in a letter to the *Times* in 1873.

or not accordingly. Quiet, and no more outrages, were the result. It must be added that the Jury Act of Lord O'Hagan has done grievous mischief by increasing the difficulty of getting convictions, however clear the evidence. It was an unhappy blunder.

That law and order must be enforced no one can doubt. To leave this uncertain for a day does an injury to the poor people themselves many times worse than the worst injuries their agitators complain of, even if they were true, which they are not. There is no difficulty in thus producing quiet by enforcing the laws.

Mr. Froude's article in the *Nineteenth Century*, for September, was not needed to prove that law and order must be enforced, unless grievous injury is to be done. It is no question of landlords or the House of Lords. The moral mischief that is being done by delay is immense. Colonel Gordon is now at home. Let him be sent to Connaught with the commission of the peace for Galway, Mayo, and Sligo. Give him the command of the police and as many extra men as he needs. Let his directions be to enforce law and order. He will not have been there a month before Connaught will be at peace. Nor in truth is a man of Colonel Gordon's distinction necessary. All that is necessary is that a man of will and brains should be in command, who will not let himself be trifled with. Colonel Gordon's name would do what another would have to establish by his acts. There would be no need to hinder agitators from talking; only make them know they will be answerable for what they say.

But it is impossible that any sudden change for the better can be made. The ill-habits of the people still exist in substance. It is only as better habits establish themselves that a better state of things can grow up. Whenever an estate has been well managed, the tenants made to know that whatever any man promises will be held binding on him—the rents undertaken be required, and no

humbug listened to, bad tenants be removed and their land given to good tenants, the condition of the people steadily improves. Nearly all the disturbances and disputes between landlord and tenant that are seen in the papers arise on ill-managed estates. Good tenants invariably make money. When they can do this, what is there to fight about? When the proper time comes for a rise in the rent, and such rise is made, they would be more than human, and much less than Irishmen, if they did not kick a little. But when the dealing is reasonable and resolute, this does small harm. A notion has been started that Irish tenants are so poor they cannot contract freely. Heaven forgive the man who acts on that view in Ireland! That a man is not bound by his contract, is the dodge of every rogue we have. This is the constant struggle over Workhouse and all other public contracts, that when the contractor loses by them, he should be let off or paid more. Once it is known that contracts cannot be got rid of, the attempts to do so cease miraculously.

The outlay on improvements, both by landlords and tenants, has much increased of late. An honest census of what landlords have done for the last thirty years will show a total that is not anticipated; such outlay by landlords cannot be disregarded. It will go on steadily, if order is enforced.

In the past year tenants have awakened to the value of draining, and the loans at 1 per cent last winter from the Government did great good. Though in strictness of economic principles they were not justifiable, yet practically these loans were a most successful step. The country had advanced sufficiently to profit by them. In my union alone forty-four loans for draining were taken. I believe half of these were taken by tenants for small sums, 100*l.* and such like. This is a larger total than was ever before spent by tenants on draining within the memory of any one living. The drains have been well sunk, under

the inspection of Government officers, with good outfalls, and the profit they are certain to yield must do great good.

The sense of success will be such, that it might be wise for the Government again to offer similar loans for draining to tenants. Loans at 2 per cent., or even $2\frac{1}{2}$, could be very small loss. After last year's experience, more loans would be taken at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. (making the total charge for principal and interest 5 per cent for thirty years), than were taken at 1 per cent; and the effect thus produced in many parts would secure that draining in future should go on of itself, to the immense advantage of the country. In a district like mine, which is not mountainous, where every farm has more or less of its land wet, and where an industrious tenant who wishes can improve for himself, the general conviction that to leave land undrained is a dead loss, must work wonders in a few years.

In the larger part of Ireland, the only true remedy is the better management of estates; bad tenants should be steadily weeded out, and their land given to good ones, without payments that would reduce their capital.

There are in the country a sufficient number of good tenants, fairly industrious and steady men, with some knowledge of their business, who have too small farms. And there are a large number of thoroughly bad tenants, indolent, ignorant, and drinking, who, in whatever way they hold land, can never do any good with it. Their faults are their ruin. This class does not exist in England or Scotland, and its extent or even its existence in Ireland is not realized. By some in England all are looked upon as poor and honest; the agitators keep up that idea by vehement, untrue assertion: the ejectionment of such men is spoken of as cruelty and wrong. But consider what it is to have on a farm a lazy, drinking, even if not drunken, man, ignorant, without capital or knowledge of farming, and his land much exhausted.

How is it possible a country can improve when much of the land is thus held? There is no difficulty with any one else but these.

I have three bad tenants, all drunken; two of them have no four-footed animals on their farms, one farm being forty-seven acres, held at five shillings and ninepence per acre: what is it possible to do with such men when they cease to pay rent?

When such are turned out there is plenty of work for them, if they will do it—in spite of Mr. Gladstone's statement, that evictions are the same as death-warrants—and, under the obligation to work, their children grow up into useful labouring people. In what part of the earth can men be at once idle and prosperous? On what principle should the land these men have failed in, not be given to good tenants, who will farm it better, and benefit the country and themselves by so doing? This is the common-sense plan which has succeeded with me and with many others.

The principle professed in behalf of the Land Act was the stoppage of capricious evictions, but it was expressly added that no one wished to keep bad tenants on the land. The Act, however, has been so put in force that it has tended directly to keep bad tenants in their farms. It has been held that the Act gave every tenant an absolute right of four to seven years' rent as compensation for eviction. Non-payment of a year's rent alone deprived him of this right. The landlord no doubt might have a set-off against him. But the most justifiable cause for eviction was still held to be a disturbance, and still left the burden of four to seven years' rent to be paid by the landlord. The only right course would have been that, in case of justifiable eviction, the landlords should not incur the penalty.

I have myself had only one Land case. A poor old tenant had forty acres of capital land. Before I bought it, he had divided the farm with his

eldest son, a most hopelessly lazy fellow, who soon could not pay his part of the rent. So I had to turn him out, and take the loss of his rent on myself, giving his land back to the father for his other son; this other son, when little more than a boy, was convicted of a bad attempt at rape, and got twelve months in Cork gaol. He used habitually to rob his father's potato pit, to supply money for his iniquities. So there was an end of his chance of becoming a tenant. The old man let his cows to a dairyman, and so paid his rent; after his wife died, he became so feeble he could not walk across the room. A daughter had married a rich farmer twenty miles off. She had to take her father home to her house, and there he lived for some years. The farm is some of the best land I have. I could not allow it to be thus left half waste, and therefore served a notice to quit and ejected. The County Court judge agreed it was impossible I could help ejecting in such a case, but yet ordered me to pay four years' rent, near 120*l.* for so doing. I thought it a great wrong, and so did most who heard it. Luckily I had a set-off for dilapidations, that saved me in part, and by appealing to the Judge of Assize I forced on a compromise that still more relieved me. Such is the effect of the Land Act as it is worked.

No reasonable landlord objects to capricious evictions being stopped. The attempt of County Court Judges, to introduce a bastard Tenant-right, as they have done, has caused great disgust, and made many do their best to thwart such wrong.

Nor is the requirement of thirty-one years' leases to be complained of. Indeed I think it might be extended in such a way that all future lettings should be by lease for thirty-one years. A twenty-one years' lease is long enough in England and Scotland, and is a great gain to both tenant and landlord, because it gives security for the tenant's expenditure. Though thirty-one years may in

strictness be too long a term, yet, with the ideas that prevail in Ireland (I do not mean the wild views of the present moment), I think it need not be objected to. More draining by tenants, if landlords do not themselves drain as they ought, and thirty-one-year leases, will in all cases give much increased produce from the land, and so satisfy M. de Molinari.

It might be a condition of the lease that the tenants should drain all wet land in the first fifteen years, if the landlord did not do it, and the tenant get a charge for the outlay in full. I have often thought a justifiable pressure on both landlord and tenant could be caused if the land were valued for rating, not, as now, at its present value, but (when more than 5 per cent of the farm is wet and reclaimable) by estimating its future value if drained and reclaimed. Those who now drain their land suffer an injustice if their neighbours do not also drain. The sums required for the Poor or the Roads are apportioned on a fixed area, and those who raise the value of their farms by draining pay a larger share of the sum so apportioned, whilst the neighbour who neglects his duty is actually relieved of part of what he would have had to pay. By valuing all the land as if drained, this hardship may be set right, and a mild screw put on the neglectful occupiers and owners.

M. de Molinari's last letter in the *Débats* of September 22, deserves the most careful attention. It bears directly on the point we are now discussing.—What can be done? He says plainly, Ireland is truly sick. It is sick of one of the worst maladies,—agrarian pauperism. There are 200,000 to 300,000 tenants, representing more than a million souls, who cultivate an inferior refuse soil, so that even in good years they are only just above starvation, and in bad years they are starving. It is these small refuse farms that are the cause of the trouble; nothing else. They must be united to other farms, so as to make each farm large enough to support the farmer and his family

in prosperity. The process has gone on rapidly ever since the great famine. The Land Act retarded it. But still it went on, and nothing but the union of farms, till they can support a family, will produce a better state of things. Such is M. Molinari's statement, and I believe there is no answer to it. It agrees substantially with what I have told as the experience of a life in Ireland, lived not without success.

The rent of many of these farms is under 9*l.* per annum. 9*l.* is 180*s.*, less than 6*d.* per day. Still more of these farms are let under 4*l.* 10*s.* per annum; this is 3*d.* per day. So 6*d.* or 3*d.* per day would be the whole gain to these men, if their rent was abolished. Can this amount raise them to comfort? Compare these men with my labourers earning 12*s.* per week, and with a good cottage to live in, the death-warrants of many of whom, or their fathers, I signed, when I ejected them thirty years ago. Both sorts can be seen. It is we, who employ these labourers, that are to be got rid of, not the miserable tenants.

In county Cork the number of the ejectments in the last three years, that have been by creditors, mortgagees to whom the tenants pledged their farms for money advanced, turns out to be near half the total. These are the direct effect of the tenant's faults and his debts, with which the landlord had nothing to do. The plea for the Disturbance Bill was the cruelty of landlords in ejecting tenants in bad times. Here is the answer.

Again in the same letter, M. de Molinari describes what will necessarily happen if these bad tenants are made peasant proprietors, or obtain a greater hold on the land by Tenant-right; they will simply get deeper in debt, and be more surely sold up by the creditors when the bad years come. I believe one cause that my tenants are less in debt than others is, that all money-lenders know that I feel no pity for them; and as my tenants and I are, on the whole, on very friendly terms, the money-lenders fear we may

collogue (as it is called here), and leave them in the lurch. My principle in all such cases is, that even if a tenant is not so honest as he should be, yet money-lenders are so much worse rogues, that it is no part of my duty to think about them, and if a tenant likes to surrender his land, I decline to ask what money he has borrowed.

I may be told that the course of gradual amendment I suggest is too slow. My answer is, its slowness is one of its chief recommendations. Amendment of a people's habits must be slow; but every step is a gain. The proximate cause of the present agitation is the failure of crops in Connaught and some other parts. It must be clearly understood that the state of Connaught and other western mountainous and sea-coast districts differ wholly from the rest of Ireland. Here and there an out-of-the-way spot approaches their bad state, but the quality of the land and condition of the people are far different. Before the famine of 1846 the subdivision of farms caused us to approach to this bad state; but we have since advanced to quite a different condition. In Sir Charles Trevelyan's articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, for 1848, which he has lately reprinted, and from his letter to the *Times*, in July last, it will be seen What was then our condition and What we then went through. He says plainly, that what was done then, is that which M. de Molinari advises as the only possible thing to be done now. The distress was fully relieved whilst it lasted. Afterwards the modest part was taken of helping the healing work of Nature, and acting on the sound principle of *Laissez faire*. This, M. de Molinari adds, does not satisfy modern doctors; but Ireland in time will learn that the doctors are worse than the disease.

The Government of that time was Liberal, like the present. Sir C. Trevelyan was then Secretary to the Treasury, and he met the evil in

Ireland, and grappled with it for near two years. The words and acts of men like Sir C. Trevelyan and M. de Molinari cannot be passed over in favour of bran-new revolution to turn everything upside down.

I believe there is clear proof that poverty is the only evil, and self-exertion the only cure. The district in which I write is only twenty miles from Skibbereen, and part of the union was cut out of the Skibbereen union, and runs within ten miles of that town. Every one knows what Skibbereen was in the famine of 1846. This district was not so bad, because there was less congestion from the poorer districts beyond, yet the suffering and starvation in it were terrible. The whole winter of 1846-7 was like a frightful nightmare to those who had to go through it. In the following years more than half our people emigrated. Where an estate had been only neglected and subdivided, with low rent and no pressure, tenants being left to do as they liked, they emigrated more than from other places; they had made a harder pressure for themselves. These spots had become much the same as rabbit-warrens. I knew two such cases from which nearly all went to America. A very large part of our population were labourers. There had been much emigration before the famine; many had friends in America, and this made emigration to be looked on without dislike. We are now one of the most thriving parts of the south of Ireland, and improve yearly. The land has got into larger farms; and though the farmers only half manure and give very little employment, only tilling as much as their own families can work, most are much better off, and there are no real troubles. I believe, if the matter was fairly looked into, this district and the greater part of the county Cork would be found to be conclusive proofs of the soundness of the principles acted on by Sir C. Trevelyan and the Government of 1847. If the prevalent evil is agrarian pauperism, surely to

fix the present paupers on the land, bad ones and all, by Ulster Tenant-right, or fixity of tenure, or making them peasant proprietors, can never cure the trouble.

It is the strongest confirmation of this view, that the whole effort of the present agitation is, to keep the worst and most useless tenants still in their farms. They may be doing no good for themselves, and never have done any even in the best times, and their bad habits and poverty may prove they never are likely to do any better; but there they are to stay and vegetate, neither paying rent nor benefiting themselves or the country. This means that all the bad habits of the lowest class in the country are to be stereotyped among us, and all progress to a better state of things stopped.

Great help is to be had from emigration wherever there are more on the soil than it can support in comfort, without trusting to potatoes. Of course no Government can undertake emigration, still less enforce it; they would hinder it, if they tried. But the Government can give every facility for it. They can provide proper agents at the ports of embarkation, to advise and help all emigrants wanting it, show them where to get food and lodgings whilst waiting for the ship, and forward them in every fair way. It is strange this has not been done before. It is done for these same poor people on their arrival at New York by the American Government. There is reason to believe emigrants are often grievously wronged and cheated at our own ports before they embark. A reasonable care for them in this respect would be a great encouragement to emigration, and an act of charity too.

When the prime minister of Canada, Sir J. Macdonald, was in London just before Parliament was prorogued, he offered grants of the splendid land in Manitoba, 160 acres each to able-bodied emigrants settling there; and

he offered to get an Act passed by the Colonial Parliament to charge the cost of the emigration and support for some months upon the land, in case the cost had been advanced by Boards of Guardians or any other third party, so that, whether the emigrants stayed on the land or sold it, the money should be repaid. A proper officer of the Government was to see to the whole business, and procure repayment. It has long appeared to me that, if advances for emigration were made personal debts from the emigrants to any Colony, duly recoverable in a safe and cheap way, by Act of Colonial Parliament, with proper officers there to enforce payment if it was not otherwise repaid, it would be a great advantage to many honest poor people who wish to emigrate. We are sure that most emigrants do well, and could repay such advances easily by instalments. Why should they not? Some would be lost, perhaps, by the emigrants passing into the States: such loss might be borne; the majority would repay. All the class of healthy boys and girls in our workhouses, growing up and able to work, might thus be sent out, to their great gain and our relief. In our great town Workhouses with thousands of paupers, some such resource is much wanted. I am sure that the sentimental thought, that it is a hardship on a poor person to be forced by circumstances to emigrate, is a delusion. Irish people, when removed from the influence of their own class, become better workers, more quiet and more prosperous. They have better qualities for success in a new country than the English have. The faults of home are their bane, and the proportion of those who succeed in America is very great.

To sum up: Agrarian pauperism is the true trouble of Ireland, and an opening for increased production of some sort the only possible cure. In one hundred years' time bad tenants will not produce more from the land

than they produce now, but probably much less, as their land becomes more exhausted. Let, therefore, every opportunity for emigration be given to all unsuccessful and bad tenants and to all superfluous labourers, and let the land they occupied go into the hands of those who already hold land and are doing well with it. There is an immense field of employment for some generations in draining, with profit to all. The ordinary loans, at a rate of interest which causes no loss to Government, should be continued to landowners, as they have been for many years past; and for two or three years cheaper loans, at 2 or 2½ per cent, might be continued to farmers. They will gain by thus borrowing for draining much more than they would gain by any reduction of rent.

Until the distress that has been felt all over the kingdom from the bad crops of two seasons came on, Ireland had greatly advanced from the state it was in at the Union, or any time since. It will do so again from natural causes, if only law and order are enforced. The doubt which the foolish speeches and foolish acts of those in authority have raised, whether the law and rights of property will be upheld, has caused a hundred times more hardship to individuals, and to the tenants themselves, than all the hard acts of landlords, and has tended sorely to retard progress.

Mr. Froude truly says, "These words have raised incendiaries and assassins to the rank of patriots, and encouraged them to go on with their work, by telling them that, if they were only violent and mischievous enough, they would have their desires. The one indispensable requirement in Ireland is authority armed with power to make the law obeyed." I cannot add a word to these weighty truths.

Unjust measures, disregarding the rights of property, may gratify the covetousness of some and the ill-will of others, by injuring the class of landowners, but they will never improve

the social state of the people by a hair's breadth. Better habits alone can do that. Ireland, like all other countries, contains good and bad of all classes. Some of us who understand farming have no wish to let our land at all, because, from the bad farming so prevalent in the country, we can make much more from it by holding it ourselves. I should be glad to farm every acre of my 3,900, and should add much to my income by doing so. The labourers I should employ would be better off in all ways than most tenants, and their number would be greater. But I have not the least wish to part with my old friends, and have no thought of doing so; only I can see no sense in rooting bad tenants in the soil to be paupers, and the cause of evil for a generation to come, at a heavy loss to me.

The common sense and judgment that produce a prosperous estate and contented tenantry in England and Scotland will do so in Ireland. Whether we are few or many who try to reach this good state, why are our hands to be tied and our efforts hindered, by what is really an effort to give protection to all the bad habits and backward ideas that have made Ireland a byword? Surely England

has not so far lost the qualities that made her what she is, as to be unable to say Law and Order shall prevail, and upright honesty to all classes alike be maintained, because without these nothing is worth having, nor can any people prosper.

The difference between indolence and industry is much greater than any difference of rent that can be proposed. The difference between Order and the Rule of the Land League is greater than that between prosperity and ruin.

At bottom the question is whether the dealings between landlord and tenant are to be governed by open free contract, as nearly all other dealings amongst us are, or—because in some cases (not always even in Ireland) some landlords are rich and tenants poor—an artificial system is to be established by Act of Parliament in hope of redressing this inequality, however much the true progress of the country may thereby be retarded by the setting aside of the sound principles of honesty and justice.

W. BENCE JONES.

Lisselan, October, 1880.

THE NOVELS OF FERNAN CABALLERO.

It is not astonishing that, in spite of the power of this great writer and the fascination of the language in which she wrote, her name should be almost unknown in England. Spain, if indeed, as Schopenhauer describes it, "the subtlest of nations," is, at the same time, the least advanced as far as progress is concerned, and the farthest removed from actual tendencies of thought. When, therefore, we enter the region of modern Spanish fiction, we find ourselves in a wholly new world, and cannot without an effort extend our sympathies to phases of character and conditions of life wholly unlike our own. But the effort once made to make the acquaintance of Fernan Caballero we soon become sensible of a witchery that holds us fast; we feel, as we read her glowing pages, that the very singularity and remoteness of their subject have charm. We are grateful to the author for being as conservative as the nation she portrays, for indeed and in truth it is nothing less than the Spanish nation that this daughter of Spain has pictured for us. This is her title of honour, and had she been one shade more cosmopolitan, one whit less conservative, she could not have accomplished her task with anything like the same success. Would we learn then to know her country people—would we become acquainted with the sprightly Madrileño, the shrewd Andalusian, the Sevillian beauty, the rustic heroine, the stately Marquesa of "sangre azul," the homely son of the soil, as well as the dashing young officer, "what it is they say and do," we have but to turn to the little library of fiction bearing the pseudonym of Fernan Caballero. Possessed of extraordinary insight into character and passionate sympathy, ever limited to Spain and things Spanish, she has

identified herself with its literature by a series of works, remarkable above all for their sincerity. So sincere is she, so bent on giving utterance to the thought uppermost in her mind, that she has damaged her novels, considered as works of art, by disregard of the great models. She will be true to herself at any cost. Familiar alike with French, German, English, and Italian literature, she has profited by none in matters of style and form. She seems to have wilfully abstained from profiting by them, and without quarrelling with her for not being a stylist, we should have been grateful for a little more respect shown to accepted canons of taste. Yet so naïve, picturesque, and forcible is her language, so true to life are her characters, so replete are these stories with poetry and passion, that we forgive technical imperfections and read each to the end.

Never was writer better able to rely on her own powers or to dispense with artificial literary aids! A world of charm lies in the language alone, that delicious Castilian of which she was so thoroughly mistress. Then, by way of background for her stories, she had certainly some of the most striking scenery in the world, as all travellers in Southern Spain can attest; whilst for plastic human nature, with which to vivify her pictures, she had the richly-endowed, deeply-poetic, witty and subtle Spanish character, no less familiar to her than native speech and country.

What true genius could do with such materials, unaided by anything in the shape of the critical faculty, Fernan Caballero's stories all show. There is not one perhaps that can be regarded as a work of art, and there is not one that the reader will lay down unfinished. Schiller somewhere characterises the

true artist by his capacity for "knowing what to leave out." Fernan Caballero never seemed to suppose it necessary to leave anything out; snatches of song, anecdote, wise saws, and, worst of all, long digressions interrupt the progress of her narratives, making some of them a farrago rather than a consistent whole. Yet the strength and spirit animating every line, and the variety and force of her characters, make up for all artistic shortcomings. It might be, that had she begun to write earlier, or had she been a humble author dependent on her pen for bread, she would have taken pains to write better. Her first work did not appear till she had reached the age of fifty; and being a great lady, a leader of society, and an intimate friend of the Spanish royal family, critics perhaps hesitated to deal with her as with an ordinary writer.

The famous novelist known to the world of letters as Fernan Caballero was German by birth on the father's side, whilst her mother belonged to a noble Spanish family. Doña Cécilia Böhl de Faber was born in 1797, and died at Seville in 1877. The greater part of her life was spent in Spain. She was three times married, and remained an ardent Catholic from first to last. Beautiful, witty, and possessed in an eminent degree of social power, her *salon* was a centre of fashion and literature, open to such English visitors as were fortunate enough to have secured an introduction. Aristocrat although she was, Fernan Caballero knew and understood the Spanish people better than perhaps any other writer of her time; and seeing with what poetic insight and exquisite tenderness she ever handled the theme, we do not wonder at her popularity from one end of Spain to the other.

Let us take the little story called *Lucas Garcia* as an example of what this writer could do with every-day episodes of rural life. Lucas Garcia is a young peasant, pious, brave, a trifle hard even, but with one vein of poetry running through his nature, namely,

intense fondness for his sister Lucia. The two have grown up motherless, clinging to each other all the more in consequence of the dissoluteness and harshness of a bad father. What they have to bear from him is, however, borne resignedly, obedience and submission to parents evidently being as strongly inculcated in the Andalusian peasants as religious faith and the observance of religious duty. Not until this bad parent declares his intention of marrying a woman of depraved character does Lucas utter a word of remonstrance. But this last provocation is past endurance. The moral contamination about to be put in the way of his innocent young sister, the slur on family honour, the open disregard of sacerdotal authority, compel him to speak out, only to arouse the vindictive rage of the elder Garcia. In a moment of uncontrollable anger he strikes his son, driven indeed to despair, and Lucas, unable to rescue Lucia, enlists as a soldier. Let us not herein accuse the young peasant of ruthlessly abandoning the object of his idolatry, for so indeed his sister might be called. With all his great love for her, he was helpless; and Fernan Caballero depicts nowhere more powerfully than in this little story the tremendous weight accorded by custom and tradition to parental authority in Catholic Spain. The lad has spoken out bravely, and there his opposition ends; so finding that he has only made matters worse, and having neither a friend nor a penny in the world, he enlists, after taking heart-broken leave of Lucia, and solemnly charging her to bear her cross with resignation. "*Anda siempre derecho*" ("follow the straight path"), he says vaguely, hoping that some day or other things will brighten for them both.

Lucia, sweet and guileless, but without the sturdy character of her brother, is therefore left to herself, and being surrounded by every possible evil influence, and having positive temptations put in her way by her bad step-mother, who could not bear the company of

any one more virtuous than herself, finally succumbs. The story of the poor child's fall is touchingly told, but it is in showing the effect of it upon the proud, stern, passionately adoring brother, that all Fernan Caballero's power comes out. Lucia is carried away from her native village by a rich officer enamoured of her beauty; and in the midst of her transitory success and splendour, by accident meets Lucas, for the first time since their separation. Lucia, not at all conscious of the wrong she had done him, and counting on the measureless brotherly affection of childhood, accosts the simple soldier from the colonel's carriage in which she is seated, and finding herself unrecognised, as she thinks, follows him to the barracks.

But he turns away from her proffered embraces, cold as ice. "I have no sister," is the sole greeting she can wring from him. Tears, supplications, and agonised appeal have no effect whatever. They separate, Lucia to try to forget her sorrow in the material glitter with which she is surrounded; Lucas, to weep in his rude soldiers' quarters over the one great disenchantment of his existence. He had loved nothing but Lucia in the world, and she was lost to him for ever! After a year or two, as might have been foreseen, Lucia's reign is over, and being cast off by her rich lover, she sets out, alone, penniless and despairing, for her childhood's home. Father and step-mother are long since dead, and Lucas has taken possession of the little dwelling and bit of land, farming the patrimonial heritage. But he refuses to see his sister, and in spite of the friendly mediations of neighbours, no reconciliation is brought about between them. At last, driven to despair, Lucia makes a final effort for herself, and one day, at nightfall, quits the house of the neighbour who has taken her in, and steals towards the paternal dwelling.

"It was night, but Lucas was not sleeping. Agitated with the events of the day (the friendly intervention on behalf of Lucia), exasperated, unquiet, unable to shake the heavi-

ness from his heart, he tosses restlessly on the pillow. Soon, as he lies thus, he hears at the street door a sweet, tremulous woman's voice, singing a song he used to sing to his little sister in the days of their happy childhood.

"For God's sake, give me, oh brother,
Only a morsel of bread!
Such alms will our Holy Mother
And God repay you instead."

"Lucas covered his ears with his hands in order to shut out the sound, but the singing continued to reach him nevertheless where he lay. He rose and sat up in the bed, overwhelmed with bitterness and anguish. More and more tremulously, the voice went on, till at last he bowed his head, weeping heart-broken tears. The singer broke down also, and the final verse she sang was hardly audible by reason of her sobs.

"Oh, deaf to our Holy Mother,
Were she a beggar here,
Would be that obdurate brother
Who turns from his sister dear."

Lucas could bear it no longer. He rushed down stairs, opened the door, held wide his arms, and Lucia, uttering a joyful cry, rushed into them."

Such little stories as these show wherein Fernan Caballero's real strength lies. She dips her bucket into the pure well of human affection, and with it waters the hard, unsympathetic world! Her peasant-folk, alike young and old, and of either sex, are inimitable. Dozens of characters could be matched with that of the proud, tender, stubborn Lucas, to whom life meant nothing that did not mean family honour. Nor does our author excel alone when dealing with pathetic subjects. The rich humour of the Spanish character is rendered by her in a manner worthy of the country-woman of Cervantes, and especially is the deep religious feeling of the people brought out in every one of these rural stories. Religion perhaps is more of a reality to the Catholic peasant of Andalusia than to any other class in the world, and we feel that there is no exaggeration in Fernan Caballero's presentments of priestly authority as an influence of first importance in daily life. The little story called *Obra bien que Dios es Dios*, gives one of those touches illustrative of devotional feeling which

have so endeared the writer to the hearts of her country people. A village girl, innocent, lovely and pious, is wooed by a soldier, in every respect unworthy of her—a rough, swaggering, bad fellow, who thinks that foul means as well as fair are justifiable in attaining his end. He is determined to make the sweet Varmen (thus is she called) his wife, but she, backed by her adviser, the curé, will have nothing to do with him. Fernan Caballero is particularly happy in drawing her curés; such portraiture with her is evidently a labour of love; and Varmen's fatherly counsellor is described as a model shepherd of his flock, a man whose character, education, and tastes, exactly fitted him for an exemplary fulfilling of the sacred office. The thwarted lover, when for the last time Varmen rejects his proposals, threatens vengeance on the curé.

"I know all about it," he cries, in a fit of ungovernable wrath. "You ever go to the curé for advice. I have to thank him for your disdainful refusals; but he shall pay for his interference! To-morrow you shall have something to remember me by as long as you live!"

"He leaves her overcome with fear for the safety of her good old friend. She flies to him forthwith, entreating that he will not quit his house next day.

"Do not be anxious," my child, "the curé made reply. 'These threats are the mere bubblings up of wrath, which will disappear as soon as reason asserts its sway.'

"My father, you do not know him," Varmen entreated. "He is a desperado. For God's sake stay at home to-morrow—he will kill you."

"But to all the girl's entreaties the curé replied,

"We must do as we ought. Let God do as He will."

The climax is thus described:—

"Over against the village stretches a pine-wood reached by a meadow, and through the pine-wood the curé walked every evening of his life. On the day after this conversation with Varmen he went out at his usual time, describing the soldier in ambush close by, gun in hand, his eyes glaring fiercely.

"The curé stopped short, but with a mind so composed that the other read in his face the most absolute calm and dignity only. For a short space the pair stood confronting each other, silent and motionless; then slowly the

soldier let his gun slide down, and, dropping his eyes, said in a low voice—

"God be with you, my father!"

"So saying, he disappeared in the brush-wood, the curé crying after him—

"God bless thy first step in the path of righteousness, my son, and save thy soul which thou hast sought to yield up to thy evil passions!"

In a note appended to this little story, the author informs us that the incident is a true one. We cannot wonder at Fernan Caballero's glorification of the Catholic faith, in season and out of season, seeing the effect of it on the life of the people. Of free inquiry, of emancipation from superstitious beliefs, of winnowed theological dogmas, she has not the faintest notion. Catholicism as it is, as it has been, is her highest ideal of man's spiritual development; she will have no compromise, no secular education, no alliance of science with theology. The whole or nothing for her, and the same spirit of exclusiveness is seen in her views of social life. The least infiltration of foreign manners and customs, the most inoffensive reform in matters of social usage, fill her with disgust. Learned, cosmopolitan, as she was in her literary tastes, generous and sympathetic by nature, she is yet the narrowest, intellectually speaking, of all writers to be placed on her own level. It must be admitted that Fernan Caballero's conservatism has its humorous side, as the following extract will show. The Asistenta (title accorded to the wife of a Sevillian magistrate), a highly devout, but racy and delightful old lady, is holding conversation with a nephew who has travelled, and has brought back from foreign countries some heterodoxy, mingled with much novel information:—

"Of whom are you speaking?" she asks of her interlocutor.

"Of a young man of much distinction, the son of an English bishop," is the reply.

"What are you thinking about?" the Asistenta cries. "The son of a bishop, forsooth!"

"Yes, that is no more nor less than what I said," answers the young man. "In England bishops marry!"

"'A most outrageous lie!' says the old lady! 'a lie that is self-evident. Would you have me believe that there is a country in which bishops marry?'"

"'Yes, Señora,' retorts Carlos. 'In England the curés, the canons, the bishops, the archbishops, all marry. It is a universal marrying and giving in marriage.'"

"'Hark to the greenhorn,' cries the Asistentita, now growing extremely impatient. 'He thinks I shall swallow such stuff as this. The son of a bishop! Not the father of lies himself can set eyes on one!'"

"'That may well be,' answered Carlos, laughing aloud at his aunt's incredulity. 'But it is so; ask Clara there, who has also been in London.'"

"'Yes,' replies Clara; 'it is as he says, aunt. The bishops in England marry, because their religion does not forbid it as with Papists—so they call us.'"

"'And you also are trying to take me in. Do you both take your aunt to be a fool? Now tell me,' cries the old lady, turning to a neighbour who sits by, 'tell me, Don Benigno, can you conceive such a thing as the notion of a bishopess?'"

"'No, indeed, Señora, any more than of a rectoress,' answered Don Benigno, a highly conservative old gentleman.

"'Then the Asistentita turns to another visitor, Don Narciso, untravelled and conservative like the rest, but who has at some time or other heard of Protestant bishops marrying. The Asistentita, however, will not believe; so at last Clara, a lively young countess and woman of the world, says in a low voice to her brother—

"'Why irritate our aunt for nothing? You will never persuade her against her will, and what does it matter whether she believes in bishops who marry or no!'"

This amusing little scene is taken from *Elia*, one of the most romantic of Fernan Caballero's works, yet to all who are acquainted with the working of the conventual system in Catholic countries, as savouring of reality as any. There can be little doubt that the story of *Elia* is repeated not infrequently in modern France as well as Spain. Witness the painful ceremony of taking the veil or *prise d'habit*, which may be seen occasionally by the traveller. And if curiosity tempt him to linger by the grated opening behind which, guarded by a nun, stands the victim in bridal attire, and takes leave of her friends on the other side, he may hear just such exalted sentiments as fall from the lips of Caballero's heroine. Love will not be the theme, but the same

misdirected, or it may even be artificial enthusiasm, will animate the speaker, too often, alas, the tool of family interests or priestly machinations.

Elia, one of Fernan Caballero's daintiest creations, emerges from a convent school at the age of seventeen, and is straightway plunged into the intoxicating delights of Sevillian society. The nephew of her aristocratic protectress (she is an orphan) falls in love with her. The young people secretly plight their troth, without any thought of harm; but the matter soon reaches the ears of Carlos's mother, a proud, implacable 'Marquesa' of the bluest blood of Castile. She straightway goes to *Elia* and tells her that the marriage cannot be, on account of her own humble birth, disclosing for the first time the sad particulars of the poor girl's early history—how in childhood she had been rescued from infamy and want by her kind protectress, the aunt of the man she has promised to marry, and showing how such a marriage—(it seems, in Spain, that young people choose for themselves, and are not chosen for as in France)—must irrevocably estrange Carlos for ever from his family, and bring shame and sorrow on a noble house.

Elia, broken-hearted, but proud, resolves from that moment to give up her lover. Carlos, hoping that time may change matters in his favour, travels, to find on his return, a year or two later, that *Elia* has gone back to the convent where her childish years were spent. He goes thither, and the following scene is admirable, as showing the effect of religious exaltation on a young girl's untrained and unsophisticated mind. The mingled fervour and unreasonableness of her arguments move her lover to alternate admiration and despair, whilst she remains unshaken.

Faust, trying to induce the distraught Gretchen to fly from prison, has no more chance of success than Carlos with *Elia*. He finds her alone and dressed in bridal white. It is the day fixed for taking her final vows as a nun.

"'Oh, Carlos!' she cried, in tranquil, affectionate tones, 'how glad I am to see you

on this solemn, happy day! Only you, of all who love me, had failed, as it seemed, to come to say adieu.'

"Carlos studied her as a riddle he was bent on solving. Nothing could be more beautiful than her appearance, but her unnatural calm, her almost solemn passiveness, startle, awe him. He pleads, and pleads passionately, on behalf of their mutual love, their plighted troth, their happy dreams. To no purpose. As vainly does a kind physician hold out bright earthly prospects to some poor brain crazed past help by misery and distress.

"Then Carlos tries a vein of keen, biting reproach. Can she occupy herself with good works in the convent, when she has sent her lover broken-hearted away? Her first vows were given to him, and she has no right to break them. He waxes warmer and warmer in self-defence. He will not permit such an act. He will assert his right over her destiny, and claim her irrevocably as his own. To these passionate outbursts Elia calmly answers that she cannot be his, since the world, public opinion, and his mother's will divide them; that, moreover, he dare not tear her from the very foot of the altar, and force upon her an ephemeral happiness and an earthly love, instead of the unspeakable perpetual felicity and repose to be found within the walls of the convent. His love is blind, and ought not, must not, guide him.

"How quiet, how unmoved, how calm you are!" said Carlos.

"Because I have prayed," was the reply.

"You have never loved me," he broke forth, bursting into tears.

"Oh, yes," Elia answered in a gentle voice, "I have loved you. I love you still. But presence or absence have nothing to do with the close, infinite love I bear you. Such love has neither past nor future. Time passes by and leaves it unchanged. It does not take away the heart from God, but links it closer to Him, the Source of perfect love. It is not ungrateful because it gives, asking nothing in return; it is unchanging because it is mingled with prayer and thoughts of Heaven. Such love shines like a star in the dark night of earthly life—"

"But the love that separates bestows no happiness," Carlos said.

"And what do you call happiness?" asked Elia. "If it is peace and repose from conscience, if it is freedom from passions, if it is the calm induced by a past without remorse and a future without fears—if it is to live with quiet dreams and happy watchings, to hope for death and not fear it—then, Carlos, I know what true happiness means. It is mine."

"Carlos listened with passionate tears and full heart. Much moved at the sight of his agitation, yet firm as a rock, Elia added—

"Do not disquiet me with your tears. Love me well enough to leave me tranquil. Generous and strong, unite with me in prayer before that serene altitude reached by Faith

alone. Thus uplifted, Carlos, life appears so short, so insignificant—a mere nothing compared to eternity! Oh! my brother," she cried, raising her face and hands to Heaven with child-like fervour, "there, all adoring hearts will be re-united for ever by that celestial love which alone gives felicity."

"Thus rapt, with tears stealing down her cheeks, she seemed to the young man like some heavenly apparition about to fly to its divine abode. He falls on his knees for a moment, raised to the spiritual height whereon she stands, and gratifies her at last by thus meekly acceding to her wishes."

Elia, in spite of its sad ending, is a bright entertaining story, abounding in life and character. *Lagrimas* is another story, dealing with fashionable life. The heroine named after "our lady of tears," is a lachrymose character enough, vividly contrasted with the sprightly, brilliant, witty, young beauties, Fernan Caballero depicts so well. Yet, as a psychological study of a morbidly pensive, brooding nature, *Lagrimas* is interesting. Many a woman, whose innate sadness has embittered her own life and that of others, who is born to be sad and cause sadness, none knows why, might bear the name of *Lagrimas*. It is, however, the first time that we remember to have seen the type analysed in fiction. Quite the reverse of such a study is Fernan Caballero's original and striking creation *La Gaviota*, the heroine of perhaps her best-planned and most finished novel called by that name.

Maria, nick-named *La Gaviota* by the sea-faring folk, among whom she grows up, on account of her wild bird-like ways, is a vivid conception of a nature entirely devoid of conscience or moral feeling. All impulse and passion, she works woe and destruction on the honest man ensnared by her beauty, and lives but for one purpose, to gratify her own inclinations. This novel abounds in fine descriptions and effective situations, and is, as far as plan goes, consistent and well-proportioned.

La familia de Alameda is a powerful story of peasant life, showing the dark as well as the bright side of the Andalusian character, its fierce passions, its thirst for revenge under injuries. These two last-named stories have been translated into English. As a background

to Fernon Caballero's stories, we have delightful descriptions of scenery; no mere word-painting, but subtle and poetic touches, conveying to our minds an idea of the surroundings of her characters. We have the domesticities of the farm-yard, the cats and dogs playing with the children, the orchard, the garden, the bower, and fine descriptions of the grander and wilder aspects of Spanish scenery.

How charming is this description, a picture, rather a group of pictures, recalling many a canvas of Roberts and Burgess:—

"In the midst of the large courtyard stood an enormous orange-tree, its luxuriant foliage crowning a stout and comely stem. For countless generations this beautiful tree had been a wellspring of delight to the family. The last head of the house used to declare that it dated from the expulsion of the Moors! The women made tonics and cosmetics from the leaves, the young girls adorned themselves with the flowers, the little ones regaled on the fruit, the birds had their abode among the branches singing a thousand joyous songs; whilst its owners, who had grown up under its shadow, watered it unflaggingly in summer, and in winter removed the dead branches, as we tenderly remove the first grey hairs of a parent we cannot permit to grow old."

Equally good is the following, to the truthfulness of which all travellers in Spain can testify:—

"The aspect of the sierra is beautiful and varied, its vegetation rich and multiform. There monotony does not tire, nor repetition pall. For the most part rusticity holds its own in spite of the invading farmer with team and plough, who usurps what dominion he can, taming the wild young foals by bit and bridle, directing the growth of pines at will, and stripping the cork-trees—those St. Bartholomews of the forest—of their skin. Here you find among the crags a noble sierra ilex, surrounded by its plebeian brethren, the common evergreen oak;¹ at a little distance a river kisses the feet of a pensive willow, its slender branches drooping over a fragrant oleander. Bare grey rocks rise above waving green rushes. The path taken by our traveller curled upward amid majestic trees and a tangle of brushwood, a flowery, well-watered valley lying at his feet. Now he reaches a spot like a bit of aristocratic, well-kept park; now the path narrows on a sudden and winds round a

bare mountain peak, where hardly a blade of grass is growing. One fraternal link, the ivy, binds together such contrasted aspects of nature—the ivy, which loves alike the barren rock and the verdant field, the wilderness-like solitude and the bustling habitations of man. This exuberant plant fastens itself everywhere, takes root in every spot, with the grace and amiability of youth and the constancy of age. Like a mason, the ivy fills up crannies and clefts; like a sculptor, it covers the surface of the rock with festoons; and like a sister of mercy, holds out a sheltering hand to ruin and desolation. The mountain ivy is the adornment and luxury of the sierra, its emerald jewellery neither tarnished by heat, rain, nor fog."

Foreign readers will without doubt attribute the charm of these novels to their truthfulness, sparkle, and animation, but the bulk of Fernan Caballero's country-people must naturally be drawn to them by the deep devotional feeling in which every page is steeped. Not one but a thousand touches might be cited illustrative of the ever-present reality of Catholicism to the writer's mind, and deeply poetic many of these touches are. Take, for instance, the following:—

"If there exists a sound which goes straight to the heart, which fills the eyes with tears and the mind with devotion, it is the sound of church bells in the country. One might fancy that night could not depart without hearing their sweet, sonorous cadences, that day could not rise but at their bidding!"

Who is not reminded by these lines of Millet's unforgettable picture, *The Angelus*?

In the little episode, called *La Noche de Navidad*, she gives a curious account of the religious *tableaux* representing the *Nativity* got up by Andalusian peasants and their children, and thus alludes to a ceremony we do not remember to have seen described by any English traveller in Spain.

"Now enter," she writes, "the men personating the shepherds, bearing their offerings, who in slow and stately dance advance to the altar; recalling the exquisite dance of the chorister boys in the cathedral of Seville, so antique in origin, so established by custom, so poetic by virtue of its simplicity."

By way of contrast to such passages as this, and showing us another side of

¹ Encima de los sierras, or *Quercus bellota*, *Quercus ilex*, or evergreen oak.

the Andalusian character, take the following story from the little volume, entitled *Cuentos Populares* :—

“A village curé preaching on the miracle of the loaves and fishes made a mistake, saying that five thousand loaves and fishes sufficed for five persons. ‘And did they not suffer from indigestion?’ asked a wag of the curé after the sermon was over. ‘No,’ replied the latter, not to be outwitted; ‘therein consisted the miracle!’”

The same volume contains a collection of popular *coplas* or songs, *chascarillos* or jokes, and *agudezes* or samples of repartee, which give a very good notion of the fund of wit and humour underlying such deep religious feeling. And throughout the entire library of Fernan Caballero’s works runs a vein of love and sympathy for the animal world, which shows what a real world it was to her. She sees alike the humorous and the pathetic side of it, and goes out of her way to praise England—the land of Protestants

and of Positivism, her two bugbears, —for our laws on behalf of animals. Nothing causes her deeper pain than the indifference of her own country folks to the sufferings of the so-called brute creation, especially as witnessed in the bull-ring and in the cruelty of mule-drivers; over-burdened, over-driven mules, being often left to perish on mountain tracks. Somewhere she describes a mule which “now raised one ear, now the other, as if to demonstrate that twice one makes two, and twice two four,” one humorous touch, one of thousands, in dealing with animals. Her cats, her dogs, make personages in the story. Would any readers fain know more of a richly-gifted and poetic people, and a subtle, if not “the subtlest of nations,” they must then go to the pages of Fernan Caballero, the greatest woman writer of Spain, and certainly one of the most gifted novelists of our day.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

THE ETHICS OF COPYRIGHT.

If a proposal were made that all shoemakers should be compelled to make and sell shoes at a certain fixed price, there are two grounds upon which the proposal might be opposed. First, and most naturally, it might be held that reasons of abstract right prevented us from imposing such a special disability upon shoemakers—that they and all other men might justly claim to dispose of the fruit of their labours at the best price which their fellow-citizens were willing to give them. Secondly, and on much lower grounds, it might be held that the proposed restriction, besides being unjust, was inexpedient for the general public, inasmuch as their boots would in future be much worse made and less serviceable. Either of these arguments might be brought forward by opponents of the measure; but the first would be the one to which every honest man would attach by far the greatest importance. Incidentally, it is true that the restriction would produce bad boots; but fundamentally it is inadmissible because of the gross wrong it would inflict upon the shoemaking class.

Similarly, it might be urged by some Utopian reconstructors of society that the fees charged by our great engineers and architects are excessive, and that a public benefit would be derived if we were to compel these directing minds to give their labour at a fixed rate of, let us say, twenty shillings per diem. A law which should compel a M. de Lesseps to design us Panama Canals, or a Stephenson to lay out for us vast railway systems at that moderate remuneration, would surely lessen the cost, and so hasten the completion of these great undertakings. But while on the one hand the mere advocate of expediency might argue against this proposal that men of native engineer-

ing talent would no longer trouble themselves with works of the sort; on the other hand, the advocate of pure justice would argue that we have no right thus to interfere with the liberty of action of engineer and capitalist. The man whose ideas and designs are worth so much to other men has a just claim to reap the benefit of his genius and his professional skill. If we allow supposed considerations of public utility to interfere with every man's undoubted right to enjoy to the full the products of his own activity, there is an end at once to our whole social system. For that social system is entirely founded upon the principle that every man may freely labour at whatever work his hand finds to do, and will be protected by law—which is the collective guarantee of the community—in the enjoyment of his own products.

Now, it is a curious fact that while the question of copyright has often been argued from the lower and less fundamental ground of public utility, it has seldom been argued from the higher and more important ground of abstract justice. In reading over the parliamentary debates on the Copyright Acts, the evidence taken before the Copyright Commission of 1876, and the report of the Commissioners, nothing is more remarkable than the consistent way in which almost everybody shirks the real question of principle—the rights of the author in his work—and dwells on the merely secondary consideration of the interest of the public in getting cheap and good books. When a few individual witnesses, such as Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professors Huxley and Tyndall, Mr. William Longman, Mr. John Blackwood and Mr. Alexander Macmillan, endeavoured to speak on the abstract question, the Commission evidently heard them without in-

terest, and passed on rapidly to the concrete point of the book supply. The whole world seems to hold that if by robbing authors you can cheapen good works, the rights of the authors are not worth taking into consideration. It will be the object of the present paper to treat the matter from both these points of view; to show, first, that an author has a natural right of property in his books; and, secondly, that to deprive him or limit him in his enjoyment of this right, tends rather to check than to develop the supply of good and cheap literature. There is no good ground either in justice or in public policy why property in literary production should not be guaranteed as absolutely to the producer as property in goods, or houses, or the public funds.

First, then, as to the abstract question of right. It is contended that the property of an author in the books which he has written is by nature, and ought to be in law, as absolute as the right of any other producer to the products of his labour. That is to say, it should be free from any restrictions or limitations whatsoever; should be perpetual in time; and should extend to all civilised societies throughout the world. As English law permits a carpenter, his heirs, executors, and assignees, to own the chairs and tables which he makes, not for forty-two years only, but for ever; and as the American law permits to an English carpenter the same rights over his own chairs and tables as to an American citizen; so it is contended that English and American law should equally recognise the proprietary rights of an author and his representatives in his works, in all places, and for all time.

Perhaps the fullest summing up of the supposed arguments against perpetuity of copyright may be found in Lord Macaulay's speech against the second reading of a bill introduced in 1837 by Sergeant Talfourd. In that speech, Macaulay takes his favourite ground of a practical man, anxious to brush away a film of metaphysical

cobwebs. Making light of all abstract discussions, and refusing to be led into "the celestial regions of right and wrong," he puts forward as his first principle the astounding metaphysical dogma that all property is the creation of law; and he adds that the law in creating and apportioning property considers only what is for the common good. Most modern advocates of the same notion defend all the injustices of our present system by an off-hand assertion that they are "closely connected with the law of copyright;" and then fancy that they have settled the question. In reality, such a principle amounts only to saying that whatever is, is right; and, if so, we may as well give up all ideas of reforming altogether. But since law is not a thing fixed once and for all, but is subject to revision from time to time—as our views of justice grow deeper and clearer—we may as well look at this question a little more closely.

The fact is, property is not created and apportioned by law at all, but merely guaranteed and protected by it. The law does not make boots or tables and give them away to deserving persons; it merely decides that when an individual has made such boots or tables he shall be protected in the possession of them, and that any person who deprives him of them by force or fraud shall be punished accordingly. This collective guarantee of the community rests ultimately upon our common sense of right; and the sense of right has nothing to do with the apportioning of property, but merely with its conservation. The final basis of our common action in the matter is this, that each and all of us are determined to enjoy the fruits of our labours without interference from others. If a baker makes bread with flour honestly bought from the miller, he does so for his own advantage; and we collectively guarantee him in the proprietorship of his loaves. When somebody, however hungry, steals a loaf, we send our policeman to take him up, and we put him at our

public cost in prison, because we recognise the right of the baker in his bread. We do not decide beforehand how much bread a particular baker may own, and at what price he shall sell it; we merely decide to let each person carry on his own activities in the way he himself chooses, without interference from any other person. Thus law merely amounts to the codification of a pre-existent moral feeling, and its public enforcement by the united action of the community.

We might conceivably live under a totally different social system—a system in which, as Lord Macaulay says, law should apportion property in accordance with the public good. Such systems have often been proposed before now, and their underlying principle is known as communism. But they are impracticable, because men would not work without the hope of adequate reward: and they are unjust, because they would interfere with each person's freedom of action, for the benefit of other people. This the innate instincts of humanity will not permit. You can never make Jones willingly work at boots for Smith, unless he gets from Smith a fair return by equal bargaining. There are, and have been, states of society where certain persons were compelled to perform certain allotted tasks for the benefit of the community, and received in return certain allowances of food and clothing. But this condition, which we call slavery, has never been voluntarily embraced by the slaves; and they have always shown a preference, where it was possible, for putting themselves upon the ordinary economical footing of freemen, working in an open market, governed by the system of free individuality, and of supply and demand. And even if law were to apportion property, as it seems to have done in ancient Peru, it is quite impossible that it should create it. Even where no law exists there is property, and it is defended by its creators against all aggressors, with

club and knife. And similarly, even where law does not adequately protect certain kinds of property, as with ourselves in the case of books, the property exists none the less, and the sense of proprietorship exists in the minds of those who have created it.

If it were desired to frame a countervailing definition to Proudhon's famous aphorism, "*La propriété, c'est le vol*," it could best be done by saying, "Property is the product of labour." Our common sense of justice leads us to guarantee every man, as a rule, in the property which he himself produces. In any particular country, or at any particular time, law may unjustly refuse to protect some particular kind of property. But law cannot make right or wrong: it can only give the collective authority of the nation to certain special views of right and wrong, which may or may not be well founded. It is true that up to the present time the absolute right of authors in their works has been but little recognised. That, however, does not make it the less a right. One of the earliest kinds of so-called property historically known to have been sanctioned by law was the "property" of a master in his slave; but we are all convinced nowadays that such proprietorship is wholly unjust, and we have agreed to put it down in all civilised communities. On the other hand, one of the latest forms of property to be sanctioned by law is property in literary works; yet this property is essentially the same in kind as that now universally recognised by all modern societies.

A shoemaker may sit down and make a pair of shoes. When he has done so, the shoes are his, and nobody may take them from him. He can sell them for whatever price the purchaser is willing to pay for them. The better the workmanship, and the greater the care expended, the higher will be the probable price. Similarly, a man may sit down and write a book. When the manuscript is finished he

may, if he likes, burn it. He is not a book-producing slave of the community: he is not compelled to write for its pleasure and edification novels, poems, or histories in certain given quantities, whether he will or no. The book is a product of his free individuality, and is as much a piece of his property as the shoes are of the shoemaker's. He has given a certain amount of time and labour to the production of that work; and he expects to be rewarded like any other labourer, in proportion to the current demand for that particular kind of literature. He does not ask the state to pay him so much down as a subsidy, because he has written good but unsaleable literature, such as philosophy, abstract science, or useful statistics, which are undoubtedly for the public benefit, but which are hardly likely to pay the cost of printing. He takes the chance of the market, and only asks for the same measure of justice as any other member of the community—that he should be protected in the enjoyment of the full money value of his labour. The whole value of a book lies in its written contents, not in its ink and paper. These written contents are his own handicraft. Whatever worth they have, is purely and entirely his creation. Any man who does not like to pay the author what he thinks them worth, may make another for himself. The rights which the author claims are exactly analogous to those which are granted to every other kind of labourer except himself and his fellows.

And now, what does the state, at home and abroad, actually allow him in the way of protection for his proprietary rights? He has performed a task generally admitted to be one, in the main and on the average, of high public utility. If he had made chairs and tables, or speculated in stock-jobbing, or kept a public-house, or owned land gaining every year an unearned increment of value through the industry of others, the state would have guaranteed to him and his heirs

for ever the enjoyment of all the money-value of his labour and his investments. But because the form of property which he has created is a little less tangible, and consists in a certain set of words, arranged in a certain order, which any one can copy in type without physical difficulty, the English law limits the right in it to forty-one years, or seven years after his death (the particular limitation is unimportant), and after that date permits any persons whatsoever to publish editions for their own benefit, and to reap the pecuniary advantage which ought equitably to have gone to the author's family. It also fines him at once in six copies of each of his works, and of each edition thereof, in order to collect libraries gratis at the British Museum and elsewhere, instead of paying for them honestly out of the public funds (if such uses of public funds are fair at all, which is more than doubtful). And the great American nation, with what Mr. Matthew Arnold describes as mere want of delicacy, robs him outright of all pecuniary advantage which he might derive from the sale of his works across the Atlantic, by permitting any person who wishes to publish an edition for his own benefit. All this is the result of a system which considers mainly the interest of the public.

There is no more legitimate and useful object in life than the desire of a man so to labour as to make due provision for his family and dependents after his own death. That a man's family should be permitted to reap the money advantage derived from his works, rather than complete strangers, is only a piece of common justice. But there are numberless cases where the existing system has wholly prevented this. Wordsworth was a writer of poems for fifty years, and until the very end of that period he hardly made anything out of his works. At the end of half a century, his copyrights began to bring him in some 300*l.* a year.¹ At the present

¹ Copyright Commission, *Minutes of Evidence*, p. 16.

moment, the copyright of Wordsworth's works, according to a most competent authority, would be worth about 1,000*l.* a year. But seven years after his death, of course, his family lost all legal power over them, and the value of Wordsworth's brain work was utterly lost to them. Just as the work done was beginning to bring in its proper reward, the rightful proprietors were wholly deprived of their property. Nothing is more easy than for a widow to be thus spoiled of her means of support in her last days. Take again the case of Scott. It was his dream in life to found a family, and though, as we all know, adverse circumstances cruelly blighted that hope, yet the principle remains the same in any case. Had Scott laboured as hard and as successfully at any other vocation, the full money-value of his labour would have been guaranteed to him for ever. He might have handed down his landed estates, and his funded property, to that family which he hoped to found. But the right over his own books would only have lasted seven years after his death. One might cite numberless cases of the same sort, among other authors, living or dead. One more instance will suffice. Mr. Herbert Spencer gave it in evidence before the Commission of 1876, that after writing his great philosophical works for fifteen years, he had been a loser to the extent of nearly 1,500*l.*; and that after twenty-four years he had only just retrieved his position. Had his valuable life been cut off ten years since, his representatives might have been deprived of his copyrights before they were beginning to pay a penny of profit on the time and labour expended upon them. As to the great series of sociological tables, Mr. Spencer calculates that they will bring him in a net revenue only if he lives to be over one hundred years old.

It is sometimes said, however, and it was evidently held by the late Commissioners, that copyright is not a subject of property at all: it is an exceptional monopoly granted to the

author for special reasons. But this casuistical argument is really opposed to our common sense of justice. For, if this be so, the law might take away from an author his proprietary rights over his own works even during his own lifetime. Now, though that uncompromising advocate of open spoliation, Sir Louis Mallet, holds that even the existing disinclination to take away a man's copyright while he is still alive, is "merely a sentimental objection," most people do certainly feel that a man, during his own life at least, has a natural right to the money value of his literary work. If a statute-monger were to propose that the "monopoly" in question should be handed over to some other person, say the author's second cousin or the University of Oxford, even opponents of international copyright would hold that the new law was merely a legal sanction to injustice. But the law itself now gives the author a right of exclusive sale over his own work for forty-two years. Why does it give it to him and not to some other person? There is no question of public utility involved at all; it gives it to the author simply because we recognise, as a community, that it is *his*; and we feel that he has a natural right in it, anterior to legislation, which legislation only confirms and guarantees, and, unfortunately, limits at the same time.

Nay, not only is a book naturally property in the only fair sense of the term, but it may even be argued that it is more really property than any other kind of product. For all other products depend relatively much for their value upon new material, the appropriation of which—in the form of land—is one of the most moot points of modern ethics and politics. But the value of the book depends wholly upon the ideas and the form in which they are expressed—things which the author has worked out entirely by his own brain. His property lies, not in the paper and ink which make up the material volume, but in the set sentences and words in which he has

clothed his thoughts. It is, therefore, above every other human product, his very own. Whoever wishes to enjoy the tale, the poem, or the essay, which he has composed, or to learn his ideas in the form which he has evolved, ought in justice to pay him whatever price he chooses to put upon his work. They are free to take it or leave it as they choose; but if they desire to benefit by his labour, they are bound to make him the fitting return for it which he demands in the fair and open market. At the best of times, it is little enough. But why should any other person be permitted to take possession of the work which the author has produced for his own benefit, and make money out of it without labouring at all? Why should the public be invited to read it cheaply, without reward to the original producer? Any man who likes can go and write a poem for himself, and print it, and sell it, in opposition to Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Browning; but why should he be allowed to appropriate their work to the exclusion of their own representatives? What form of property can be more fairly handed down to descendants than that which the producer made entirely out of his own materials, which occupies no space of ground, and monopolises no acre of land, which takes away nothing from the common stock of all, adds nothing to the disabilities of all, and gives an otherwise non-existent pleasure to thousands? Surely the family of Milton or of Locke deserves as much from us as the family of Marlborough. Yet the former could derive no benefit at all from the actual labours of their ancestor, while the latter receive a free pension from the nation of 4,000*l.* a year for ever. A successful brewer may found a family of peers; but the property of a Newton or a Shelley is confiscated seven years after his death.

So much for the question of right. Let us now look at the question of policy. Is it for the public advantage that limitations and restrictions should be placed upon copyright? Allowing

for the moment that authors are a class outside the protection of law, who may be publicly robbed if the robbery tends to promulgate good and cheap literature, let us inquire whether limitations of copyright do really produce this effect.

At first sight it would seem that what is absurdly called "free trade in books" must tend to make good literature more accessible to the general public. The author is held to be a person so useful to the community that his usefulness ought to be rewarded by confiscation of his goods for the public benefit. But when we look a little more closely into the question, it is very doubtful whether any advantage at all is thereby secured. Many persons who have had large and practical experience of the book-trade are distinctly of opinion that the public would lose nothing if copyright were made permanent, and that they are actually injured by the present inequitable state of the law. Take a case cited by one witness before the late Commission. Wordsworth's poems are all out of copyright, except the *Prelude*; and books are exposed for sale containing all the other poems, and labelled *Wordsworth's Poetical Works*, but of course without the *Prelude*. The proprietors of the copyright publish a volume in a cheap form containing the *Prelude* and all the other works; but people are misled into buying the incomplete editions, when they might for the same price have the complete one. When a book is once out of copyright, there is no security at all for well-edited editions; and there are many such works of which nobody will take the trouble to prepare careful editions; because any one can pirate their text as soon as it appears. If these works were each one man's property, he would have an interest in getting out good editions; but as things now stand, what is everybody's business is nobody's business. And thus many of these editions are not such as, in the interests of culture, it could be wished that they should be.

One flagrant instance is as good as a

hundred. The first edition of Hallam's *Constitutional History* was a very imperfect and even erroneous work. Successive editions, with improvements and corrections, were published from time to time. A few years since, the first edition went out of copyright. Thereupon, a publisher reprinted it in its imperfect form, and it was of course sold as Hallam's *Constitutional History*, though it did not contain the later copyright matter. Accordingly, the public were buying the book in a form which the author would not have wished, and in which it was undesirable that they should have it. The same thing happens with almost every standard work. Parts of poems are left out for the convenience of the printer, so as to make up a certain number of sheets, and other like enormities are practised without possibility of redress.

But it is said that if authors and their descendants had a "monopoly" of their works, books would be dear and inaccessible. Well, it is difficult to see why we should wish artificially to cheapen books by spoliation, rather than hats, or coats, or bread, which are all at least equally useful, and with which the same experiment has been tried over and over again. Nevertheless, the fact is, that books, like everything else, tend to find their own level. Even while copyright lasts, cheap editions are published of all books which pay at all well. While books are new, there is often an exceptional demand for them, which enables the price to be put up for a while; but before the expiration even of the present term, it generally pays the owner of the copyright in a successful book to publish cheap editions. Not only many modern novels, but even Mill's and Carlyle's works have so been published in their own lifetime. Demand alone suffices to bring down the price. At present, the greater cheapness of old books no doubt tells prejudicially to a certain extent against new books; but if all were copyright alike, the natural competition of the market would bring

them all down to a fair level. Books are very exceptional goods in the fact that increased demand allows increased quantities to be produced at an unusually great reduction of prime cost; and this peculiarity enables successful books to be sold very cheap. If perpetual copyright prevented competition of publishers, it would also lessen prime cost of production, because one edition would be produced instead of many; and self-interest might safely be allowed to do the rest.

But, it is further said, abuses might arise. Mr. Trollope suggests that a publisher might have become possessed of the copyright of Shakespeare's plays. That does not seem by any means so great a misfortune as that a landowner should have become the proprietor of a historical abbey or a beautiful waterfall. For the publisher's interest is to let everybody else share in the pleasure of Shakespeare's work; while the landowner's interest is to shut everybody else out of his demesne. To be sure, the copyright would be a very fine property; but there are other very fine properties in the world, and if they have been honestly acquired by purchase or toil, there is nothing to be said against them. But while God made the waterfall, which one man has appropriated, the author made the book which he owns himself. No man could leave his descendants a fairer property than his own literary works; no man could more fairly buy or sell any class of property in the world. Again, it was urged by Lord Macaulay that the copyright of the *Pilgrim's Progress* might fall into the hands of a high-churchman, who would suppress the book altogether. Nothing is more easy than to raise such hypothetical difficulties—except to provide against them. Theoretically, an ideally wealthy landowner might buy up the whole county of Middlesex, give the inhabitants notice to quit at the expiration of their leases, and turn London into a pheasant preserve. But practically, if anybody tried to do anything remotely like it, the Parliament of Great Britain would at once take

measures to make it impossible. We Englishmen would not all allow ourselves to be quietly unhoused for one man's pleasure, as if we were merely Connaught peasants or Highland cotters. So, if anybody tried to suppress a book, it would be easy enough to prevent him—easy enough to make statutory provision beforehand by which, if the owner of a copyright in the work of a deceased author refused to publish a book himself, any other person might be entitled to publish it, on going through certain prescribed forms. Such petty difficulties of detail can always be urged against any proposed reform; and they can always be simply got over in actual practice. *Solvitur ambulando.*

Finally, there is one way in which alteration of copyright laws could really cheapen books, and that, as Mr. Herbert Spencer points out, is by granting perpetuity in time and extension in space. If we had universal international copyright and perpetual copyright, books could be sold cheaper than they are at the present time. English writers, in particular, are now deprived of at least one half their market by the loss of their rights in America. Already this question is beginning to be practically debated in the United States. A draft of an international copyright treaty has been prepared and proposals submitted by the American minister; and the *New York Herald*—a paper which largely influences the middle-classes of America—has strongly urged the desirability and justice of extending to English authors a right over the publication of their own works in the United States. But we have ourselves to blame in part for the attitude so long adopted by the Americans on this matter. Had we treated copyright on the same principles as all other property, it is not likely that American law would have introduced any special rules: but as we have always regarded it, since the Act of Queen Anne, as something special and

peculiar, the United States have followed in the same direction. The best way to secure full international copyright would be by making an author's property in his works absolute in time and in every other respect. Moreover, it must be allowed that anything which tends to make the condition of authors easier, tends in the end to the advancement of literature. Many writers with good powers are compelled to waste their time upon "pot-boilers," or to write under disadvantages, or to work hurriedly and inefficiently, because their trade pays so badly that they cannot afford to give all the time and attention, to consult all the authorities, to visit all the places, they would naturally wish. Whatever enabled them to gain larger profits would at the same time enable them to work more efficiently. Extension of copyright in space would do this. Extension in time would help them more easily to provide for the wants of their families after their own death. At present, men often go on writing book after book at a loss, or with scanty profits, in the hope that in time a lucky hit may bring in a small revenue. The higher the class of books they write, the longer must they wait for any returns. And just when the returns are beginning to be worth something, the family of the worker is most often wholly deprived of them. This can hardly be considered an encouragement to the production of high-class books. A man who can write a serious work at the present day may well hesitate whether it would not be better worth his while to write a sensational novel. Fortunately, the causes which impel him to work are generally too strong even for his self-interest. But he has no reason to congratulate himself upon the way in which the country metes out justice to his property, and to his family after him.

GRANT ALLEN.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1881.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

XV.

It had been arranged that the two young ladies should proceed to London under Ralph's escort, though Mrs. Touchett looked with little favour upon the plan. It was just the sort of plan, she said, that Miss Stackpole would be sure to suggest, and she inquired if the correspondent of the *Interviewer* was to take the party to stay at a boarding-house.

"I don't care where she takes us to stay, so long as there is local colour," said Isabel. "That is what we are going to London for."

"I suppose that after a girl has refused an English lord she may do anything," her aunt rejoined. "After that one needn't stand on trifles."

"Should you have liked me to marry Lord Warburton?" Isabel inquired.

"Of course I should."

"I thought you disliked the English so much."

"So I do; but it's all the more reason for making use of them."

"Is that your idea of marriage?" And Isabel ventured to add that her aunt appeared to her to have made very little use of Mr. Touchett.

"Your uncle is not an English nobleman," said Mrs. Touchett, "though even if he had been, I should still probably have taken up my residence in Florence."

"Do you think Lord Warburton could make me any better than I am?" the girl asked, with some animation. "I don't mean by that, that I am too good to improve. I mean—I mean that I don't love Lord Warburton enough to marry him."

"You did right to refuse him, then," said Mrs. Touchett, in her clear, sharp little voice. "Only, the next great offer you get, I hope you will manage to come up to your standard."

"We had better wait till the offer comes, before we talk about it. I hope very much that I may have no more offers for the present. They give me more pain than pleasure."

"You probably won't be troubled with them if you adopt permanently the Bohemian manner of life. However, I have promised Ralph not to criticise the affair."

"I will do whatever Ralph says is right," Isabel said. "I have unbounded confidence in Ralph."

"His mother is much obliged to you!" cried this lady, with a laugh.

"It seems to me she ought to be," Isabel rejoined, smiling.

Ralph had assured her that there would be no violation of decency in their paying a visit—the little party of three—to the sights of the metropolis; but Mrs. Touchett took a different view. Like many ladies of her country who have lived a long time in Europe, she had completely lost her

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, Jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

native tact on such points, and in her reaction, not in itself condemnable, against the liberty allowed to young persons beyond the seas, had fallen into gratuitous and exaggerated scruples. Ralph accompanied the two young ladies to town and established them at a quiet inn in a street that ran at right angles to Piccadilly. His first idea had been to take them to his father's house in Winchester Square, a large, dull mansion, which at this period of the year was shrouded in silence and brown holland; but he bethought himself that, the cook being at Gardencourt, there was no one in the house to get them their meals; and Pratt's Hotel accordingly became their resting-place. Ralph, on his side found quarters in Winchester Square, having a "den" there of which he was very fond and not being dependent on the local *cuisine*. He availed himself largely indeed of that of Pratt's Hotel, beginning his day with an early visit to his fellow-travellers, who had Mr. Pratt in person, in a large bulging white waistcoat, to remove their dish-covers. Ralph turned up, as he said, after breakfast, and the little party made out a scheme of entertainment for the day. As London does not wear in the month of September its most brilliant face, the young man, who occasionally took an apologetic tone, was obliged to remind his companion, to Miss Stackpole's high irritation, that there was not a creature in town.

"I suppose you mean that the aristocracy are absent," Henrietta answered; "but I don't think you could have a better proof that if they were absent altogether they would not be missed. It seems to me the place is about as full as it can be. There is no one here, of course, except three or four millions of people. What is it you call them—the lower-middle class? They are only the population of London, and that is of no consequence."

Ralph declared, that for him, the aristocracy left no void that Miss Stackpole herself did not fill, and that a

more contented man was nowhere at that moment to be found. In this he spoke the truth, for the stale September days, in the huge half-empty town, borrowed a charm from his circumstances. When he went home at night to the empty house in Winchester Square, after a day spent with his inquisitive countrywomen, he wandered into the big dusky dining-room, where the candle he took from the hall-table after letting himself in, constituted the only illumination. The square was still, the house was still; when he raised one of the windows of the dining-room to let in the air, he heard the slow creak of the boots of a solitary policeman. His own step, in the empty room seemed loud and sonorous; some of the carpets had been raised, and whenever he moved he roused a melancholy echo. He sat down in one of the arm-chairs; the big, dark dining table twinkled here and there in the small candle-light; the pictures on the wall, all of them very brown, looked vague and incoherent. There was a ghostly presence in the room, as of dinners long since digested, of table-talk that had lost its actuality. This hint of the supernatural perhaps had something to do with the fact that Ralph's imagination took a flight, and that he remained in his chair a long time beyond the hour at which he should have been in bed; doing nothing not even reading the evening paper. I say he did nothing, and I may maintain the phrase in the face of the fact that he thought at these moments of Isabel. To think of Isabel could only be for Ralph an idle pursuit, leading to nothing and profiting little to any one. His cousin had not yet seemed to him so charming as during these days spent in sounding tourist-fashion the deeps and shallows of the London art-world. Isabel was constantly interested and often excited; if she had come in search of local colour she found it everywhere. She asked more questions than he could answer, and propounded theories that he was equally unable to accept or to refute.

The party went more than once to the British Museum, and to that brighter palace of art which reclaims for antique variety so large an area of a monotonous suburb; they spent a morning in the Abbey and went on a penny-steamer to the Tower; they looked at pictures both in public and private collections, and sat on various occasions beneath the great trees in Kensington Gardens. Henrietta Stackpole proved to be an indefatigable sight-seer and a more good-natured critic than Ralph had ventured to hope. She had indeed many disappointments, and London at large suffered from her vivid remembrance of many of the cities of her native land; but she made the best of its dingy peculiarities and only heaved an occasional sigh, and uttered a desultory "Well!" which led no further and lost itself in retrospect. The truth was that, as she said herself, she was not in her element. "I have not a sympathy with inanimate objects," she remarked to Isabel at the National Gallery; and she continued to suffer from the meagreness of the glimpse that had as yet been vouchsafed to her of the inner life. Landscapes by Turner and Assyrian bulls were a poor substitute for the literary dinner-parties at which she had hoped to meet the genius and renown of Great Britain.

"Where are your public men, where are your men and women of intellect?" she inquired of Ralph, standing in the middle of Trafalgar Square, as if she had supposed this to be a place where she would naturally meet a few. "That's one of them on the top of the column, you say—Lord Nelson? Was he a lord too? Wasn't he high enough, that they had to stick him a hundred feet in the air? That's the past—I don't care about the past; I want to see some of the leading minds of the present. I won't say of the future, because I don't believe much in your future." Poor Ralph had few leading minds among his acquaintance, and rarely enjoyed the pleasure of button-holding a celebrity; a state of things

which appeared to Miss Stackpole to indicate a deplorable want of enterprise. "If I were on the other side I should call," she said, "and tell the gentleman, whoever he might be, that I had heard a great deal about him and had come to see for myself. But I gather from what you say that this is not the custom here. You seem to have plenty of meaningless customs, and none of those that one really wants. We *are* in advance, certainly. I suppose I shall have to give up the social side altogether;" and Henrietta, though she went about with her guide-book and pencil, and wrote a letter to the *Interviewer* about the Tower (in which she described the execution of Lady Jane Grey) had a depressing sense of falling below her own standard.

The incident which had preceded Isabel's departure from Gardencourt left a painful trace in the girl's mind; she took no pleasure in recalling Lord Warburton's handsome bewildered face and softly reproachful tones. She could not have done less than what she did; this was certainly true. But her necessity, all the same, had been a distasteful one, and she felt no desire to take credit for her conduct. Nevertheless, mingled with this absence of an intellectual relish of it, was a feeling of freedom which in itself was sweet, and which, as she wandered through the great city with her ill-matched companions, occasionally throbbed into joyous excitement. When she walked in Kensington Gardens, she stopped the children (mainly of the poorer sort), whom she saw playing on the grass; she asked them their names and gave them sixpence, and when they were pretty she kissed them. Ralph noticed such incidents; he noticed everything that Isabel did.

One afternoon, by way of amusing his companions, he invited them to tea in Winchester Square, and he had the house set in order as much as possible, to do honour to their visit. There was another guest, also, to meet the ladies, an amiable bachelor, an old

friend of Ralph's, who happened to be in town, and who got on uncommonly well with Miss Stackpole. Mr. Bantling a stout, fair, smiling man of forty, who was extraordinarily well dressed, and whose contributions to the conversation were characterised by vivacity rather than continuity, laughed immoderately at everything Henrietta said, gave her several cups of tea, examined in her society the bric-à-brac, of which Ralph had a considerable collection, and afterwards, when the host proposed they should go out into the square and pretend it was a *fête-champêtre*, walked round the limited inclosure several times with her and listened with candid interest to her remarks upon the inner life.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Bantling; "I daresay you found it very quiet at Gardencourt. Naturally there's not much going on there when there's such a lot of illness about. Touchett's very bad, you know; the doctors have forbid his being in England at all, and he has only come back to take care of his father. The old man, I believe, has half-a-dozen things the matter with him. They call it gout, but to my certain knowledge he is dropsical as well, though he doesn't look it. You may depend upon it he has got a lot of water somewhere. Of course that sort of thing makes it awfully slow for people in the house; I wonder they have them under such circumstances. Then I believe Mr. Touchett is always squabbling with his wife; she lives away from her husband, you know, in that extraordinary American way of yours. If you want a house where there is always something going on, I recommend you to go down and stay with my sister, Lady Pensil, in Bedfordshire. I'll write to her to-morrow, and I am sure she'll be delighted to ask you. I know just what you want—you want a house where they go in for theatricals and pic-nics and that sort of thing. My sister is just that sort of woman; she is always getting up something or other, and she is

always glad to have the sort of people that help her. I am sure she'll ask you down by return of post; she is tremendously fond of distinguished people and writers. She writes herself, you know; but I haven't read everything she has written. It's usually poetry, and I don't go in much for poetry—unless it's Byron. I suppose you think a great deal of Byron in America," Mr. Bantling continued, expanding in the stimulating air of Miss Stackpole's attention, bringing up his sequences promptly, and at last changing his topic, with a natural eagerness to provide suitable conversation for so remarkable a woman. He returned, however, ultimately to the idea of Henrietta's going to stay with Lady Pensil, in Bedfordshire. "I understand what you want," he repeated; "you want to see some jolly good English sport. The Touchetts are not English at all, you know; they live on a kind of foreign system; they have got some awfully queer ideas. The old man thinks it's wicked to hunt, I am told. You must get down to my sister's in time for the theatricals, and I am sure she will be glad to give you a part. I am sure you act well; I know you are very clever. My sister is forty years old, and she has seven children; but she is going to play the principal part. Of course you needn't act if you don't want to."

In this manner Mr. Bantling delivered himself, while they strolled over the grass in Winchester Square, which, although it had been peppered by the London soot, invited the tread to linger. Henrietta thought her blooming, easy-voiced bachelor, with his impressibility to feminine merit and his suggestiveness of allusion, a very agreeable man, and she valued the opportunity he offered her.

"I don't know but I would go, if your sister should ask me," she said. "I think it would be my duty. What do you call her name?"

"Pensil. It's an odd name, but it isn't a bad one."

"I think one name is as good as another. But what is her rank?"

"Oh, she's a baron's wife; a convenient sort of rank. You are fine enough, and you are not too fine."

"I don't know but what she'd be too fine for me. What do you call the place she lives in—Bedfordshire?"

"She lives away in the northern corner of it. It's a hideous country, but I daresay you won't mind that. I'll try and run down while you are there."

All this was very pleasant to Miss Stackpole, and she was sorry to be obliged to separate from Lady Pensil's obliging brother. But it happened that she had met the day before, in Piccadilly, some friends whom she had not seen for a year; the Miss Climbers, two ladies from Wilmington, Delaware, who had been travelling on the continent, and were now preparing to re-embark. Henrietta had a long interview with them on the Piccadilly pavement, and though the three ladies all talked at once, they had not exhausted their accumulated topics. It had been agreed therefore that Henrietta should come and dine with them in their lodgings in Jermyn Street at six o'clock on the morrow, and she now bethought herself of this engagement. She prepared to start for Jermyn Street, taking leave first of Ralph Touchett and Isabel, who, seated on garden chairs in another part of the inclosure, were occupied—if the term may be used—with an exchange of amenities less pointed than the practical colloquy of Miss Stackpole and Mr. Bantling. When it had been settled between Isabel and her friend that they should be reunited at some reputable hour at Pratt's Hotel, Ralph remarked that the latter must have a cab—she could not walk all the way to Jermyn Street.

"I suppose you mean it's improper for me to walk alone!" Henrietta exclaimed. "Merciful powers, have I come to this?"

"There is not the slightest need of your walking alone," said Mr. Bantling, in an off-hand tone, expressive of gallantry. "I should be greatly pleased to go with you."

"I simply meant that you would be late for dinner," Ralph answered. "Think of those poor ladies, in their impatience, waiting for you."

"You had better have a hansom, Henrietta," said Isabel.

"I will get you a hansom, if you will trust to me," Mr. Bantling went on. "We might walk a little till we met one."

"I don't see why I shouldn't trust to him, do you?" Henrietta inquired of Isabel.

"I don't see what Mr. Bantling could do to you," Isabel answered, smiling; "but if you like, we will walk with you till you find your cab."

"Never mind; we will go alone. Come on, Mr. Bantling, and take care you get me a good one."

Mr. Bantling promised to do his best, and the two took their departure, leaving Isabel and her cousin standing in the square, over which a clear September twilight had now begun to gather. It was perfectly still; the wide quadrangle of dusky houses showed lights in none of the windows, where the shutters and blinds were closed; the pavements were a vacant expanse, and putting aside two small children from a neighbouring slum, who, attracted by symptoms of abnormal animation in the interior, were squeezing their necks between the rusty railings of the inclosure, the most vivid object within sight was the big red pillar-post on the south-east corner.

"Henrietta will ask him to get into the cab and go with her to Jermyn Street," Ralph observed. He always spoke of Miss Stackpole as Henrietta.

"Very possibly," said his companion.

"Or rather, no, she won't," he went on. "But Bantling will ask leave to get in."

"Very likely again. I am very glad they are such good friends."

"She has made a conquest. He thinks her a brilliant woman. It may go far," said Ralph.

Isabel was silent a moment.

"I call Henrietta a very brilliant woman; but I don't think it will go far," she rejoined at last. "They would never really know each other. He has not the least idea what she really is, and she has no just comprehension of Mr. Bantling."

"There is no more usual basis of matrimony than a mutual misunderstanding. But it ought not to be so difficult to understand Bob Bantling," Ralph added. "He is a very simple fellow."

"Yes, but Henrietta is simpler still! And pray, what am I to do?" Isabel asked, looking about her through the fading light, in which the limited landscape-gardening of the square took on a large and effective appearance. "I don't imagine that you will propose that you and I, for our amusement, should drive about London in a hansom."

"There is no reason why we should not stay here—if you don't dislike it. It is very warm; there will be half an hour yet before dark; and if you permit it, I will light a cigarette."

"You may do what you please," said Isabel, "if you will amuse me till seven o'clock. I propose at that hour to go back and partake of a simple and solitary repast—two poached eggs and a muffin—at Pratt's Hotel."

"May I not dine with you?" Ralph asked.

"No, you will dine at your club."

They had wandered back to their chairs in the centre of the square again, and Ralph had lighted his cigarette. It would have given him extreme pleasure to be present in person at the modest little feast she had sketched; but in default of this he liked even being forbidden. For the moment, however, he liked immensely being alone with her, in the thicken-

ing dusk, in the centre of the multitudinous town; it made her seem to depend upon him and to be in his power. This power he could exert but vaguely; the best exercise of it was to accept her decisions submissively. There was almost an emotion in doing so.

"Why won't you let me dine with you?" he asked, after a pause.

"Because I don't care for it."

"I suppose you are tired of me."

"I shall be, an hour hence. You see I have the gift of fore-knowledge."

"Oh, I shall be delightful meanwhile," said Ralph. But he said nothing more, and as Isabel made no rejoinder, they sat some time in silence which seemed to contradict his promise of entertainment. It seemed to him that she was preoccupied, and he wondered what she was thinking about; there were two or three very possible subjects. At last he spoke again. "Is your objection to my society this evening caused by your expectation of another visitor?"

She turned her head with a glance of her clear, fair eyes.

"Another visitor? What visitor should I have?"

He had none to suggest; which made his question seem to himself silly as well as brutal.

"You have a great many friends that I don't know," he said, laughing a little awkwardly. "You have a whole past from which I was per-
versely excluded."

"You were reserved for my future. You must remember that my past is over there across the waters. There is none of it here in London."

"Very good, then, since your future is seated beside you. Capital thing to have your future so handy." And Ralph lighted another cigarette and reflected that Isabel probably meant that she had received news that Mr. Caspar Goodwood had crossed to Paris. After he had lighted his cigarette he puffed it a while, and then he went on:

"I promised a while ago to be very amusing; but you see I don't come up to the mark, and the fact is there is a good deal of temerity in my undertaking to amuse a person like you. What do you care for my feeble attempts? You have grand ideas—you have a high standard in such matters. I ought at least to bring in a band of music or a company of mountebanks."

"One mountebank is enough, and you do very well. Pray go on, and in another ten minutes I shall begin to laugh."

"I assure you that I am very serious," said Ralph. "You do really ask a great deal."

"I don't know what you mean. I ask nothing!"

"You accept nothing," said Ralph. She coloured, and now suddenly it seemed to her that she guessed his meaning. But why should he speak to her of such things? He hesitated a little, and then he continued: "There is something I should like very much to say to you. It's a question I wish to ask. It seems to me I have a right to ask it, because I have a kind of interest in the answer."

"Ask what you will," Isabel answered gently, "and I will try and satisfy you."

"Well, then, I hope you won't mind my saying that Lord Warburton has told me of something that has passed between you."

Isabel started a little; then she sat looking at her open fan. "Very good; I suppose it was natural he should tell you."

"I have his leave to let you know he has done so. He has some hope still," said Ralph.

"Still?"

"He had it a few days ago."

"I don't believe he has any now," said the girl.

"I am very sorry for him, then; he is such a fine fellow."

"Pray, did he ask you to talk to me?"

"No, not that. But he told me because he couldn't help it. We are old friends, and he was greatly disappointed. He sent me a line asking me to come and see him, and I rode over to Lockleigh the day before he and his sister lunched with us. He was very heavy-hearted; he had just got a letter from you."

"Did he show you the letter?" asked Isabel, with momentary loftiness.

"By no means. But he told me it was a neat refusal. I was very sorry for him," Ralph repeated.

For some moments Isabel said nothing; then at last, "Do you know how often he had seen me? Five or six times."

"That's to your glory."

"It's not for that I say it."

"What then do you say it for? Not to prove that poor Warburton's state of mind is superficial, because I am pretty sure you don't think that."

Isabel certainly was unable to say that she thought it; but presently she said something else. "If you have not been requested by Lord Warburton to argue with me, then you are doing it disinterestedly—or for the love of argument."

"I have no wish to argue with you at all. I only wish to leave you alone. I am simply greatly interested in your own state of mind."

"I am greatly obliged to you!" cried Isabel, with a laugh.

"Of course you mean that I am meddling in what doesn't concern me. But why shouldn't I speak to you of this matter without annoying you or embarrassing myself? What's the use of being your cousin, if I can't have a few privileges? What is the use of adoring you without the hope of a reward, if I can't have a few compensations? What is the use of being ill and disabled, and restricted to mere spectatorship at the game of life, if I really can't see the show when I have paid so much for my ticket? Tell me this," Ralph went on, while Isabel

listened to him with quickened attention: "What had you in your mind when you refused Lord Warburton?"

"What had I in my mind?"

"What was the logic—the view of your situation—that dictated so remarkable an act?"

"I didn't wish to marry him—if that is logic."

"No, that is not logic—and I knew that before. What was it you said to yourself? You certainly said more than that."

Isabel reflected a moment, and then she answered this inquiry with a question of her own. "Why do you call it a remarkable act? That is what your mother thinks, too."

"Warburton is such a fine fellow; as a man I think he has hardly a fault. And then, he is what they call here a swell. He has immense possessions, and his wife would be thought a superior being. He unites the intrinsic and the extrinsic advantages."

Isabel watched her cousin while he spoke, as if to see how far he would go. "I refused him because he was too perfect then. I am not perfect myself, and he is too good for me. Besides, his perfection would irritate me."

"That is ingenious rather than candid," said Ralph. "As a fact, you think nothing in the world too perfect for you."

"Do I think I am so good?"

"No, but you are exacting, all the same, without the excuse of thinking yourself good. Nineteen women out of twenty, however, even of the most exacting sort, would have contented themselves with Warburton. Perhaps you don't know how he has been run after."

"I don't wish to know. But it seems to me," said Isabel, "that you told me of several faults that he has, one day when I spoke of him to you."

Ralph looked grave. "I hope that what I said then had no weight with you; for they were not faults, the things I spoke of; they were simply

peculiarities of his position. If I had known he wished to marry you, I would never have alluded to them. I think I said that as regards that position he was rather a sceptic. It would have been in your power to make him a believer."

"I think not. I don't understand the matter, and I am not conscious of any mission of that sort.—You are evidently disappointed," Isabel added, looking gently but earnestly at her cousin. "You would have liked me to marry Lord Warburton."

"Not in the least. I am absolutely without a wish on the subject. I don't pretend to advise you, and I content myself with watching you—with the deepest interest."

Isabel gave a rather conscious sigh. "I wish I could be as interesting to myself as I am to you!"

"There you are not candid again; you are extremely interesting to yourself. Do you know, however," said Ralph, "that if you have really given Lord Warburton his final answer, I am rather glad it has been what it was. I don't mean I am glad for you, and still less, of course, for him. I am glad for myself."

"Are you thinking of proposing to me?"

"By no means. From the point of view I speak of that would be fatal; I should overturn my own porridge. What I mean is, I shall have the entertainment of seeing what a young lady does who won't marry Lord Warburton."

"That is what your mother counts upon too," said Isabel.

"Ah, there will be plenty of spectators! We shall contemplate the rest of your career. I shall not see all of it, but I shall probably see the most interesting years. Of course, if you were to marry our friend, you would still have a career—a very honourable and brilliant one. But relatively speaking, it would be a little prosaic. It would be definitively marked out in advance; it would be wanting in the unexpected.

You know I am extremely fond of the unexpected, and now that you have kept the game in your hands I depend on your giving us some magnificent example of it."

"I don't understand you very well," said Isabel, "but I do so well enough to be able to say that if you look for magnificent examples of anything I shall disappoint you."

"You will do so only by disappointing yourself—and that will go hard with you!"

To this Isabel made no direct reply; there was an amount of truth in it which would bear consideration. At last she said, abruptly—"I don't see what harm there is in my wishing not to tie myself. I don't want to begin life by marrying. There are other things a woman can do."

"There is nothing she can do so well. But you are many-sided."

"If one is two-sided, it is enough," said Isabel.

"You are the most charming of polygons!" Ralph broke out, with a laugh. At a glance from his companion, however, he became grave, and to prove it he went on—"You want to see life, as the young men say."

"I don't think I want to see it as the young men want to see it; but I do want to look about me."

"You want to drain the cup of experience."

"No, I don't wish to touch the cup of experience. It's a poisoned drink! I only want to see for myself."

"You want to see, but not to feel," said Ralph.

"I don't think that if one is a sentient being, one can make the distinction," Isabel returned. "I am a good deal like Henrietta. The other day, when I asked her if she wished to marry, she said—'Not till I have seen Europe!' I too don't wish to marry until I have seen Europe."

"You evidently expect that a crowned head will be struck with you."

"No, that would be worse than marrying Lord Warburton. But it is getting very dark," Isabel continued, "and I must go home." She rose from her place, but Ralph sat still a moment, looking at her. As he did not follow her, she stopped, and they remained a while exchanging a gaze, full on either side, but especially on Ralph's, of utterances too vague for words.

"You have answered my question," said Ralph at last. "You have told me what I wanted—I am greatly obliged to you."

"It seems to me I have told you very little."

"You have told me the great thing—that the world interests you, and that you want to throw yourself into it."

Isabel's silvery eyes shone for a moment in the darkness. "I never said that."

"I think you meant it. Don't repudiate it; it's so fine!"

"I don't know what you are trying to fasten upon me, for I am not in the least an adventurous spirit. Women are not like men."

Ralph slowly rose from his seat, and they walked together to the gate of the square. "No," he said; "women rarely boast of their courage; men do so with a certain frequency."

"Men have it to boast of!"

"Women have it too; you have a great deal."

"Enough to go home in a cab to Pratt's Hotel; but not more."

Ralph unlocked the gate, and after they had passed out he fastened it.

"We will find your cab," he said; and as they turned towards a neighbouring street in which it seemed that this quest would be fruitful, he asked her again if he might not see her safely to the inn.

"By no means," she answered; "you are very tired; you must go home and go to bed."

The cab was found, and he helped her into it, standing a moment at the door.

"When people forget I am a sick man I am often annoyed," he said. "But it's worse when they remember it!"

XVI.

ISABEL had had no hidden motive in wishing her cousin not to take her home; it simply seemed to her that for some days past she had consumed an inordinate quantity of his time, and the independent spirit of the American girl who ends by regarding perpetual assistance as a sort of derogation to her sanity, had made her decide that for these few hours she must suffice to herself. She had moreover a great fondness for intervals of solitude, and since her arrival in England it had been but scantily gratified. It was a luxury she could always command at home, and she had missed it. That evening, however, an incident occurred which—had there been a critic to note it—would have taken all colour from the theory that the love of solitude had caused her to dispense with Ralph's attendance. She was sitting, towards nine o'clock, in the dim illumination of Pratt's Hotel, trying with the aid of two tall candles to lose herself in a volume she had brought from Gardencourt, but succeeding only to the extent of reading other words on the page than those that were printed there—words that Ralph had spoken to her in the afternoon.

Suddenly the well-muffled knuckle of the waiter was applied to the door, which presently admitted him, bearing the card of a visitor. This card, duly considered, offered to Isabel's startled vision the name of Mr. Caspar Goodwood. She let the servant stand before her inquiringly for some instants, without signifying her wishes.

"Shall I show the gentleman up, ma'am?" he asked at last, with a slightly encouraging inflection.

Isabel hesitated still, and while she hesitated she glanced at the mirror.

"He may come in," she said at last;

and waited for him with some emotion.

Caspar Goodwood came in and shook hands with her. He said nothing till the servant had left the room again, then he said—

"Why didn't you answer my letter?"

He spoke in a quick, full, slightly peremptory tone—the tone of a man whose questions were usually pointed, and who was capable of much insistence.

Isabel answered him by a question.

"How did you know I was here?"

"Miss Stackpole let me know," said Caspar Goodwood. "She told me that you would probably be at home alone this evening, and would be willing to see me."

"Where did she see you—to tell you that?"

"She didn't see me; she wrote to me."

Isabel was silent; neither of them had seated themselves; they stood there with a certain air of defiance, or at least of resistance.

"Henrietta never told me that she was writing to you," Isabel said at last. "This is not kind of her."

"Is it so disagreeable to you to see me?" asked the young man.

"I didn't expect it. I don't like such surprises."

"But you knew I was in town; it was natural we should meet."

"Do you call this meeting? I hoped I should not see you. In so large a place as London it seemed to me very possible."

"Apparently it was disagreeable to you even to write to me," said Mr. Goodwood.

Isabel made no answer to this; the sense of Henrietta Stackpole's treachery, as she momentarily qualified it, was strong within her.

"Henrietta is not delicate!" she exclaimed with a certain bitterness.

"It was a great liberty to take."

"I suppose I am not delicate either. The fault is mine as much as hers."

As Isabel looked at him it seemed

to her that his jaw had never been more square. This might have displeased her; nevertheless she rejoined inconsequently—

"No, it is not your fault so much as hers. What you have done is very natural."

"It is indeed!" cried Caspar Goodwood, with a short laugh. "And now that I have come, at any rate, may I not stay?"

"You may sit down, certainly."

And Isabel went back to her chair again, while her visitor took the first place that offered, in the manner of a man accustomed to pay little thought to the sort of chair he sat in.

"I have been hoping every day for an answer to my letter," he said. "You might have written me a few lines."

"It was not the trouble of writing that prevented me; I could as easily have written you four pages as one. But my silence was deliberate; I thought it best."

He sat with his eyes fixed on hers while she said this; then he lowered them and attached them to a spot in the carpet, as if he were making a strong effort to say nothing but what he ought to say. He was a strong man in the wrong, and he was acute enough to see that an uncompromising exhibition of his strength would only throw the falsity of his position into relief. Isabel was not incapable of finding it agreeable to have an advantage of position over a person of this calibre, and though she was not a girl to flaunt her advantage in his face, she was woman enough to enjoy being able to say "You know you ought not to have written to me yourself!"—and to say it with a certain air of triumph.

Caspar Goodwood raised his eyes to hers again; they were an expression of ardent remonstrance. He had a strong sense of justice, and he was ready any day in the year—over and above this—to argue the question of his rights.

"You said you hoped never to hear from me again; I know that. But I

never accepted the prohibition. I promised you that you should hear very soon."

"I did not say that I hoped never to hear from you," said Isabel.

"Not for five years, then; for ten years. It is the same thing."

"Do you find it so? It seems to me there is a great difference. I can imagine that at the end of ten years we might have a very pleasant correspondence. I expect to write a much more brilliant letter ten years hence than I do now."

Isabel looked away while she spoke these words, for she knew they were of a much less earnest cast than the countenance of her listener. Her eyes however at last came back to him, just as he said, very irrelevantly—

"Are you enjoying your visit to your uncle?"

"Very much indeed." She hesitated, and then she broke out with even greater irrelevance, "What good do you expect to get by insisting?"

"The good of not losing you."

"You have no right to talk about losing what is not yours. And even from your own point of view," Isabel added, "you ought to know when to let one alone."

"I displease you very much," said Caspar Goodwood gloomily, not as if to provoke her to compassion for a man conscious of this blighting fact; but as if to set it well before himself, so that he might endeavour to act with his eyes upon it.

"Yes, you displease me very much, and the worst is that it is needless."

Isabel knew that his was not a soft nature, from which pin-pricks would draw blood; and from the first of her acquaintance with him and of her having to defend herself against a certain air that he had of knowing better what was good for her than she knew herself, she had recognised the fact that perfect frankness was her best weapon. To attempt to spare his sensibility or make her opposition oblique, as one might do with men smaller and superficially more irritable

—this, in dealing with Caspar Goodwood, who would take everything of every sort that one might give him, was superfluous diplomacy. It was not that he had not susceptibilities, but his passive surface, as well as his active, was large and firm, and he might always be trusted to dress his wounds himself. In measuring the effect of his suffering, one might always reflect that he had a sound constitution.

"I can't reconcile myself to that," he said.

There was a dangerous magnanimity about this; for Isabel felt that it was quite open to him to say that he had not always displeased her.

"I can't reconcile myself to it either, and it is not the state of things that ought to exist between us. If you would only try and banish me from your mind for a few months we should be on good terms again."

"I see. If I should cease to think of you for a few months I should find I could keep it up indefinitely."

"Indefinitely is more than I ask. It is more even than I should like."

"You know that what you ask is impossible," said the young man, taking his adjective for granted in a manner that Isabel found irritating.

"Are you not capable of making an effort?" she demanded. "You are strong for everything else; why shouldn't you be strong for that?"

"Because I am in love with you," said Caspar Goodwood simply. "If one is strong, one loves only the more strongly."

"There is a good deal in that;" and indeed our young lady felt the force of it. "Think of me or not, as you find most possible; only leave me alone."

"Until when?"

"Well, for a year or two."

"Which do you mean? Between one year and two there is a great difference."

"Call it two, then," said Isabel, wondering whether a little cynicism might not be effective.

"And what shall I gain by that?" Mr. Goodwood asked, giving no sign of wincing.

"You will have obliged me greatly."

"But what will be my reward?"

"Do you need a reward for an act of generosity?"

"Yes, when it involves a great sacrifice."

"There is no generosity without sacrifice. Men don't understand such things. If you make this sacrifice I shall admire you greatly."

"I don't care a straw for your admiration. Will you marry me? That is the question."

"Assuredly not, if I feel as I feel at present."

"Then I ask again, what I shall gain?"

"You will gain quite as much as by worrying me to death!"

Caspar Goodwood bent his eyes again and gazed for a while into the crown of his hat. A deep flush overspread his face, and Isabel could perceive that this dart at last had struck home. To see a strong man in pain had something terrible for her, and she immediately felt very sorry for her visitor.

"Why do you make me say such things to you?" she cried in a trembling voice. "I only want to be gentle—to be kind. It is not delightful to me to feel that people care for me, and yet to have to try and reason them out of it. I think others also ought to be considerate; we have each to judge for ourselves. I know you are considerate, as much as you can be; you have good reasons for what you do. But I don't want to marry. I shall probably never marry. I have a perfect right to feel that way, and it is no kindness to a woman to urge her—to persuade her against her will. If I give you pain I can only say I am very sorry. It is not my fault; I can't marry you simply to please you. I won't say that I shall always remain your friend, because when women say that, in these circumstances, it is supposed, I believe, to

be a sort of mockery. But try me some day."

Caspar Goodwood, during this speech, had kept his eyes fixed upon the name of his hatter, and it was not until some time after she had ceased speaking that he raised them. When he did so, the sight of a certain rosy, lovely eagerness in Isabel's face threw some confusion into his attempt to analyse what she had said. "I will go home—I will go to-morrow—I will leave you alone," he murmured at last. "Only," he added in a louder tone—"I hate to lose sight of you!"

"Never fear. I will do no harm."

"You will marry some one else," said Caspar Goodwood.

"Do you think that is a generous charge?"

"Why not? Plenty of men will ask you."

"I told you just now that I don't wish to marry, and that I shall probably never do so."

"I know you did; but I don't believe it."

"Thank you very much. You appear to think I am attempting to deceive you; you say very delicate things."

"Why should I not say that? You have given me no promise that you will not marry."

"No, that is all that would be wanting!" cried Isabel, with a bitter laugh.

"You think you won't, but you will," her visitor went on, as if he were preparing himself for the worst.

"Very well, I will then. Have it as you please."

"I don't know, [however," said Caspar Goodwood, "that my keeping you in sight would prevent it."

"Don't you indeed? I am, after all, very much afraid of you. Do you think I am so very easily pleased?" she asked suddenly, changing her tone.

"No, I don't; I shall try and console myself with that. But there are a certain number of very clever men in the world; if there were only one,

it would be enough. You will be sure to take no one who is not."

"I don't need the aid of a clever man to teach me how to live," said Isabel. "I can find it out for myself."

"To live alone, do you mean? I wish that when you have found that out, you would teach me."

Isabel glanced at him a moment; then, with a quick smile—"Oh, *you* ought to marry!" she said.

Poor Caspar may be pardoned if for an instant this exclamation seemed to him to have the infernal note, and I cannot take upon myself to say that Isabel uttered it in obedience to a strictly celestial impulse. It was a fact, however, that it had always seemed to her that Caspar Goodwood, of all men, ought to enjoy the whole devotion of some tender woman. "God forgive you!" he murmured between his teeth, turning away.

Her exclamation had put her slightly in the wrong, and after a moment she felt the mind to right herself. The easiest way to do it was to put her suitor in the wrong. "You do me great injustice—you say what you don't know!" she broke out. "I should not be an easy victim—I have proved it."

"Oh, to me, perfectly."

"I have proved it to others as well." And she paused a moment. "I refused a proposal of marriage last week—what they call a brilliant one."

"I am very glad to hear it," said the young man, gravely.

"It was a proposal that many girls would have accepted—it had everything to recommend it." Isabel had hesitated to tell this story, but now she had begun, the satisfaction of speaking it out, and doing herself justice, as it were, took possession of her. "I was offered a great position and a great fortune—by a person whom I like extremely."

Caspar was gazing at her with great interest. "Is he an Englishman?"

"He is an English nobleman," said Isabel.

Mr. Goodwood received this an-

nouncement in silence; then, at last, he said—"I am glad he is disappointed."

"Well, then, as you have companions in misfortune, make the best of it."

"I don't call him a companion," said Caspar, grimly.

"Why not—since I declined his offer absolutely?"

"That doesn't make him my companion. Besides, he's an Englishman."

"And pray is not an Englishman a human being?" Isabel inquired.

"Oh, no; he's superhuman."

"You are angry," said the girl. "We have discussed this matter quite enough."

"Oh, yes, I am angry. I plead guilty to that!"

Isabel turned away from him and walked to the open window, where she stood a moment looking into the dusky vacancy of the street, where a turbid gaslight alone represented social animation. For some time neither of these two young persons spoke; Caspar lingered near the chimney-piece, with his eyes gloomily fixed upon our heroine. She had virtually requested him to withdraw—he knew that; but at the risk of making himself odious to her he kept his ground. She was far too dear to him to be easily forfeited, and he had sailed across the Atlantic to extract some pledge from her. Presently she left the window and stood before him again.

"You do me very little justice," she said—"after my telling you what I told you just now. I am sorry I told you—since it matters so little to you."

"Ah," cried the young man, "if you were thinking of *me* when you did it!" And then he paused, with the fear that she might contradict so happy a thought.

"I was thinking of you a little," said Isabel.

"A little? I don't understand. If the knowledge that I love you had any weight with you at all, it must have had a good deal."

Isabel shook her head impatiently, as if to carry off a blush. "I have refused a noble gentleman. Make the most of that."

"I thank you, then," said Caspar Goodwood, gravely. "I thank you immensely."

"And now you had better go home."

"May I not see you again?" he asked.

"I think it is better not. You will be sure to talk of this, and you see it leads to nothing."

"I promise you not to say a word that will annoy you."

Isabel reflected a little, and then she said—"I return in a day or two to my uncle's, and I can't propose to you to come there; it would be very inconsistent."

Caspar Goodwood, on his side, debated within himself. "You must do me justice too. I received an invitation to your uncle's more than a week ago and I declined it."

"From whom was your invitation?" Isabel asked, surprised.

"From Mr. Ralph Touchett, whom I suppose to be your cousin. I declined it because I had not your authorisation to accept it. The suggestion that Mr. Touchett should invite me appeared to have come from Miss Stackpole."

"It certainly didn't come from me. Henrietta certainly goes very far," Isabel added.

"Don't be too hard on her—that touches me."

"No; if you declined, that was very proper of you, and I thank you for it." And Isabel gave a little exhalation of dismay at the thought that Lord Warburton and Mr. Goodwood might have met at Gardencourt: it would have been so awkward for Lord Warburton!

"When you leave your uncle, where are you going?" Caspar asked.

"I shall go abroad with my aunt—to Florence and other places."

The serenity of this announcement struck a chill to the young man's heart; he seemed to see her whirled away into circles from which he was

inexorably excluded. Nevertheless he went on quickly with his questions. "And when shall you come back to America?"

"Perhaps not for a long time; I am very happy here."

"Do you mean to give up your country?"

"Don't be an infant."

"Well, you will be out of my sight indeed!" said Caspar Goodwood.

"I don't know," she answered, rather grandly. "The world strikes me as small."

"It is too large for me!" Caspar exclaimed, with a simplicity which our young lady might have found touching if her face had not been set against concessions.

This attitude was part of a system, a theory, that she had lately embraced, and to be thorough she said after a moment—"Don't think me unkind if I say that it's just that—being out of your sight—that I like. If you were in the same place as I, I should feel as if you were watching me, and I don't like that. I like my liberty too much. If there is a thing in the world that I am fond of," Isabel went on, with a slight recurrence of the grandeur that had shown itself a moment before—"it is my personal independence."

But whatever there was of grandeur in this speech moved Caspar Goodwood's admiration; there was nothing that displeased him in the sort of feeling it expressed. This feeling not only did no violence to his way of looking at the girl he wished to make his wife, but seemed a grace the more in so ardent a spirit. To his mind she had always had wings, and this was but the flutter of those stainless pinions. He was not afraid of having a wife with a certain largeness of movement; he was a man of long steps himself. Isabel's words, if they had been meant to shock him, failed of the mark, and only made him smile with the sense that here was common ground. "Who would wish less to curtail your liberty than I?" he

asked. "What can give me greater pleasure than to see you perfectly independent—doing whatever you like? It is to make you independent that I want to marry you."

"That's a beautiful sophism," said the girl, with a smile more beautiful still.

"An unmarried woman—a girl of your age—is not independent. There are all sorts of things she can't do. She is hampered at every step."

"That's as she looks at the question," Isabel answered, with much spirit. "I am not in my first youth—I can do what I choose—I belong quite to the independent class. I have neither father nor mother; I am poor; I am of a serious disposition, and not pretty. I therefore am not bound to be timid and conventional; indeed I can't afford such luxuries. Besides, I try to judge things for myself; to judge wrong, I think, is more honourable than not to judge at all. I don't wish to be a mere sheep in the flock; I wish to choose my fate and know something of human affairs beyond what other people think it compatible with propriety to tell me." She paused a moment, but not long enough for her companion to reply. She was apparently on the point of doing so, when she went on—"Let me say this to you, Mr. Goodwood. You are so kind as to speak of being afraid of my marrying. If you should hear any rumour that I am on the point of doing so—girls are liable to have such things said about them—remember what I have told you about my love of liberty, and venture to doubt it."

There was something almost passionately positive in the tone in which Isabel gave him this advice, and he saw a shining candour in her eyes which helped him to believe her. On the whole he felt reassured, and you might have perceived it by the manner in which he said, quite eagerly—"You want simply to travel for two years? I am quite willing to wait two years, and you may do what you like in the interval. If that is all

you want, pray say so. I don't want you to be conventional; do I strike you as conventional myself? Do you want to improve your mind? Your mind is quite good enough for me; but if it interests you to wander about a while and see different countries, I shall be delighted to help you, in any way in my power."

"You are very generous; that is nothing new to me. The best way to help me will be to put as many hundred miles of sea between us as possible."

"One would think you were going to commit a crime!" said Caspar Goodwood.

"Perhaps I am. I wish to be free even to do that, if the fancy takes me."

"Well then," he said, slowly, "I will go home." And he put out his hand, trying to look contented and confident.

Isabel's confidence in him, however, was greater than any he could feel in her. Not that he thought her capable of committing a crime; but, turn it over as he would, there was something ominous in the way she reserved her option. As Isabel took his hand, she felt a great respect for him; she knew how much he cared for her, and she thought him magnanimous. They stood so for a moment, looking at each other, united by a handclasp which was not merely passive on her side. "That's right," she said, very kindly, almost tenderly. "You will lose nothing by being a reasonable man."

"But I will come back, wherever you are, two years hence," he returned, with characteristic grimness.

We have seen that our young lady was inconsequent, and at this she suddenly changed her note. "Ah, remember, I promise nothing—absolutely nothing!" Then more softly, as if to help him to leave her, she added—"And remember, too, that I shall not be an easy victim!"

"You will get very sick of your independence."

"Perhaps I shall: it is even very

probable. When that day comes I shall be very glad to see you."

She had laid her hand on the knob of the door that led into her own room, and she waited a moment to see whether her visitor would not take his departure. But he appeared unable to move; there was still an immense unwillingness in his attitude—a deep remonstrance in his eyes.

"I must leave you now," said Isabel; and she opened the door, and passed into the other room.

This apartment was dark, but the darkness was tempered by a vague radiance sent up through the window from the court of the hotel, and Isabel could make out the masses of the furniture, the dim shining of the mirror, and the looming of the big four-posted bed. She stood still a moment, listening, and at last she heard Caspar Goodwood walk out of the sitting-room and close the door behind him. She stood still a moment longer, and then, by an irresistible impulse, she dropped on her knees before her bed, and hid her face in her arms.

XVII.

SHE was not praying; she was trembling—trembling all over. She was an excitable creature, and now she was much excited; but she wished to resist her excitement, and the attitude of prayer, which she kept for some time, seemed to help her to be still. She was extremely glad Caspar Goodwood was gone; there was something exhilarating in having got rid of him. As Isabel became conscious of this feeling she bowed her head a little lower; the feeling was there, throbbing in her heart; it was a part of her emotion; but it was a thing to be ashamed of—it was profane and out of place. It was not for some ten minutes that she rose from her knees, and when she came back to the sitting-room she was still trembling a little. Her agitation had two causes; part of it was to be accounted for by her long discussion with Mr. Good-

wood, but it might be feared that the rest was simply the enjoyment she found in the exercise of her power. She sat down in the same chair again, and took up her book, but without going through the form of opening the volume. She leaned back, with that low, soft, aspiring murmur with which she often expressed her gladness in accidents of which the brighter side was not superficially obvious, and gave herself up to the satisfaction of having refused two ardent suitors within a fortnight. That love of liberty of which she had given Caspar Goodwood so bold a sketch was as yet almost exclusively theoretic; she had not been able to indulge it on a large scale. But it seemed to her that she had done something; she had tasted of the delight, if not of battle, at least of victory; she had done what she preferred. In the midst of this agreeable sensation the image of Mr. Goodwood taking his sad walk homeward through the dingy town presented itself with a certain reproachful force; so that, as at the same moment the door of the room was opened, she rose quickly, with an apprehension that he had come back. But it was only Henrietta Stackpole returning from her dinner.

Miss Stackpole immediately saw that something had happened to Isabel, and indeed the discovery demanded no great penetration. Henrietta went straight up to her friend, who received her without a greeting. Isabel's elation in having sent Caspar Goodwood back to America presupposed her being glad that he had come to see her; but at the same time she perfectly remembered that Henrietta had had no right to set a trap for her.

"Has he been here, dear?" Miss Stackpole inquired, softly.

Isabel turned away, and for some moments answered nothing.

"You acted very wrongly," she said at last.

"I acted for the best, dear. I only hope you acted as well."

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"You are not the judge. I can't trust you," said Isabel.

This declaration was unflattering, but Henrietta was much too unselfish to heed the charge it conveyed; she cared only for what it intimated with regard to her friend.

"Isabel Archer," she declared, with equal abruptness and solemnity, "if you marry one of these people, I will never speak to you again!"

"Before making so terrible a threat, you had better wait till I am asked," Isabel replied. Never having said a word to Miss Stackpole about Lord Warburton's overtures, she had now no impulse whatever to justify herself to Henrietta by telling her that she had refused that nobleman.

"Oh, you'll be asked quick enough, once you get off on the continent. Annie Climber was asked three times in Italy—poor plain little Annie."

"Well, if Annie Climber was not captured, why should I be?"

"I don't believe Annie was pressed; but you'll be."

"That's a flattering conviction," said Isabel, with a laugh.

"I don't flatter you, Isabel, I tell you the truth!" cried her friend. "I hope you don't mean to tell me that you didn't give Mr. Goodwood some hope."

"I don't see why I should tell you anything; as I said to you just now, I can't trust you. But since you are so much interested in Mr. Goodwood, I won't conceal from you that he returns immediately to America."

"You don't mean to say you have sent him off?" Henrietta broke out in dismay.

"I asked him to leave me alone; and I ask you the same, Henrietta."

Miss Stackpole stood there with expanded eyes, and then she went to the mirror over the chimney-piece and took off her bonnet.

"I hope you have enjoyed your dinner," Isabel remarked, lightly, as she did so.

But Miss Stackpole was not to be diverted by frivolous propositions,

nor bribed by the offer of autobiographic opportunities.

"Do you know where you are going, Isabel Archer?"

"Just now I am going to bed," said Isabel, with persistent frivolity.

"Do you know where you are drifting?" Henrietta went on, holding out her bonnet delicately.

"No, I haven't the least idea, and I find it very pleasant not to know. A swift carriage, of a dark night, rattling with four horses over roads that one can't see—that's my idea of happiness."

"Mr. Goodwood certainly didn't teach you to say such things as that—like the heroine of an immoral novel," said Miss Stackpole. "You are drifting to some great mistake."

Isabel was irritated by her friend's interference, but even in the midst of her irritation she tried to think what truth this declaration could represent. She could think of nothing that diverted her from saying—"You must be very fond of me, Henrietta, to be willing to be so disagreeable to me."

"I love you, Isabel," said Miss Stackpole, with feeling.

"Well, if you love me, let me alone. I asked that of Mr. Goodwood, and I must also ask it of you."

"Take care you are not let alone too much."

"That is what Mr. Goodwood said to me. I told him I must take the risks."

"You are a creature of risks—you make me shudder!" cried Henrietta. "When does Mr. Goodwood return to America?"

"I don't know—he didn't tell me."

"Perhaps you didn't inquire," said Henrietta, with the note of righteous irony.

"I gave him too little satisfaction to have the right to ask questions of him."

This assertion seemed to Miss Stackpole for a moment to bid defiance to comment; but at last she

exclaimed—"Well, Isabel, if I didn't know you, I might think you were heartless!"

"Take care," said Isabel; "you are spoiling me."

"I am afraid I have done that already. I hope, at least," Miss Stackpole added, "that he may cross with Annie Climber!"

Isabel learned from her the next morning that she had determined not to return to Gardencourt (where old Mr. Touchett had promised her a renewed welcome), but to await in London the arrival of the invitation that Mr. Bantling had promised her from his sister, Lady Pensil. Miss Stackpole related very freely her conversation with Ralph Touchett's sociable friend, and declared to Isabel that she really believed she had now got hold of something that would lead to something. On the receipt of Lady Pensil's letter—Mr. Bantling had virtually guaranteed its arrival—she would immediately depart for Bedfordshire, and if Isabel cared to look out for her impressions in the *Interviewer*, she would certainly find them. Henrietta was evidently going to see something of the inner life this time.

"Do you know where you are drifting, Henrietta Stackpole?" Isabel asked, imitating the tone in which her friend had spoken the night before.

"I am drifting to a big position—to being the queen of American journalism. If my next letter isn't copied all over the West, I'll swallow my pen-wiper!"

She had arranged with her friend Miss Annie Climber, the young lady of the continental offers, that they should go together to make those purchases which were to constitute Miss Climber's farewell to a hemisphere in which she at least had been appreciated; and she presently repaired to Jermyn Street to pick up her companion. Shortly after her departure Ralph Touchett was announced, and, as soon as he came in, Isabel saw that he had, as the phrase is, some-

thing on his mind. He very soon took his cousin into his confidence. He had received a telegram from his mother, telling him that his father had had a sharp attack of his old malady, that she was much alarmed, and that she begged Ralph would instantly return to Gardencourt. On this occasion, at least, Mrs. Touchett's devotion to the electric wire had nothing incongruous.

"I have judged it best to see the great doctor, Sir Matthew Hope, first," Ralph said; "by great good luck he's in town. He is to see me at half-past twelve, and I shall make sure of his coming down to Gardencourt—which he will do the more readily as he has already seen my father several times, both there and in London. There is an express at two-forty-five, which I shall take, and you will come back with me, or remain here a few days longer, exactly as you prefer."

"I will go with you!" Isabel exclaimed. "I don't suppose I can be of any use to my uncle, but if he is ill I should like to be near him."

"I think you like him," said Ralph, with a certain shy pleasure in his eye. "You appreciate him, which all the world hasn't done. The quality is too fine."

"I think I love him," said Isabel, simply.

"That's very well. After his son, he is your greatest admirer."

Isabel welcomed this assurance, but she gave secretly a little sigh of relief at the thought that Mr. Touchett was one of those admirers who could not propose to marry her. This, however, was not what she said; she went on to inform Ralph that there were other reasons why she should not remain in London. She was tired of it and wished to leave it; and then Henrietta was going away—going to stay in Bedfordshire.

"In Bedfordshire?" Ralph exclaimed, with surprise.

"With Lady Pensil, the sister of Mr. Bantling, who has answered for an invitation."

Ralph was feeling anxious, but at

this he broke into a laugh. Suddenly, however, he looked grave again. "Bantling is a man of courage. But if the invitation should get lost on the way?"

"I thought the British post office was impeccable."

"The good Homer sometimes nods," said Ralph. "However," he went on, more brightly, "the good Bantling never does, and, whatever happens, he will take care of Henrietta."

Ralph went to keep his appointment with Sir Matthew Hope, and Isabel made her arrangements for quitting Pratt's Hotel. Her uncle's danger touched her nearly, and while she stood before her open trunk, looking about her vaguely for what she should put into it, the tears suddenly rushed into her eyes. It was perhaps for this reason that when Ralph came back at two o'clock to take her to the station she was not yet ready.

He found Miss Stackpole, however, in the sitting-room, where she had just risen from the lunch-table, and this lady immediately expressed her regret at his father's illness.

"He is a grand old man," she said; "he is faithful to the last. If it is really to be the last—excuse my alluding to it, but you must often have thought of the possibility—I am sorry that I shall not be at Gardencourt."

"You will amuse yourself much more in Bedfordshire."

"I shall be sorry to amuse myself at such a time," said Henrietta, with much propriety. But she immediately added—"I should like so to commemorate the closing scene."

"My father may live a long time," said Ralph, simply. Then, adverting to topics more cheerful, he interrogated Miss Stackpole as to her own future.

Now that Ralph was in trouble, she addressed him in a tone of larger allowance, and told him that she was much indebted to him for having made her acquainted with Mr. Bantling. "He has told me just the things I want to know," she said; "all the society-items and all about the royal

family. I can't make out that what he tells me about the royal family is much to their credit; but he says that's only my peculiar way of looking at it. Well, all I want is that he should give me the facts; I can put them together quick enough, once I've got them." And she added that Mr. Bantling had been so good as to promise to come and take her out in the afternoon.

"To take you where?" Ralph ventured to inquire.

"To Buckingham Palace. He is going to show me over it, so that I may get some idea how they live."

"Ah," said Ralph, "we leave you in good hands. The first thing we shall hear is that you are invited to Windsor Castle."

"If they ask me, I shall certainly go. Once I get started I am not afraid. But for all that," Henrietta added in a moment, "I am not satisfied; I am not satisfied about Isabel."

"What is her last misdemeanour?"

"Well, I have told you before, and I suppose there is no harm in my going on. I always finish a subject that I take up. Mr. Goodwood was here last night."

Ralph opened his eyes; he even blushed a little—his blush being the sign of an emotion somewhat acute. He remembered that Isabel, in separating from him in Winchester Square, had repudiated his suggestion that her motive in doing so was the expectation of a visitor at Pratt's Hotel, and it was a novel sensation to him to have to suspect her of duplicity. On the other hand, he quickly said to himself, what concern was it of his that she should have made an appointment with a lover? Had it not been thought graceful in every age, that young ladies should make a secret of such appointments? Ralph made Miss Stackpole a diplomatic answer. "I should have thought that with the views you expressed to me the other day, that would satisfy you perfectly."

"That he should come to see her? That was very well, as far as it went.

It was a little plot of mine; I let him know that we were in London, and when it had been arranged that I should spend the evening out, I just sent him a word—a word to the wise. I hoped he would find her alone; I won't pretend I didn't hope that you would be out of the way. He came to see her; but he might as well have stayed away."

"Isabel was cruel?" Ralph inquired, smiling, and relieved at learning that his cousin had not deceived him.

"I don't exactly know what passed between them. But she gave him no satisfaction—she sent him back to America."

"Poor Mr. Goodwood!" Ralph exclaimed.

"Her only idea seems to be to get rid of him," Henrietta went on.

"Poor Mr. Goodwood!" repeated Ralph. The exclamation, it must be confessed, was somewhat mechanical. It failed exactly to express his thoughts, which were taking another line.

"You don't say that as if you felt it; I don't believe you care."

"Ah," said Ralph, "you must remember that I don't know this interesting young man—that I have never seen him."

"Well, I shall see him, and I shall tell him not to give up. If I didn't believe Isabel would come round," said Miss Stackpole,—“well, I'd give her up myself!”

XVIII.

It had occurred to Ralph that under the circumstances Isabel's parting with Miss Stackpole might be of a slightly embarrassed nature, and he went down to the door of the hotel in advance of his cousin, who after a slight delay followed, with the traces of an unaccepted remonstrance, as he thought, in her eye. The two made the journey to Gardencourt in almost unbroken silence, and the servant who met them at the station had no better news to give them of Mr. Touchett—a fact which caused Ralph

to congratulate himself afresh on Sir Matthew Hope's having promised to come down in the five o'clock train and spend the night. Mrs. Touchett, he learned, on reaching home, had been constantly with the old man, and was with him at that moment; and this fact made Ralph say to himself that, after all, what his mother wanted was simply opportunity. The finest natures were those that shone on large occasions. Isabel went to her own room, noting, throughout the house, that perceptible hush which precedes a crisis. At the end of an hour, however, she came down stairs in search of her aunt, whom she wished to ask about Mr. Touchett. She went into the library, but Mrs. Touchett was not there, and as the day, which had been damp and chill, was now apparently on the point of breaking into storm, it was not probable that she had gone for her usual walk in the grounds. Isabel was on the point of ringing to send an inquiry to her room, when her attention was taken by an unexpected sound—the sound of low music proceeding apparently from the drawing-room. She knew that her aunt never touched the piano, and the musician was therefore probably Ralph, who played for his own amusement. That he should have resorted to this recreation at the present time indicated apparently that his anxiety about his father had been relieved; so that Isabel took her way to the drawing-room with much alertness. The drawing-room at Garden-court was an apartment of great distances, and as the piano was placed at the end of it furthest removed from the door at which Isabel entered, her arrival was not noticed by the person seated before the instrument. This person was neither Ralph nor his mother; it was a lady whom Isabel immediately saw to be a stranger to herself, although her back was presented to the door. This back—an ample and well-dressed one—Isabel contemplated for some moments in surprise. The lady was of course a visitor, who had arrived during her

absence, and who had not been mentioned by either of the servants—one of them her aunt's maid—of whom she had had speech since her return. Isabel had already learned, however, that the British domestic is not effusive, and she was particularly conscious of having been treated with dryness by her aunt's maid, whose offered assistance the young lady from Albany—versed, as young ladies are in Albany, in the very metaphysics of the toilet—had suffered her to perceive that she deemed obstructive. The arrival of a visitor was far from disagreeable to Isabel; she had not yet divested herself of a youthful impression that each new acquaintance would exert some momentous influence upon her life. By the time she had made these reflections, she became aware that the lady at the piano played remarkably well. She was playing something of Beethoven's—Isabel knew not what, but she recognised Beethoven—and she touched the piano softly and discreetly, but with evident skill. Her touch was that of an artist; Isabel sat down, noiselessly, on the nearest chair and waited till the end of the piece. When it was finished she felt a strong desire to thank the player, and rose from her seat to do so, while at the same time the lady at the piano turned quickly round, as if she had become aware of her presence.

"That is very beautiful, and your playing makes it more beautiful still," said Isabel, with all the young radiance with which she usually uttered a truthful rapture.

"You don't think I disturbed Mr. Touchett then?" the musician answered, as sweetly as this compliment deserved. "The house is so large, and his room so far away, that I thought I might venture—especially as I played just—just *du bout des doigts*."

"She is a Frenchwoman," Isabel said to herself; "she says that as if she were French." And this supposition made the stranger more interesting to our speculative heroine. "I hope my uncle is doing well," Isabel

added. "I should think that to hear such lovely music as that would really make him feel better."

The lady gave a discriminating smile.

"I am afraid there are moments in life when even Beethoven has nothing to say to us. We must admit, however, that they are our worst moments."

"I am not in that state now," said Isabel. "On the contrary, I should be so glad if you would play something more."

"If it will give you pleasure—most willingly." And this obliging person took her place again, and struck a few chords, while Isabel sat down nearer the instrument. Suddenly the stranger stopped, with her hands on the keys, half-turning and looking over her shoulder at the girl. She was forty years old, and she was not pretty; but she had a delightful expression. "Excuse me," she said; "but are you the niece—the young American?"

"I am my aunt's niece," said Isabel, with *naïveté*.

The lady at the piano sat still a moment longer, looking over her shoulder with her charming smile.

"That's very well," she said, "we are compatriots."

And then she began to play.

"Ah, then she is not French," Isabel murmured; "and as the opposite supposition had made her interesting, it might have seemed that this revelation would have diminished her effectiveness. But such was not the fact; for Isabel, as she listened to the music, found much stimulus to conjecture in the fact that an American should so strongly resemble a foreign woman.

Her companion played in the same manner as before, softly and solemnly, and while she played the shadows deepened in the room. The autumn twilight gathered in, and from her place Isabel could see the rain, which had now begun in earnest, washing the cold-looking lawn, and the wind shaking the great trees. At last, when the music had ceased, the lady

got up, and, coming to her auditor, smiling, before Isabel had time to thank her again, said—

"I am very glad you have come back; I have heard a great deal about you."

Isabel thought her a very attractive person; but she nevertheless said, with a certain abruptness, in answer to this speech—

"From whom have you heard about me?"

The stranger hesitated a single moment, and then—

"From your uncle," she answered. "I have been here three days, and the first day he let me come and pay him a visit in his room. Then he talked constantly of you."

"As you didn't know me, that must have bored you."

"It made me want to know you. All the more that since then—your aunt being so much with Mr. Touchett—I have been quite alone, and have got rather tired of my own society. I have not chosen a good moment for my visit."

A servant had come in with lamps, and was presently followed by another, bearing the tea-tray. Of the appearance of this repast Mrs. Touchett had apparently been notified, for she now arrived and addressed herself to the tea-pot. Her greeting to her niece did not differ materially from her manner of raising the lid of this receptacle in order to glance at the contents: in neither act was it becoming to make a show of avidity. Questioned about her husband, she was unable to say that he was better; but the local doctor was with him, and much light was expected from this gentleman's consultation with Sir Matthew Hope.

"I suppose you two ladies have made acquaintance?" she said. "If you have not, I recommend you to do so; for so long as we continue—Ralph and I—to cluster about Mr. Touchett's bed, you are not likely to have much society but each other."

"I know nothing about you, but that you are a great musician," Isabel said to the visitor.

"There is a good deal more than that to know," Mrs. Touchett affirmed, in her little dry tone.

"A very little of it, I am sure, will content Miss Archer!" the lady exclaimed, with a light laugh. "I am an old friend of your aunt's—I have lived much in Florence—I am Madame Merle."

She made this last announcement as if she were referring to a person of tolerably distinct identity.

For Isabel, however, it represented but little; she could only continue to feel that Madame Merle had a charming manner.

"She is not a foreigner, in spite of her name," said Mrs. Touchett. "She was born—I always forget where you were born."

"It is hardly worth while I should tell you then."

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Touchett, who rarely missed a logical point; "if I remembered, your telling me would be quite superfluous."

Madame Merle glanced at Isabel with a fine, frank smile.

"I was born under the shadow of the national banner."

"She is too fond of mystery," said Mrs. Touchett; "that is her great fault."

"Ah," exclaimed Madame Merle, "I have great faults, but I don't think that is one of them; it certainly is not the greatest. I came into the world in the Brooklyn navy-yard. My father was a high officer in the United States navy, and had a post—a post of responsibility—in that establishment at the time. I suppose I ought to love the sea, but I hate it. That's why I don't return to America. I love the land; the great thing is to love something."

Isabel, as a dispassionate witness, had not been struck with the force of Mrs. Touchett's characterization of her visitor, who had an expressive, communicative, responsive face, by no means of the sort which, to Isabel's mind, suggested a secretive disposition. It was a face that told of a rich nature and of quick and liberal impulses, and

though it had no regular beauty was in the highest degree agreeable to contemplate.

Madame Merle was a tall, fair, plump woman; everything in her person was round and replete, though without those accumulations which minister to indolence. Her features were thick, but there was a graceful harmony among them, and her complexion had a healthy clearness. She had a small grey eye, with a great deal of light in it—an eye incapable of dulness, and, according to some people, 'incapable' of tears; and a wide, firm mouth, which, when she smiled, drew itself upward to the left side, in a manner that most people thought very odd, some very affected, and a few very graceful. Isabel inclined to range herself in the last category. Madame Merle had thick, fair hair, which was arranged with picturesque simplicity, and a large white hand, of a perfect shape—a shape so perfect that its owner, preferring to leave it unadorned, wore no rings. Isabel had taken her at first, as we have seen, for a Frenchwoman; but extended observation led her to say to herself that Madame Merle might be a German—a German of rank, a countess, a princess. Isabel would never have supposed that she had been born in Brooklyn—though she could doubtless not have justified her assumption that the air of distinction, possessed by Madame Merle in so eminent a degree, was inconsistent with such a birth. It was true that the national banner had floated immediately over the spot of the lady's nativity, and the breezy freedom of the stars and stripes might have shed an influence upon the attitude which she then and there took towards life. And yet Madame Merle had evidently nothing of the fluttered, flapping quality of a morsel of bunting in the wind; her deportment expressed the repose and confidence which come from a large experience. Experience, however, had not quenched her youth; it had simply made her sympathetic and supple. She was in a word a woman of ardent im-

pulses, kept in admirable order. What an ideal combination! thought Isabel.

She made these reflections while the three ladies sat at their tea; but this ceremony was interrupted before long by the arrival of the great doctor from London, who had been immediately ushered into the drawing-room. Mrs. Touchett took him off to the library, to confer with him in private; and then Madame Merle and Isabel parted, to meet again at dinner. The idea of seeing more of this interesting woman did much to mitigate Isabel's perception of the melancholy that now hung over Gardencourt.

When she came into the drawing-room before dinner she found the place empty; but in the course of a moment Ralph arrived. His anxiety about his father had been lightened; Sir Matthew Hope's view of his condition was less sombre than Ralph's had been. The doctor recommended that the nurse alone should remain with the old man for the next three or four hours; so that Ralph, his mother, and the great physician himself, were free to dine at table. Mrs. Touchett and Sir Matthew came in; Madame Merle was the last to appear.

Before she came, Isabel spoke of her to Ralph, who was standing before the fireplace.

"Pray who is Madame Merle?"

"The cleverest woman I know, not excepting yourself," said Ralph.

"I thought she seemed very pleasant."

"I was sure you would think her pleasant," said Ralph.

"Is that why you invited her?"

"I didn't invite her, and when we came back from London I didn't know she was here. No one invited her. She is a friend of my mother's, and just after you and I went to town, my mother got a note from her. She had arrived in England (she usually lives abroad, though she has first and last spent a good deal of time here), and she asked leave to come down for a few days. Madame Merle is a woman who can make such proposals with perfect confidence; she is so wel-

come wherever she goes. And with my mother there could be no question of hesitating; she is the one person in the world whom my mother very much admires. If she were not herself (which she after all much prefers), she would like to be Madame Merle. It would, indeed, be a great change."

"Well, she is very charming," said Isabel. "And she plays beautifully."

"She does everything beautifully. She is complete."

Isabel looked at her cousin a moment. "You don't like her."

"On the contrary, I was once in love with her."

"And she didn't care for you, and that's why you don't like her."

"How can we have discussed such things? M. Merle was then living."

"Is he dead now?"

"So she says."

"Don't you believe her?"

"Yes, because the statement agrees with the probabilities. The husband of Madame Merle would be likely to pass away."

Isabel gazed at her cousin again. "I don't know what you mean. You mean something—that you don't mean. What was M. Merle?"

"The husband of Madame."

"You are very odious. Has she any children?"

"Not the least little child—fortunately."

"Fortunately?"

"I mean fortunately for the child; she would be sure to spoil it."

Isabel was apparently on the point of assuring her cousin for the third time that he was odious; but the discussion was interrupted by the arrival of the lady who was the topic of it. She came rustling in quickly, apologising for being late, fastening a bracelet, dressed in dark blue satin, which exposed a white bosom that was ineffectually covered by a curious silver necklace. Ralph offered his arm with the exaggerated alertness of a man who was no longer a lover.

Even if this had still been his condition, however, Ralph had other things to think about. The great

doctor spent the night at Gardencourt, and returning to London on the morrow, after another consultation with Mr. Touchett's own medical adviser, concurred in Ralph's desire that he should see the patient again on the day following. On the day following Sir Matthew Hope reappeared at Gardencourt, and on this occasion took a less encouraging view of the old man, who had grown worse in the twenty-four hours. His feebleness was extreme, and to his son, who constantly sat by his bedside, it often seemed that his end was at hand. The local doctor, who was a very sagacious man, and in whom Ralph had secretly more confidence than in his distinguished colleague, was constantly in attendance, and Sir Matthew Hope returned several times to Gardencourt. Mr. Touchett was much of the time unconscious; he slept a great deal; he rarely spoke. Isabel had a great desire to be useful to him, and was allowed to watch with him several times when his other attendants (of whom Mrs. Touchett was not the least regular) went to take rest. He never seemed to know her, and she always said to herself—"Suppose he should die while I am sitting here;" an idea which excited her and kept her awake. Once he opened his eyes for a while and fixed them upon her intelligently, but when she went to him, hoping he would recognise her, he closed them and relapsed into unconsciousness. The day after this, however, he revived for a longer time; but on this occasion Ralph was with him alone. The old man began to talk, much to his son's satisfaction, who assured him that they should presently have him sitting up.

"No, my boy," said Mr. Touchett, "not unless you bury me in a sitting posture, as some of the ancients—was it the ancients?—used to do."

"Ah, daddy, don't talk about that," Ralph murmured. "You must not deny that you are getting better."

"There will be no need of my denying it if you don't affirm it," the old man answered. "Why should we

prevaricate, just at the last? We never prevaricated before. I have got to die some time, and it's better to die when one is sick, than when one is well. I am very sick—as sick as I shall ever be. I hope you don't want to prove that I shall ever be worse than this? That would be too bad. You don't? Well, then."

Having made this excellent point he became quiet; but the next time that Ralph was with him he again addressed himself to conversation. The nurse had gone to her supper and Ralph was alone with him, having just relieved Mrs. Touchett, who had been on guard since dinner. The room was lighted only by the flickering fire, which of late had become necessary, and Ralph's tall shadow was projected upon the wall and ceiling, with an outline constantly varying but always grotesque.

"Who is that with me—is it my son?" the old man asked.

"Yes, it's your son, daddy."

"And is there no one else?"

"No one else."

Mr. Touchett said nothing for a while; and then, "I want to talk a little," he went on.

"Won't it tire you?" Ralph inquired.

"It won't matter if it does. I shall have a long rest. I want to talk about you."

Ralph had drawn nearer to the bed; he sat leaning forward, with his hand on his father's. "You had better select a brighter topic," he said.

"You were always bright; I used to be proud of your brightness. I should like so much to think that you would do something."

"If you leave us," said Ralph, "I shall do nothing but miss you."

"That is just what I don't want; it's what I want to talk about. You must get a new interest."

"I don't want a new interest, daddy. I have more old ones than I know what to do with."

The old man lay there looking at his son; his face was the face of the dying, but his eyes were the eyes of

Daniel Touchett. He seemed to be reckoning over Ralph's interests. "Of course you have got your mother," he said at last. "You will take care of her."

"My mother will always take care of herself," Ralph answered.

"Well," said his father, "perhaps as she grows older she will need a little help."

"I shall not see that. She will out-live me."

"Very likely she will; but that's no reason—" Mr. Touchett let his phrase die away in a helpless but not exactly querulous sigh, and remained silent again.

"Don't trouble yourself about us," said his son. "My mother and I get on very well together, you know."

"You get on by always being apart; that's not natural."

"If you leave us, we shall probably see more of each other."

"Well," the old man observed, with wandering irrelevance, "it cannot be said that my death will make much difference in your mother's life."

"It will probably make more than you think."

"Well, she'll have more money," said Mr. Touchett. "I have left her a good wife's portion, just as if she had been a good wife."

"She has been one, daddy, according to her own theory. She has never troubled you."

"Ah, some troubles are pleasant," Mr. Touchett murmured. "Those you have given me, for instance. But your mother has been less—less—what do you call it? less theoretic since I have been ill. I presume she knows I have noticed it."

"I shall certainly tell her so; I am so glad you mention it."

"It won't make any difference to her; she didn't do it to please me. She did it to please—to please—" And he lay a while, trying to think why she had done it. "She did it to please herself. But that is not what I want to talk about," he added. "It's about you. You will be very well off."

"Yes," said Ralph, "I know that. But I hope you have not forgotten the talk we had a year ago—when I told you exactly what money I should need, and begged you to make some good use of the rest."

"Yes, yes, I remember. I made a new will—in a few days. I suppose it was the first time such a thing had happened—a young man trying to get a will made against him."

"It is not against me," said Ralph. "It would be against me to have a large property to take care of. It is impossible for a man in my state of health to spend much money, and enough is as good as a feast."

"Well, you will have enough—and something over. There will be more than enough for one—there will be enough for two."

"That's too much," said Ralph.

"Ah, don't say that. The best thing you can do, when I am gone, will be to marry."

Ralph had foreseen what his father was coming to, and this suggestion was by no means novel. It had long been Mr. Touchett's most ingenious way of expressing the optimistic view of his son's health. Ralph had usually treated it humorously; but present circumstances made the humorous tone impossible. He simply fell back in his chair and returned his father's appealing gaze in silence.

"If I, with a wife who hasn't been very fond of me, have had a very happy life," said the old man, carrying his ingenuity further still, "what a life might you not have, if you should marry a person different from Mrs. Touchett. There are more different from her than there are like her."

Ralph still said nothing; and after a pause his father asked softly—"What do you think of your cousin?"

At this Ralph started, meeting the question with a rather fixed smile. "Do I understand you to propose that I should marry Isabel?"

"Well, that's what it comes to in the end. Don't you like her?"

"Yes, very much." And Ralph got up from his chair and wandered

over to the fire. He stood before it an instant and then he stooped and stirred it, mechanically. "I like Isabel very much," he repeated.

"Well," said his father, "I know she likes you. She told me so."

"Did she remark that she would like to marry me?"

"No, but she can't have anything against you. And she is the most charming young lady I have ever seen. And she would be good to you. I have thought a great deal about it."

"So have I," said Ralph, coming back to the bedside again. "I don't mind telling you that."

"You *are* in love with her, then? I should think you would be. It's as if she came over on purpose."

"No, I am not in love with her; but I should be if—if certain things were different."

"Ah, things are always different from what they might be," said the old man. "If you wait for them to change, you will never do anything. I don't know whether you know," he went on; "but I suppose there is no harm in my alluding to it in such an hour as this: there was some one wanted to marry Isabel the other day, and she wouldn't have him."

"I know she refused Lord Warburton; he told me himself."

"Well, that proves that there is a chance for somebody else."

"Somebody else took his chance the other day in London—and got nothing by it."

"Was it you?" Mr. Touchett asked, eagerly.

"No, it was an older friend; a poor gentleman who came over from America to see about it."

"Well, I am sorry for him. But it only proves what I say—that the way is open to you."

"If it is, dear father, it is all the greater pity that I am unable to tread it. I haven't many convictions; but I have three or four that I hold strongly. One is that people, on the whole, had better not marry their cousins. Another is, that people in an

advanced stage of pulmonary weakness had better not marry at all."

The old man raised his feeble hand and moved it to and fro a little before his face. "What do you mean by that? You look at things in a way that would make everything wrong. What sort of a cousin is a cousin that you have never seen for more than twenty years of her life? We are all each other's cousins, and if we stopped at that the human race would die out. It is just the same with your weak lungs. You are a great deal better than you used to be. All you want is to lead a natural life. It is a great deal more natural to marry a pretty young lady that you are in love with than it is to remain single on false principles."

"I am not in love with Isabel," said Ralph.

"You said just now that you would be if you didn't think it was wrong. I want to prove to you that it isn't wrong."

"It will only tire you, dear daddy," said Ralph, who marvelled at his father's tenacity and at his finding strength to insist. "Then where shall we all be?"

"Where shall you be if I don't provide for you? You won't have anything to do with the bank, and you won't have me to take care of. You say you have got so many interests; but I can't make them out."

Ralph leaned back in his chair, with folded arms; his eyes were fixed for some time in meditation. At last, with the air of a man fairly mustering courage—"I take a great interest in my cousin," he said, "but not the sort of interest you desire. I shall not live many years; but I hope I shall live long enough to see what she does with herself. She is entirely independent of me; I can exercise very little influence upon her life. But I should like to do something for her."

"What should you like to do?"

"I should like to put a little wind in her sails."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I should like to put it into her power to do some of the things she

wants. She wants to see the world, for instance. I should like to put money in her purse."

"Ah, I am glad you have thought of that," said the old man. "But I have thought of it too. I have left her a legacy—five thousand pounds."

"That is capital; it is very kind of you. But I should like to do a little more."

Something of that veiled acuteness with which it had been, on Daniel Touchett's part, the habit of a lifetime to listen to a financial proposition, still lingered in the face in which the invalid had not obliterated the man of business. "I shall be happy to consider it," he said, softly.

"Isabel is poor, then. My mother tells me that she has but a few hundred dollars a year. I should like to make her rich."

"What do you mean by rich?"

"I call people rich when they are able to gratify their imagination. Isabel has a great deal of imagination."

"So have you, my son," said Mr. Touchett, listening very attentively, but a little confusedly.

"You tell me I shall have money enough for two. What I want is that you should kindly relieve me of my superfluity and give it to Isabel. Divide my inheritance into two equal halves, and give the second half to her."

"To do what she likes with?"

"Absolutely what she likes."

"And without an equivalent?"

"What equivalent could there be?"

"The one I have already mentioned."

"Her marrying—some one or other? It's just to do away with anything of that sort that I make my suggestion. If she has an easy income she will never have to marry for a support. She wishes to be free, and your bequest will make her free."

"Well, you seem to have thought it out," said Mr. Touchett. "But I don't see why you appeal to me. The money will be yours, and you can easily give it to her yourself."

Ralph started a little. "Ah, dear father, I can't offer Isabel money!"

The old man gave a groan. "Don't tell me you are not in love with her! Do you want me to have the credit of it?"

"Entirely. I should like it simply to be a clause in your will, without the slightest reference to me."

"Do you want me to make a new will, then?"

"A few words will do it; you can attend to it the next time you feel a little lively."

"You must telegraph to Mr. Hilary, then. I will do nothing without my lawyer."

"You shall see Mr. Hilary tomorrow."

"He will think we have quarrelled, you and I," said the old man.

"Very probably; I shall like him to think it," said Ralph, smiling; "and to carry out the idea, I give you notice that I shall be very sharp with you."

The humour of this appeared to touch his father; he lay a little while taking it in.

"I will do anything you like," he said at last; "but I'm not sure it's right. You say you want to put wind in her sails; but aren't you afraid of putting too much?"

"I should like to see her going before the breeze!" Ralph answered.

"You speak as if it were for your entertainment."

"So it is, a good deal."

"Well, I don't think I understand," said Mr. Touchett, with a sigh. "Young men are very different from what I was. When I cared for a girl—when I was young—I wanted to do more than look at her. You have scruples that I shouldn't have had, and you have ideas that I shouldn't have had either. You say that Isabel wants to be free, and that her being rich will keep her from marrying for money. Do you think that she is a girl to do that?"

"By no means. But she has less money than she has ever had before; her father gave her everything, because he used to spend his capital. She has

nothing but the crumbs of that feast to live on, and she doesn't really know how meagre they are—she has yet to learn it. My mother has told me all about it. Isabel will learn it when she is really thrown upon the world, and it would be very painful to me to think of her coming to the consciousness of a lot of wants that she should be unable to satisfy."

"I have left her five thousand pounds. She can satisfy a good many wants with that."

"She can indeed. But she would probably spend it in two or three years."

"You think she would be extravagant then?"

"Most certainly," said Ralph, smiling serenely.

Poor Mr. Touchett's acuteness was rapidly giving place to pure confusion. "It would merely be a question of time, then, her spending the larger sum?"

"No, at first I think she would plunge into that pretty freely; she would probably make over a part of it to each of her sisters. But after that she would come to her senses, remember that she had still a lifetime before her, and live within her means."

"Well, you *have* worked it out," said the old man, with a sigh. "You do take an interest in her, certainly."

"You can't consistently say I go too far. You wished me to go further."

"Well, I don't know," the old man answered. "I don't think I enter into your spirit. It seems to me immoral."

"Immoral, dear daddy?"

"Well, I don't know that it's right to make everything so easy for a person."

"It surely depends upon the person. When the person is good, your making things easy is all to the credit of virtue. To facilitate the execution of good impulses, what can be a nobler act?"

This was a little difficult to follow, and Mr. Touchett considered it for a while. At last he said—

"Isabel is a sweet young girl; but do you think she is as good as that?"

"She is as good as her best opportunities," said Ralph.

"Well," Mr. Touchett declared, "she ought to get a great many opportunities for sixty thousand pounds."

"I have no doubt she will."

"Of course I will do what you want," said the old man. "I only want to understand it a little."

"Well, dear daddy, don't you understand it now?" his son asked, caressingly. "If you don't, we won't take any more trouble about it; we will leave it alone."

Mr. Touchett lay silent a long time. Ralph supposed that he had given up the attempt to understand it. But at last he began again—

"Tell me this first. Doesn't it occur to you that a young lady with sixty thousand pounds may fall a victim to the fortune-hunters?"

"She will hardly fall a victim to more than one."

"Well, one is too many."

"Decidedly. That's a risk, and it has entered into my calculation. I think it's appreciable, but I think it's small, and I am prepared to take it."

Poor Mr. Touchett's acuteness had passed into perplexity, and his perplexity now passed into admiration.

"Well, you *have* gone into it!" he exclaimed. "But I don't see what good you are to get of it."

Ralph leaned over his father's pillows and gently smoothed them; he was aware that their conversation had been prolonged to a dangerous point. "I shall get just the good that I said just now I wished to put into Isabel's reach—that of having gratified my imagination. But it's scandalous, the way I have taken advantage of you!"

HENRY JAMES, JR.

(To be continued.)

A STUDY OF AN OLD PARISH REGISTER.

THE first volume of the Registers of the Parish Church of Margate dates from the year 1559, and comes down to the year 1681. Although an Order in Council had been issued by Cromwell, Earl of Essex, in September, 1538, for the keeping of a register of weddings, christenings, and burials, and although one not unfrequently finds registers dating from that year, it is not until the reign of Queen Elizabeth that they appear to have been generally kept. In the first year of her reign an injunction was issued on the subject more stringent than any which had preceded, and from that date the Margate Registers begin. After a patient study of the first volume since I became vicar, I shall endeavour to set forth in this paper some of the facts and curiosities of local and general history which it reveals. It is a long folio document containing 202 leaves, which are thus apportioned:—baptisms ninety-two, marriages twenty-nine, burials seventy-five, and six blank leaves between the marriages and burials. It differs not more in the style of the various hand-writings than in the manner of entries; some are in English, some in Latin, some are very carefully done, some as carelessly; now the writing is as black as this on the paper before me, presently the ink is so faded as to be almost illegible.

During the 122 years which the register covers, there were thirteen vicars in charge of the parish. They were

Thomas Hewett . . .	1545
John Wood . . .	1563
Wm. Lesley . . .	1567
Robt. Jenkinson . . .	1577
Philip Harrison . . .	1601
Humphrey Wheatley . . .	1607
Peter Criche . . .	1631
John Bankes . . .	1635
John Lawrey . . .	1647

Edward Riggs . . .	1655
Thomas Stephens . . .	1660
John Overing . . .	1662
Nicholas Chewney . . .	1666

The first of these, however, who signs the register, is Jenkinson. The bottom of every page is subscribed "by me, Robert Jenkinson, minister," from the beginning to the year 1600, in such a way as to lead unpractised examiners to suppose that he was vicar all these years. But most readers of these lines probably know that the like case is found in most of the registers of so old a date. In 1597 an Order of Convocation was drawn up and approved by the Queen under the Great Seal, appointing persons to see whether the parish registers had been properly kept, ordering also that all entries were to be made on parchment, that they were to be read out each Sunday in church after service, and that as soon as any page was completed the minister was to sign it. Every minister too, on institution to a benefice, had to subscribe to this protestation, "I shall keep the register book according to the Queen's Majesty's injunctions." Here then we have the explanation of Vicar Jenkinson's many signatures. He was vicar when the order came out, and had to get all past entries by himself and his predecessors copied from paper into a parchment book, and to subscribe them all with his name. That hitherto they had been written as separate documents in slovenly fashion is shown by his having in two or three cases put whole batches of names out of proper order, and confessing as much in a note.

The names of his predecessors I have supplied from the Archbishop's Register at Lambeth Palace, but two of them occur incidentally among the

Margate papers. There is a deed of Queen Mary in the parish chest, giving the tithe of milk, honey, flax, hawks, &c., and the offertories on the great festivals to Thomas Hewett and his successors, and there is a child baptised of "Mr. Wood, vicar."

Previous to the time of the registers again there are two memorials to past vicars in the church. One is a brass on the chancel floor, with an inscription to "Sir Thomas Smith," who died October 3rd, 1433. And above it is a heart inscribed with the words *credo quod*, and with three legends proceeding from it

"Redemptor meus vivit"

"de terra resurrecturus sum"

"in carne mea videbo Salvatorem meum."

Evidently the whole has a reference to Rom. x. 10—"with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." The other ancient memorial is a brass figure of a priest in full canonicals for the mass, "Sir Thomas Cardyff, which continueth vicar of this church fifty-five yere and died in 1516." On examination of the Lambeth Register I find him called Thomas ap Jevan ap Jones. There can be no doubt concerning his nationality. It needs hardly to be added that "Sir" was the ordinary title of the parish priest in those days; Sir Oliver Martext and Sir Hugh Evans are known to us all.

On the fly-leaf of the first volume of the register before us there are very short and not very accurate biographical notices of the vicars, in the handwriting of one of their successors, John Johnson (1697-1703). He was a famous man in his day, the author of the work called *The Unbloody Sacrifice*, anticipating the *Tracts for the Times* and causing almost as much stir. But we have no concern with him now. He falls into the mistake of supposing that Jenkinson was minister from 1559 to 1601; and being puzzled by finding Wood named as vicar in the registry of baptisms, jumps to the conclusion that Jenkinson must have been his curate.

The mistake is excusable seeing that Johnson had never access to the Lambeth Records. The never-sufficiently-to-be-praised Andrew Ducarel who died in 1785 had not yet by his patient labour arranged and indexed those papers and put them within our reach.

With their help and with that of Johnson's notices I propose to arrange what I have to say concerning the registers] under the names of the respective vicars. First then comes *Thomas Hewett*. Considering that he peaceably held his vicarage in the days of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, one might come to a hasty, and] possibly most unjust, conclusion, that he was as unscrupulous as the Vicar of Bray] himself. Mr. Green has shown us how public opinion swayed to and fro among the intelligent classes, and how the great majority all through were averse to violent change. The government of Mary at the worst period of it did not interfere with those clergy who went on quietly tending their flocks without meddling with controversy, and there is no reason why Hewett may not have gone among the Thanet villagers, reading the Bible to them and preaching a true gospel without feeling impelled to denounce "wafer-gods" or "idol images." In such a case he would be quite safe.

He begins his registers, as a boy at school begins a new copybook, with the laudable determination to be perfectly neat. At the first anniversary which we come to of the Queen's accession the register breaks off to announce the fact in large German text *Anno secundi Regni Reginae Elizabethæ*. But when the next year comes round it is forgotten, for there is no further notice. The principal family in the parish in those days was that of Norwood. This is proved not only by some handsome brasses in the church, but by the fact that whenever one of them is baptised the registrar more than once makes the entry in large embossed hand so that it is the most

conspicuous entry in the page. There is little difficulty in tracing out the pedigree of the family with the assistance of the records of the neighbouring parishes. And the same family is now represented in Margate by the town bill-sticker, who, according to the escutcheons which meet one on all sides, is entitled to decorate his professional paste-pot with a cross engrailed gules, on a field ermine. Three other names are conspicuous, each of which has much that is interesting to the local historian. Visitors to the Isle of Thanet know the grand old castellated brick gateway of about the date of the third Edward, on which a lion with an enormous tooth is sculptured on a corbel. The place is called Dendelyon, and so were the family inhabiting it till the middle of the fifteenth century. Most illustrated books on brasses have an engraving of the fine effigy of "John Dandelion" in the church, who died in 1445, "on the day of the invention of the holy cross" (Sept. 14), as the inscription states. He rebuilt a great portion of the church, and put up one or more of the beautiful peal of bells. He left one daughter only, and she married a certain Henry Pettit, who thereby became owner of Dendelyon. Consequently when we come down to the time of the registers we find much made of the Pettit family. The head of it for the time being is always called "Mr.," and "gent" or "generous" is written after his name. One of them who died in the days of Charles II., and who has a handsome monument on the north wall of the church was chronicled in more perishable style. He had a poem written to his memory (for a consideration no doubt) by Elkanah Settle, and I have seen a copy of it—a handsome folio in rich morocco binding, and "adorned with sculptures." *Sic transit*. This family too flourishes in Margate. Its present representative is a respectable and efficient chimney-sweep. Two other great families have, so far as I know, quite disappeared, the Clay-

brooks and the Spracklyngs. Much honour is offered to them also in the registers, and to the former there is a remarkably fine monument of the days of Charles I., to the latter there remains only the matrix of a vanished brass. The head of this family was hanged in 1653 for murdering his wife. There are some old quarto pamphlets giving the history, and moralising upon it, but the story is told also in Lewis's *History of Thanet*.

When Vicar Hewett died, in 1563, Archbishop Parker appointed John Wood as his successor. We owe him no thanks as regards the registers, for from this moment they take to giving the father's name only. I was at a loss to account for the difference until I searched at Lambeth for the date of Wood's appointment, and found that the two coincide. The absence of the mother's name is very annoying, because it often prevents one from fixing with certainty a place in a genealogical tree. For example, there are two Alexander Norwoods, but their wives are differently named, so that we have to go to other sources, by no means easy to investigate, to settle between them.

What Wood had done I cannot find, but the Lambeth records tell that on the 21st November, 1564, he was *legitime deprivatus*, and Wm. Lesley was appointed his successor. There seems to have been much disorder too in this vicar's time, for there is a gap in the register of baptisms from February 20th, 1575, till April 6th, 1577.¹ And the marriage register has only two entries for 1575, and none for 1576.

But Jenkinson (1577) is even worse. In his entry of baptisms he gives no parents' names at all. "Mary Clay," "George Bing"—this is all. His entries are in Latin. Between April and August, 1579, there are no baptisms; and in 1582, 1585, 1586, 1587, no marriages at all.

Before leaving him there is one

¹ The reader will remember that the year began and ended on the 25th of March.

entry to be transcribed from his autograph. It is at the end of the book:—

Dutyes belonging to ye Vic of Sct John—

	s.	d.
for marriage and banes	3	0
for buriall in a sheet only	0	6
With a coffin	1	0
Yf the Corps be brought into the church	2	0
for chyrching a woman	1	0
but must compound for the face cloth		
And the poorer sort to pay only	0	9
Easter offeringe per pole	0	6

ROBERT JENKINSON, minister.

At length we come in the register of burials to this:—"Robert Jenkinson, minister of St. John's, vicar of the same church, was buried the 13th of Maye, 1601."

His successor, *Philip Harrison*, appears to have been non-resident for the first four years of his incumbency, for the registers are signed by "Egidius Harrison, curatus." This Giles Harrison's entries are curious, and by no means to his credit. In the first place he writes a vile hand, and further, he is intolerably careless. There are a host of entries in all three divisions crowded into the margin by his successor, and annotated thus:—"Per negligentiam Curati omissus." But an attack which he makes on his wife in the church book is, I should think, unique. I should mention that Robert Jenkinson had married one Anne Maynard at St. Peter's (the next parish), as I found by examining the church books there. She had borne him three or four children when he died, and on the September following his death in May she married Harrison, as the same book shows. And this is how he enters the baptism of her child:—

"Giles Whitfield the sonne of Henry Whitfield bapt. ixth of April 1603, begotten of the wyffe which was Robert Jenkinson's widow and married unto Giles Harrison, curate of S. John's."

And in the margin he writes—

"Quia partus sequitur ventrem."

The woman whose character is thus so bitterly attacked does not appear
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to have known of this entry until 1608, i.e. after Philip Harrison's death. The results of her discovery are two: (1) The following entry, written with pale ink, and decipherable with difficulty, crowded into the page opposite the attack:—

"18th die Julii 1608 coram Georgio Newman Legum doctore officiali cum Radulpho Bailey notario publico ad petitionem Annæ Harrison uxoris Egidii Harrison nuper curati Sti Johannis Thaneto registratur filius eorundem Egidii et Annæ, viz. Egidius Harrison filius Egidii Harrison et dictæ Annæ Baptizatus in ecclia parochia li divi Johannis prædicti nono die mensis Aprilis Ano dni 1603 quia falso inscribitur columna præcedente ex malitia ut asseritur quorum omnium dicta Anna fert fidem.

"G. NEWMAN."

And (2) In the entry itself the words "Henry Whitfield" are erased, and "Gyles Harrison" substituted; and the word "aforesaid" is inserted before "curate," so that it runs—"Giles Harrison, the son of Giles Harrison, bapt. ixth," &c. &c. And in the margin the objectionable Latin words are struck out, and this entry is made:—

"Ex calumnia mera. These rasures and interlynacions were made to certyfy that which was but falsly supposed out of jealousy and so written. 28 July, 1608.

"G. NEWMAN."

I am very curious to learn what became of this Giles Harrison. He was not buried at Margate, nor at St. Peter's; but if I am not mistaken, he came back some years later, got hold of the books somehow, and renewed his attack—for there is a savage entry which looks like his writing, and which I think must be intended to repeat his charge, but it is somewhat obscure, and I will pass it over. In 1604 Philip Harrison takes up the registers, and is the best and most careful chronicler we have had yet. After two or three in English, he makes the rest of his entries in Latin. He gives not only parents' names, but place of residence and incidents, thus:—"Thomas filius Clementis Swinford, habitantis apud Northdowne bapt fuit

ultimo die Februarii die Jovis, 1604, et mater ipsius eodem die purificata fuit, hic in ecclesia, illa domi in ædibus suis." This vicar is evidently a High Churchman. He carefully notes Saints' Days, if baptisms or burials take place upon them. Sometimes he writes: "A. B., son of C. D.—*renatus fuit*." In the marriages he tells how Simon Michell and Maria Cootes were married—"die Lunæ primo Aprilis cum licentia propter tempus nefastum [*i.e. Lent*] cum alias bannæ legitime proclamata fuerint et solum obstitit illud tempus nefastum." Then follow some words explaining why the parties were married at this *tempus nefastum*, but neither I nor any one to whom I have shown them can entirely read the entry; the ink is quite faded.¹

In the next entry he tells how Moses Smith and Mary Payne were married "Grato imbre toto mane descendente 6to May, 1605." Again, "Vicesimo quinto Julii die Jovis et festo Jacobi 1605, Ricardus Beerling cœlebs et Richarden Whitsenden vidua matrimonium solemnizabant in facie congregationis post matutinas preces." In fact there is hardly an entry in this Vicariate which has not some little graphic touch. Then he has all kinds of synonyms for "married"—"matrimonio juncti sunt," "mariti fuere," "connubio juncti sunt, ille cœlebs hæc virgo," "matrimonium inierunt," "copula jugali juncti," &c. And so there is hardly an entry of burials made by him without some remark or comment. This is his second entry:—"Decimo quinto Februarii, 1604, sepulti fuerunt Robertus Wild Thomas Fleet et Morganus Pink, qui omnes pridie infortunio submersi fuerunt ante ora vicinorum dum opem ferre student cuidam navi de Portsmouth periclitanti in alto et in ipso conspectu villæ de Margate, super scopulum vocatum *le Nayland*." (On the very morning

on which I transcribe this entry a fisherman has been found drowned on the same rock. It is now so washed down as to be under water at low tide, but is very dangerous.) Here is another entry:—"Tertio Aprilis, 1605. Margareta Rippington famula Edwardi Toddi pavlo ante mortem ipsius sepulta fuit natura cessit in ædibus. Comes Petrus Ranckhorne de Mongeam [Mongeham] immiscuit se in bonis dictæ defunctæ tanquam executor nihilominus recusavit debitum erogare. Vicarii pro sepultura ipsius. Conveniendus ergo in foro ecclesiastico." Here again:—"3^o die Martis, 1605, Margareta Goodale, filia Emblemi Goodale viduæ sepulta fuit et propter graves imbres et aeris intemperiem tunc temporis post humationem infantis funebria perorata fuerunt in atrio ecclesiæ."

"Duodecim Jan: Die Dominica 1605 Willelmus Norwood ecclie istius clericus sepultus fuit ante meridiem ejusdem die post concionem finitam."

"30^o Jan: 1605, die Jovis Agnes Bachelor sepulta fuit et Vincentius Huffam funebrem pro ipsa habuit concionem delibans sibi textum quartum versiculum Psalmi tricesimi noni. Lord lett me knowe myne end and the measure of my daies what it is. Lett me know how long I have to live."

And presently, as usual, we have "Decimo quarto die mensis Augusti Philippus Harrison vicarius hujus pochiæ Sti Johannis sepultus fuit. Ao Dni, 1607."

Of all the vicars in this register I like him best. He is such a thoughtful, agreeable, Boswellian kind of parson. Before leaving him I have a few other entries of his to note down. In some registers there are many records of the results of collections made for persons who had lost by fires throughout England. Within the memory of persons still living, "briefs" were read out asking for such aid. It was a sort of rough fire-insurance. In the Margate Registers no such collections are named except four in the incumbency of

¹ This is the only passage in the book which has thoroughly baffled me. Others have obstinately held out for a long time but have succumbed at last.

Philip Harrison's, and one in that of his successor. In the St. Peter's registers there are two or three pages of them.

Here are Harrison's, with a curious uniformity in the sums :—

"Collected by virtue of his Mties Missive unto my Lord [Archbishop Bancroft] for the rectifying of a church and fower chappells in the parish of Arthuret in the Countie of Cumberland, the 24th day of September 1606 in the parish of S. John, vii. iid.

"*Second Collection.*—"Collected by virtue of the said Missive, October the 21, the summe of vii. viid.

"*Third Collection.*—"Collected by virtue of the said Missive, April the first, 1607, the summe of vii. iid. ob.

"*Fourth Collection.*—"Collected by virtue of the said Missive, July the fifth, the summe of vii. ix*d.* ob."

There are also some Latin hexameters composed by him on the same page; they are intended for a monument in the church, and are to be seen there.

Humphrey Wheatley, who came next, was from Leicestershire. So says Johnson's notice of him at the end of the book, and the same writer adds I know not on what ground :—"Verisimile est nullum ex antedictis fuisse Concionatorem." There is not much to record concerning the twenty-four years of *Humphrey Wheatley's* incumbency. He now and then gives us a bit of local news, but for the most part confines himself to bare entries. I select a few.

"Feb. 26, 1613.—Johes Middlemast plaustris interfectus et Rogerus Hobercroft et Georgius Philpott eadem hora ripa marina obruti et evecti sepulti fuere.

"April 23, 1614.—Johes Rigden ulcere magno in femore laborans a Chirurgo inscissus mortuus et sepultus est.

"Dec. 23, 1614.—'Elizabetha Anus.' [In the margin is written 'Old Bess.' Evidently she was a character in the town, and only known by this name.]

"April 14, 1624.—Johannes Claybrooke, interfectus a Stephano Cuntry, et sepultus est."

"Feb. 21, 1624.—Quidam de Barking.

"Feb. 28.—Bull. [This is all.]

"March 13.—Thomasina filia Thomæ Cock, nata, baptizata, et sepulta est.

"Oct. 11, 1626.—Advena a Syriack Sea sepultus est.

"Feb. 26, 1626.—Humfredus Wheatley

jun. Verbi Divini Minister, interfectus a milite.

"Feb. 8, 1627.—Thomas Middleton, quondam dives, pauperrimus.

"Jan. 20, 1629.—Thomas Norton edendo suffocatus.

But there are two other entries made by *Wheatley*. In 1619, when the book was filling at about the rate of a page a year; he wanted to make a notice of neither birth, wedding, nor burial, so he turned over eighty-four pages of the burial portion, probably supposing that the world would come to an end before that part of the book was wanted, and wrote as follows :—

Ano. Dni. 1619.

"Mrs. Mary Claybrooke licensed according to the statute to eat flesh the 1 of March, entred this 8 day. And lykewise Rich. Norwood both licensed and entred upon the same first and 8th of March 1619.

"HUMFREY WHEATLEY."

So there it stands, solitary, among the burials of 1672, which, in the ordinary course of things, came to that page. The observance of Lent was enforced by proclamation, but well-to-do people like the Claybrookes and Norwoods compounded by giving money for the poor. I have met with many similar cases. And one sometimes finds instances where a man is presented for not keeping the fast; thus at Henley, Robert Chamberlain is taken to task "for roasting a pig," and Henry Waller for "seething two peeces of bacon."

Mr. *Wheatley's* other note is at the end of the volume without date.

"The first payment for Virginia xviii. viiid."

This was probably a collection for "the Pilgrim Fathers' Settlement" in the early part of the reign of Charles I. (See Green, iii., 168-9.)

On the 26th of October 1631 *Wheatley* himself was buried. Peter Criche succeeded. The first entry in his incumbency is the funeral of his own son. Twelve months later he buried another. The account of him which Johnson gives, namely that he was

drowned in the Margate "Hoy," explains why his own burial is not recorded. "Petrus Criche qui unâ cum Clerico parochiali submersus est in Navigio (quod *Hoy* vocant) ad Londinium iter faciens." I have met with no other account of the catastrophe, probably Johnson received it from parochial tradition. It happened sixty-two years before his own incumbency.

"Joannes Bankes [writes Johnson] qui erat Puritanus, et in quem Populus est perquam beneficus ab Anno 1635 usque ad 1647 hâc Vicariâ fruebatur. Hinc ad Paludem Romniensium (Ivy church) commigravit."

He deserves this praise at starting, that his writing is the neatest in the book. From the Report of the Historical MSS. Commission I learn that he summoned the parishioners together to church, on the 3rd of March, 1643, and they swore to the solemn league and covenant. There is no mention of this in the Parochial Register, but in the churchwardens' accounts there is an entry, "For writing the covenant and parchment, 3s." He introduces one novelty, viz., that every page is subscribed not only with his own name, but with that of his churchwardens.

Here is a curious entry; an inventory of church goods, dated May 12, 1641, and continued every year till 1644. After that the accounts are missing till 1653:—

"A note of such goods and imployments as are belonging to the pishe church of St. John's ye Baptist, in the Isle of Thanett.

"Comprising two silver cups, with one silver cover, used at the time of administering the Holy Communion.

"Item—three pewter flaggonnes used at the like occasion, and were given by Mr. Valentine Pettit, deceased.

"Item—a deske; three bookes, one of Jewell's workes, the other two of the Acts and Monuments of the Church [Foxe's].

"Item—a Bible, two bookes of Common Prayer, a booke of Cannons, a booke of Homilies, and other smalle bookes of paper appointed to bee read for several purposes.

"Item—a Communion table, and a carpett thereunto belonging.

"Item—two old tables, and one cushion.

"Item—a newe pulpitt cloath and cushion, both of greane cloath.

"Item—one old pulpitt cloath and cushion, both of silke.

"Item—a surpluse and a hoade.

"Item—two chestes on with three lockes, and the other with one locke.

"Item—one old trunke, and one pewter bason.

"Item—fourre ladders, a spade, a shovel, a spud, a ladle, and mattock.

"Item—ten settinge formes, one planke forme to worke on, and sixe old bell-wheels not serviceable.

"Item—in the vestry, three tressells, a shoote for leade, and parte of a fourme for the sheets to runne; certaine old leade, and fourre small piggs of leade.

"Item—a saint's bell, a beer to carry the dead corps on, and xviii. of bell mettle.

"Item—five peeces of new timber cont. by estimacion, two tun lyeing in Edward Mussared's place.

"Item—one spill pin, one drift pin, an iron chisell, and some olde iron.

"Item—a table cloath of linnen, and a napkin for the Communion table.

"Item—in the steeple, certaine posts of timber and planke to trusse the bells, three long peeces of timber, and two winch rowles.

"Item—a new stoole to sett the coffins on in sermon time."

The inventory for 1653 is substantially the same. The "saints' bell" "cannons," bier, and stool for the coffins, have disappeared with the "pieces of timber." But the two Prayer-books are still here, though the use had been proscribed by law.

Thinking of Puritans, I looked carefully for curiosities in the Baptistal Register. We all know Praise-God Barebones. Ben Jonson in *Bartholomew Fair* has "Mr. Zeal-of-the-Land Busy," and "Tribulation Wholesome," and Lord Macaulay laughs at the frequenters of the Calvinistic coffee-houses who "discussed election and reprobation through their noses, and christened their children out of the Book of Nehemiah." Mr. Bardsley in his has given us some astonishing oddities, but I am bound to say I have met with none at Margate. Possibly there may have been some at conventicles, but in this register I have only noted "Godlie," "Faith," "Mercy," "Godgift," "Freegift."

One Goodwin has his son christened "Earl." It is curious to note how the fashion of Christian names has changed. I believe that "Charles" only occurs four times in the whole volume, "William" only twice, "Edith" and "Alfred" not at all. Scripture names are by far the most common.

John Lawrey, vicar from 1646 to 1653, was a Scotchman, and so proud of his northern origin that he announces it continually. At the beginning of his incumbency he writes in the margin, "*Joannes Lawrey Scotobritannus Vicarius.*" He puts his name on the first page of the register, which no one else has done, and on the last page he has also written, "*John Lawrey Scoto Brit: Taodunan Vic: 1646.*" And these are by no means all. When his baby is christened, July 10, 1647, he registers it *Filius Johannis (Scoto-britanni) Vicarii et Marthæ Lawrey*. He was a scholar and man of ability, with a lot cast in troublous times, as several remarks show, though there is less perturbation than one might have expected to find. There is one entry, evidently intended to be significant, opposite a baptism on Jan. 16, 1647. "Last baptism unquestioned," alluding, I suppose, to the Ordinance which had been passed, substituting the Directory for the Book of Common Prayer. This is curious—"April 22, 1652, Baptizatus *Johnes filius Thomæ Smith et Mary Smith. Tunc etiam Baptizta filia Johnio Bigs in templo Domini dictaque est Sara.*" It seems strange that the *place* of the ceremony should be thus specified, and here only. The entry is certainly in Lawrey's writing.

There are a few interesting entries among the burials.

Thus:—"June 2, 1648, Mr. Geo. Somner, Major, qui obiit ad Vicum Wye in defensione Patriæ et Regis." This was in the Royalist rising in Kent (Clarendon, Book viii.), as an interesting memorial in the church shows. It is a plain stone lying close to the pulpit,

with the following inscription:—*"Depositum Georgii Somneri generosi Cantuariensis nati, qui turmæ eques tris ductor strenuè se gerens in conflictu Wiensi apud Cantianos globulo trajectus caput fortiter occubuit, haud minori cum Patriæ luctu, quam sua cum laude. 30 May 1648, Ætatis suæ 51."* Underneath this are two lines, roughly obliterated with a chisel, by order, it is said, of Parliament.

His widow, under her maiden name of Norwood, afterwards married Captain Pettit of Dentsdelyon.

On 31st July, 1648, Mr. Lawrey states that "Wm. Sharpe was buried, shot inhumanely by a catch of the Lord of Warwick at the coming of the revolted ships into the Downs."

Twice before the registers are taken out of his hands he tells how he married certain persons with the Prayer Book, and then he names the sureties who, he says, engaged to bear him harmless.

In 1653 Parliament ordered that registrars were to be chosen by every parish, who were to be sworn by a justice of the peace. In many registers the record of the administration of the oath, and the terms of it, is set down in the register. It is so in the St. Peter's book,¹ along with a protest by the vicar against the book being taken out of his hands. In the volume

¹ It is worth transcribing at length. "The oath of John Baker for marriages, births, and burials, in the parish of St. Peter the Apostle in the Isle of Thanet, administered before me, Thomas White, of the towne and port of Dover, Jurat and Justice of the Peace there, and in the limbes and precincts thereof, this 1st day of June, 1654.

"You shall sweare that you shall duely and truly during the tyme you shall continew register Register all marriages, and birthes of children, and burials of all sorts of people within the said parish of St. Peter the Apostle in the said isle, and the names of everie of them, and the daies of the moneth and yeare of publication of marriages, birthes, and burials, and y^e parents, guardians and overseer's names, whereof you shall have notice according to the Act of Parliament in that behalfe made. So helpe you God.

"THO. WHITE."

before us, after the register of a baptism on December 11, 1653, I find the following, in the hand of a royalist cleric, whom I suspect to be Mr. Powell, referred to below :—

“Henceforward untill you must look to have this register somewhat confused, for it was kept in confused times, and when the government was broken and imprisoned, when Hypocrisy reigned and proclaimed herself by the name of Religion, and this poore nation lay under an arbitrary government, our lives, libertyes, and estates for divers year last past being subject to be taken away by a vote of a piece of an House of Commons without any legall tryall or judgment by peers, according to the law untill ye Lord Generall of ye army took on him ye government and then we began to have some rules to live by.”

The blank in the first line was evidently left in the hope that the writer might one day get the volume in his control again, but blank it has remained to this day. In some registers one finds a sort of shriek of joy from the vicar at its being restored to him after the Rebellion was at an end. In the present case, John Lawrey died with any such hope unfulfilled, for his burial is registered September 3, 1655.¹

The registrar chosen by the town-folk of Margate certainly does no credit to their choice. His name was Edward Culmer, and he belonged to a family which had made itself distinguished for its Puritanical violence. One of them had smashed the stained glass windows of Canterbury Cathedral. But this man could not write. Were I to introduce a facsimile of his signature the reader would be impelled to exclaim “It must be an exaggeration!” And I feel sure that some one must have held his hand even to make this, for the pen has strayed in a feeble, spluttering fashion all over the paper. However, he did not hold office very long, for in 1656 he signs for the last time, and his successor has written, evidently with triumphant spirit, “Exit Culmer” against his name, and his burial is registered January

29, 1656. This successor was the parish clerk, Francis Cory, whose handwriting is admirable, a hand that would have gladdened Lord Palmerston’s heart—free and bold, and every word legible at first glance. He held his office till 1693, when his burial is recorded.

There are two points to notice in the entries of the time of the Commonwealth. The one is that the birth, not the baptism, is registered, though in a very short time the book-keeper, I observe, sets down both. In some cases it is carefully noted that the Prayer-book was used. The other is that marriages are performed generally, but not always, by civil magistrates. Thus—“December 26, 1653, Edward Paine and Elizabeth Nash were married by Justice [he is sometimes called Maior] Foach at his house at Monkton.” He marries the thirteen couples that follow, then we have Mr. Lawrey marrying a couple, and so they go on, in about these proportions.

In 1656 the marriage entries change again. We have now the banns of marriage recorded. “Richard Young, Bach., and Ann Egender, Virgin, were published ye 21st of September, the 28th of September, and the 5th of October, and were married by Justice Foach the 9th day of October, 1656.” Sometimes we are told that the banns were published in the parish church, sometimes “in Sandwich markett.”

Lawrey was succeeded by *Edward Riggs*, who had been a chaplain to Admiral Blake.² He was, it need hardly be said, a Presbyterian. I have seen an autograph letter or two of his. He wrote a singularly graceful and pretty hand. Mr. Johnson’s note upon him is “Edvardus Riggs, si fas est Vicarium vocari quem merum Laicum fuisse accepimus, quo igitur loco scribatur N. Powell quem hic aliquandiu prædicasse constat jam post Scoti mortem, a Vicario Sti Petri hue

¹ In the following February his widow marries Thomas Lucas, Chirurgeon.

² My authority for this is a MS. note of an industrious student of Margate Antiquities, Mr. John Boys.

committavit atq hic obiit." There is an angry fling at Riggs in the St. Peter's Register *à propos* of his having gone thither to baptise a child.

What became of him I should be very glad to learn. He marries a couple on December 19, 1659, and signs the churchwardens' accounts that year, after which I lose sight of him. He is not buried at St. John's nor at St. Peter's. Probably he had to resign his post at the Restoration. His successor was Thomas Stephens, vicar of St. Peter's. Johnson's note is "Post Riggs Thomas Stephens a Parochia Sti Petri (populi cum ingratiis) huc venit." If the statement of Lewis is correct, the words in the parenthesis are explainable. He is said to have been a man of licentious life. His name does not occur in the register nor in the churchwardens' accounts until we have this—"January 2, 1661, Thomas Smith, vicar of this parish, was buried."

The Margate people on Mr. Riggs's departure had petitioned the crown to give them the curate of Minster, John Overing.¹ They now repeated this request to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Juxon) on Stephens's death, and were successful. He came, but only lived four years longer; then came Nicholas Chewney. He had been deprived, in the days of the Commonwealth, of the neighbouring living of St. Nicholas, but immediately afterwards obtained that of Ivor, in Buckinghamshire. At the Restoration he returned to St. Nicholas, and now is brought to Margate. Johnson calls him "bonus vir qui Theologie Doctor vocari gestiit," and adds "Ab anno 1665 ad annum 1685 feliciter huic populo preffit."

¹ On the vacancy caused by Mr. Lawrey's death I have found evidence that they took vast pains for a good successor. They called in the aid and advice of their former vicar, Mr. Bankes, for in the churchwardens' accounts we have several charges for journeys to consult Mr. Bankes, and for ministers whom Mr. Bankes recommended on trial.

He is the last vicar with whom this register has to do. The chief interest of the volume in his days lies in the continual mention of King Charles's ships, and the seamen brought ashore out of them and buried. Any one in quest of evidence to support Macaulay's dismal account, in his third chapter, of the state of the navy, will find it in abundance here.

I have put together the following table of each successive tenth year, starting from the first complete year in the register:—

	Baptisms.	Marriages.	Burials.
1560	21	10	15
1570	28	11	27
1580	18	4	12
1590	12	5	5
1600	24	6	19
1610	40	13	20
1620	51	20	17
1630	49	8	26
1640	50	16	40
1650	41	7	35
1660	47	1	29
1670	60	4	52
1680		5	55

It would be unsafe to generalise on the figures shown in this table. The burials are of course the most useful for determining population, but even they are unsafe to judge by, seeing how largely the number is augmented by the deaths by drowning which are recorded, as well as aboard the ships in the Margate Roads. That the registers were very carelessly kept at some periods will be apparent at a glance.

Probably it will not be a very wild supposition if we estimate the yearly burials as about twenty to a thousand inhabitants. In two or three years there was some fatal epidemic, whole families were swept off, and the deaths exceeded a hundred a year.

Nobody in those days dreamt of going to Margate for a holiday. It was indeed much visited by persons

crossing the seas. "Margate," says Daniel Defoe, "is eminent for nothing that I know of but for King William's frequently landing there in his return from Holland, and for shipping a vast quantity of corn for the London market, most of which, if not all of it, is produced in the Isle of Thanet, in which it stands. But it is a poor pitiful place." Certainly it was a great place for royal landings. Charles II. was expected here at the Restoration, and a royal escort was waiting for him, but the wind settled the question in favour of Dover. King Charles, however, came here next year to meet his sister. King William was here constantly. In the library of the House of Lords there is a MS. account in French of his landing on October 30th, 1691, at "*un méchant village nommé Margette*."

George II. once landed in the middle of the night on some crazy steps, which disappeared last year, and was taken to a house still standing, in King Street, to sleep. Local tradition records that an old lady preceded him with a tallow candle in a lantern, and said at the corner, "O please, Mr. King, mind the puddle." King Street remains almost *in statu quo*, and there are still abundance of puddles. But a Quaker named Beale made the town prosperous by increasing the facilities for bathing. And the doctors have helped it on, for one of the most eminent of living physicians is said to have declared that the two most healthy places in the world are Margate and Hampstead Heath.

W. BENHAM.

THE MISTLETOE.

MOST of us can probably remember an old-fashioned song entitled *The Mistletoe Bough*, sung to us first and last in the nursery with all a nurse-maid's tendency to gloat over a tale of woe like that of young Lovell and his lost bride. It was adapted (apparently from an Italian story, as so many of our old stories were) to English popular taste by a passing allusion to Christmas festivities, with the addition of the somewhat superfluous and irrelevant refrain, "Oh, the Mistletoe Bough!" But in the poet Rogers's rendering the unfortunate young lady is Ginevra of the Orsini, and the scene of the calamity is Modena; and in this pretty poem there is, *bien entendu*, no mention of the mistletoe bough, though by a certain fatality we have, in the old song, this curious parasite once more connected with that mystery of love and death with which in the most recondite traces of its early mention we find it inseparably involved.

To be told that the mistletoe has been of old sacred to love will surprise no one who remembers the purpose for which it is suspended in our halls and kitchens, one of the yule-tyde ceremonies, an annual concession made by decorum to love, and honoured in the observance by no less virtuous a person than the immortal Mr. Pickwick himself. We see this custom in its present aspect as one long unquestioned and proper to Christmas, (or improper, if fastidiousness so prefers to call it); but when we wake up and begin to ask whence it arose, we are led to indications of a no less than primæval antiquity; while on the transitional period, that is, the period between its origin and our beginning to question that origin, there is, as is usual with such questionings, no light shed.

It has certainly been regarded of old as a custom of much importance, for it used to be said that the maid who was not kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas would not be married that year; and we can only refer its being mixed up with matrimonial considerations to the fact of the plant being sacred to the Venus of Scandinavia,

" Freya, from whom flows every bliss,
The winning smile, the melting kiss."

The antiquary Brand tells us also that when it was expelled from the churches with a true Christian abhorrence for its heathenish character, "it had a place assigned it in kitchens, where it was hung up in great state with its white berries, and whatever female chanced to stand under it, the young man present either had a right, or claimed one, of saluting her and plucking off a berry at each kiss."

Freya, however, united in herself the attributes of Venus and of Ceres-Proserpine, and if she represented the Venus Genitrix, distinguished as such by her own peculiar ornament, a necklace of most brilliant stones—

" Strung by the hand of young Desire,
And bright with Love's own blessed fire,"

she no less impersonated the great Earth-Mother, beneath whose footsteps plenty sprang. Wherever she trod flowers bloomed and crops flourished, as in Egypt beneath the gigantic footprint of the great sickle-bearer, Perseus. She held in herself the whole being of the Magna Mater, recognised in the east sometimes as Venus, elsewhere as Ceres or Proserpine. For between these two, the mother and daughter, there was no real distinction, but Proserpine, in her six months' retention in Hades, imaged the dormant powers of nature, fructifying

in darkness beneath the soil in the wintry half of the year; while in the other six, in which it was permitted to her to shed brightness on the earth and rejoice herself in its sunshine and gladness, she represented the summer season, when the earth became green again with shoots, ultimately ripening into harvest fruits.

Still Proserpine, as Proserpine, was distinctly queen of the dead; and Proserpine was worshipped in Britain, but this is supposed to have been before Hu Gadarn (Hu the Mighty) the British Priest-God, traversed the misty sea, and brought to the British the Druidic (or magian) religion when they were plunged in Polytheism. In any case, the Druids worshipped the sun and moon (their religion having in most respects a strong relationship with the secret forms of worship in the east), and there is no distinction really between this and the worship of the Magna Mater. In Babylon the sun and moon were Baal and Mylitta, and Mylitta was, with the Phœnicians, Astarte, goddess of love; and also Urania, as goddess of the heavens and of spiritual and holy love; and in Cyprus, where the Greeks and Phœnicians met on common ground, Astarte was accepted by the Greeks as Aphrodite, for love being ubiquitous and universal, these two races anciently occupying Cyprus could worship one goddess in common.

Even to this day, Cesnola tells us, Greek maidens burn candles in an ancient Phœnician megalithic monument or tomb, in honour of the Panagia, or All Holy Queen, known to them as the Virgin Mary.

It was possibly with some reference to a connection of Freya with Astarte that the Druids were so particular about gathering the mistletoe at the new moon.

But to Proserpine, in the shades below, the mistletoe was sacred, and not to Venus-Aphrodite, to whom belonged the emblems of love—the myrtle, the rose, and the apple; and as symbols of fruitfulness, the poppy,

the dove, and the sparrow. Her doves, indeed, guided Æneas to the tree whereon grew the golden bough different from the tree itself, sacred to the “Infernal Juno,” *i.e.* Proserpine, which “auricomus fetus” he must pluck and carry as an offering to Proserpine, as the only condition on which he could visit the realms below.

The Druids esteemed it above all as a specific for fecundity, and, to connect it still more closely with Proserpine, it does not seem improbable that it was used in the rites of sepulture; for in a coffin found in a tumulus at Gristhorpe, near Scarborough, containing a skeleton six feet in height, was discovered a substance resembling decomposed rushes, which, when expanded by a steepening process, presented to view the long lanceolate leaf of the mistletoe; from which it is not unreasonable to conclude that the chieftain of the tribe of the Brigantes, who presumably occupied that coffin, was carrying with him that propitiatory offering to the realm of the pale queen,—a corresponding action to that of Æneas.

And in further elucidation of this plan of importing the mistletoe-bough to the nether world, we may mention that to this day the peasants of Holstein and of some other countries, call the mistletoe *Marentaken*, *i.e.* branch of spectres, or spectre wand, a name arising from the supposition that, by holding a branch of it in the hand, a man will not only be enabled to see ghosts but also to force them to speak to him, in which case it would be a very important *vade mecum* for any person desirous on leaving this world of rejoining his departed friends already

“ — gone before
To that unknown and silent shore.”

The history, if such it may be called, of Freya herself, affords a further striking illustration of the way in which the mistletoe bough was inextricably mixed up with love and death. She, the queen of all love, to whom this very plant was consecrated, yet failed, in spite of every

effort divine and human which devoted affection could suggest, to prevent its being the instrument of death to Balder, that brother beloved. The story of Balder's death—than which there is none, ancient or modern, more beautiful or pathetic—has been put before us by modern poets, and needs no recapitulation. Longfellow and Arnold have sung of it most sweetly, and Morris has devoted here and there many a beautiful line to the expected return, the days yet to come, of Balder the Bright.

“ All things in earth and air
Bound were by magic spell
Never to do him harm :
Even the plants and stones,
All save the Mistletoe,
The sacred Mistletoe ! ”

For Freya, who had taken this infinite trouble to secure his safety when danger had threatened him in a dream—a dream in which Hela, queen of death, appeared to him and invited him to pass the next night with her—Freya had somehow overlooked the mistletoe. Whether by its being of small growth, or its position as a parasite, not growing on the ground as others, or because of its belonging to herself, she omitted it ; and Lok the spirit of evil, profiting by this one loop-hole, made use of it to destroy from among them him who was the beloved individualisation of good.

In such fair, such elevated guise, does Balder, in his life and his promised return to establish new heavens and earth, stand forth from amid the monstrosities of Thor-worship and so forth, that the Christian missionaries who had to wrestle with those enormities failed not to accept him as an almost perfect type of Him who perished by the wood of a tree, the just for the unjust. The mistletoe was sacred of old with the Persians, and the Massagetæ, and the reverence paid to it by the Druids was something very special, and exceeding that paid to other objects of religious importance ; for, as Pliny tell us, “ The Druids hold nothing more sacred than the mistletoe,

provided it be on an oak. They look upon it as a certain sign that their god hath made choice of that tree for himself. But it is a thing very rare to be met withal (that is on the oak, and so it is now) ; and when it is found they resort to it with great devotion.” They deified the mistletoe, and might only approach it in the most devout and reverential manner. When the end of the year approached they marched with great solemnity to gather the mistletoe of the oak in order to present it to Jupiter, inviting all the world to assist at the ceremony, with the words, “ The new year is at hand, gather the mistletoe ! ” This Borlase tells us ; and Picard says that in Burgundy the country people on the first day of the year salute one another with the words, “ Au Guy, l'an neuf (*Ad Viscum annus novus*) ! ” *Guy* or *gue* being the Celtic name still retained for the mistletoe in French : whilst in the upper parts of Germany, where heathen customs abound, the common people, according to Keysler, about Christmas-time, run about the villages striking doors and windows with hammers, and shouting, “ Gut hyl, gut hyl ! ” words which are plainly equivalent to the Druidical name of the mistletoe used by Pliny when he calls it *omnia sanans*, All-Heal. For indeed there is hardly anything which it has not been said to cure. In Brittany, where it is now become “ l'Herbe de la Croix ” (*louzaouen ar groaz*), it is considered to heal fever, and to give strength for wrestling. Bacon says the mistletoe upon oaks is counted very medicinal, and the Druids considered it a remedy against all kinds of poisons, and a sovereign remedy against vermin.

The inhabitants of Elgin and Moray, says the Rev. Mr. Shaw, are accustomed to cut withes of the mistletoe and make circles of them to keep throughout the year, pretending therewith to cure hectic and other troubles. “ Dayly experience,” quoth the old herbalist Johnson (1633), “ shewes this plant to have no maligne nor poisonous,

but rather a contrarie facultie, being frequently used in medicines against the epilepsie. The leaves and berries of mistletoe are hot and dry, and of subtile parts; the bird-lime is hot and biting, and consists of an airy and watery substance, with some earthly qualitie; for, according to the judgment of Galen, his acrimony overcommeth his bitterness; for if it be used in outward applications, it draweth humours from the deepest parts of the body, spreading and dispersing them abroad, and digesting them. It ripeneth hard swellings behind the ears, and other impostumes, being tempered with rosin and a little qualitie of wax. . . . It hath been most credibly reported unto me, that a few of the berries of the mistletoe bruised and strained into oyle and drunken, hath presently and forthwith rid a grievous and sore stitch."

The people of Holstein regard it, especially if found on an oak, as a panacea for green wounds, and a sure charm to secure success in hunting.

Here is enough to justify its name of *omnia sanans*, and Pliny, after detailing the properties attributed to it, and the pomp and ceremony of white vestments and golden sickle attending its solemn gathering by the Arch-Druid, winds up with all a Roman's contempt for, and horror of, Druidism in these words: "So vain and superstitious are many nations in the world, and oftentimes in such frivolous and foolish things as these!" And yet Pliny, perhaps, took a rather superficial view. At any rate we, who are heirs of all the ages, can look back with a more general, as we possess a larger, survey of the whole sea of time.

The gathering of the mistletoe in Britain was tarnished by all the horrors of human sacrifice which had to be put down by the Romans with strong hand and a violent antagonism: but we can find Druidical rites and observances in most remote antiquity, in the primeval religion of races, tending ever westward from the far east;

the material symbol losing, in its passage through races and through time, its primitive purity of meaning, and invariably degenerating into an object of blinded and corrupt idolatry; the plaything of the worst of human passions, in substitution for its once high position as the exponent of the best of moral feelings. There was nothing holier than oaks and groves in the days of Abraham and the Patriarchs; such and such only were their temples, not built with hands, where they met to worship and commune with the Deity. These natural sanctuaries only ceased to be held sacred when the heathen had invaded and corrupted them, and when the only chance of salvation that remained for Israel was that they should worship in one divinely appointed place and no other, divinely marked by one only symbol, the Cherubin, which by their four-fold form and dual number could not be construed into an idol. But the oak never lost its reputation for sanctity, and was held sacred to Jove; and it is curious to find how long it retained its pre-eminence in Britain.

The author of *Magna Britannia*, in his "Account of the Hundred of Oroyland," describes a great wood belonging to the archbishops, said to have consisted wholly of oaks; and among them was one that bore mistletoe, which some persons were so hardy as to cut down for the gain of selling it to the apothecaries of London, leaving a branch of it to sprout out; but they proved unfortunate after it, for one of them fell lame, and others lost an eye. At length, in the year 1678, a certain man, notwithstanding he was warned against it, upon the account of what the others had suffered, adventured to cut the tree down, and he soon after broke his leg. To fell oaks hath long been considered fatal, and such as believe it produce the instance of the Earl of Winchelsea, who, having felled a curious grove of oaks, soon after found his countess dead in her bed suddenly; and his eldest son, the Lord

Maidstone, was presently killed by a cannon-ball. It is rather curious, too, that certain English oaks have been named "Gospel" trees and "Apostles."

The Greeks had a custom, long retained by the Athenians, of carrying each new year to their neighbours' houses an olive branch, "the dove's branch," just as we find the mistletoe carried from house to house at the same season by the Celts of Armorica and Great Britain. It was beyond doubt an allusion to that glaucous branch which was a pledge of resurrection to Noah from his symbolical grave, the *ramus felicitis olivæ*; and admitting this we can see clearly why "righteous branch" should be a name of the great Healer of all ills, in whom culminate the purity and pathos of the sublime mystery of love and death.

Stukely says "the Druids laid the mistletoe on their altars, an emblem of the salutiferous advent of the Messiah." Some such meaning, before which the gem-bedecked Freya may shrink humbly within the material limits of her earthly paradise, may possibly have been dimly underlying the smoke of their sacrifice; but for us the atmosphere is clear. Christmas is with us once more, and the mistletoe; and love and death have

again taken up their places conspicuously by our fireside, those otherwise vacant places!

Let us apply ourselves once more to the task of greeting Christmas kindly, remembering that for those who have been scarred and wounded in the past year's battles, there is still one circumstance which makes Christmas festivities endurable, without which they would not be even possible; and that is, that we have the children with us.

In reverence for their blissful ignorance, a veil is drawn over all that, till fate has forced it upon them, they have no need to know; and the very fact of walking with this veil drawn, and acting the part of a perfect sympathy with their childish glee, brings with it a reality of warmth and refreshment which has served again and again to re-invigorate the world and its toilers; whilst behind it all lies a sure and certain prospect which the dwellers in a royal palace and the inmates of the lowliest cottage alike may lay to heart. For, says Love,

"The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all."

E. A. M. L.

“SUBSCRIPTION.”¹

It is with some hesitation that I enter on a subject which I thought I had fully despatched some fifteen years ago. But it has occurred to me that, looking at some of the observations which have been made on subscription during the last six months, it might be desirable to remove the whole question from the somewhat personal and controversial aspect under which it has presented itself, and to carry it back to a wider ground, which will at once serve as an illustration and as an argument for the course which commended itself at the time of which I spoke.

It is right to say that in what follows I do not touch on the question how far it is right or expedient for the Church to control the opinions of its individual members. That is a matter for the authorities to determine in each particular instance. The Duke of Argyll made some pertinent remarks on this subject a few months ago in speaking of the Church of Scotland.

But the question of subscription is much more simple. It is an expedient that could hardly be adopted in other matters. No one promises beforehand to obey the statutes of the realm. When they are put in force against him, he feels bound to obey or to resist, as the case may be; but his conscience is not entangled by any preliminary declaration of his adherence to them. No one subscribes beforehand to the contents of the Bible, or to the excellence of the versions of King James or of the University Printing Presses. It is enough that we accept them for their intrinsic merit. In this respect I have always agreed with Bishop Burnet: “Churches and societies are much better secured by laws than by subscription. It is a much more reasonable as a more easy mode of government.”

The proposition which I maintain

is that subscription to any document is always misleading, always futile; and that it has been proved to be so, on the most colossal scale, by the historical precedent to which I am now about to refer. This was to a great extent remedied some fourteen years ago; but if it needs to be remedied yet further, that remedy should be at once applied.

In the year 1841 there took place the greatest uprising against the letter of the Anglican formularies that has ever been known before or since. In that year there appeared a celebrated tract which gave expression to a large amount of feeling prevailing at that time amongst the clergy of the Church of England, in which the Thirty-nine Articles were, as it were, taken to pieces, and one by one dissected and disembowelled before the eyes of an astonished public. The belief down to that time had been that, whatever else the Articles might be, they were a declaration unmistakable against the Church of Rome. They were the declaration which in the great struggle of the Reformation the Church of England, like the other Protestant Churches, adopted as a means of expressing its own deliberate conviction. They partook of the same character as all the Protestant Confessions, except that, so far as the Protestant Churches were divided into two sections, the Confession of Augsburg and the Scandinavian Confessions represented the Lutheran, the Helvetic Confession, the Heidelberg Catechism, the Westminster Confession, and the Thirty-nine Articles represented the Reformed. It was therefore a reasonable conviction that in this document, if in any, was to be found a safeguard against the principles of the Church of Rome. A few of the Articles, such as those from Article I to Article V, were directed against the ancient heresies of the early centuries; a few

¹ Address read at Sion College, Dec. 7, 1880.

others, such as part of Articles XXXVII, XXXVIII, and XXXIX, were directed against the revolutionary tendencies of the extreme Anabaptists; but the remaining thirty were devoted to the setting forth of what were believed to be the points on which the Protestant Churches had, with much labour and pain, broken free from the great Church of the West. This was the bulwark which was supposed to be contained in the Articles; and it was securely fenced in, as it was thought, by a series of subscriptions which prevented at every point the intrusion of the opposite opinion. There was first a subscription from all undergraduates of Oxford above the age of twelve years, which was expressed by signature without any precise form of words. There was further added in 1603 a subscription to the Royal Supremacy, to the Book of Common Prayer, and to the Thirty-nine Articles, expressed in these words:—

"I do willingly and from my heart subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion of the United Church of England and Ireland, and to the three articles of the 36th canon, and to all things that are contained in them."

The three articles of the canon were as follows:—

"1. That the Queen's Majesty, under God, is the only supreme governor of this realm and of all other Her Highness's dominions and countries, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things for causes as temporal; and that no foreign prince, prelate, state, or potentate, hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within Her Majesty's said realms, dominions, and countries. 2. That the Book of Common Prayer, and of Ordering of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, containeth in it nothing contrary to the Word of God; and that it may lawfully so be used; and that I myself will use the form in the said book prescribed in public prayer and administration of the sacraments, and none other. 3. That I allow the Book of Articles of Religion, agreed upon by the archbishops and bishops of both provinces and the whole clergy, in the Convocation holden at London in the year of our Lord 1562; and that I acknowledge all and every the articles therein contained, being in number thirty-nine, besides the ratification, to be agreeable to the Word of God."

There was also the subscription enjoined by the Act 13 Eliz. c. 12, sec. 5, in 1571, that the minister should

"Declare his assent and subscribe to all the Articles of Religion, which only concern the confession of the true faith and the doctrine of the sacraments;"

and further, that

"No person shall hereafter be admitted to any benefice with cure except he . . . shall first have subscribed the said articles in presence of the Ordinary, and publicly read the same in the parish church of that benefice, with declaration of his unfeigned assent to the same."

There was also in 1661, for the beneficed clergy, this assent to the Prayer Book contained in these words:

"I do hereby declare my unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by the book intituled The Book of Common Prayer."

When, therefore, the whole of this machinery as regards the Articles was found to have suddenly broken down; when all these subscriptions utterly failed of their purpose; when Article VI was held to affirm that the Books of Scripture are not the rule of faith; when Article XI says that justification is by faith only, and we were told that Baptism and works justify as well as faith; when Article XII says that works done before justification have the nature of sin, and we were told on the other hand that such works dispose men to receive the grace of justification; when Article XVI says that not every sin after baptism is unpardonable, and when it was asserted that every sin after Baptism is unpardonable; when Article XX speaks of the visible Church, and says nothing of Episcopal succession, and when on the other hand we were told that Episcopal succession is essential; when Article XXI says that General Councils may err, and on the other hand we were told that General Councils must be distinguished from Ecumenical Councils which never err; when in Article XXII, the "Romish" doctrine concerning Purgatory, Pardons, Relics, Invocation of Saints is condemned, and we were told that by this is not meant the Roman doctrine;

when, in Article XXV, the Sacraments are confined to two, and we were told that there was no reason why we should not have seven; when in Article XXVIII, Transubstantiation is said to be repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, and we were told on the other hand that Transubstantiation is a theory which the Article does not touch; when, in Article XXXI, the sacrifices of Masses are said to be blasphemous fables, and we were told that the Sacrifice of the Mass is quite true; when, in Article XXIII, there is an assertion that the marriage of the clergy is permissible, and we are told that even the most determined advocates of the celibacy of the clergy admit the fact; when Article XXX asserts that "the second Book of Homilies contains godly and wholesome doctrine necessary for these times," and we were told that there was no subscription to the Homilies, and that it was never intended that we should submit to such a yoke of bondage; when all these, and many more, were explained or denied in a manner which the majority of the English people, and the mass of the English clergy, believed to be entirely at variance with the intention of the Reformers who compiled them, and with the wording of the Articles themselves, it was with a feeling of something like dismay that this breach was effected in the safeguards which subscription to the Articles had provided. The first publication of Tract XC provoked a sharp and bitter controversy. Many of those who had formerly sympathised with its illustrious author fell away from their allegiance to him. Some of those who on other grounds had long before this time advocated the relaxation of the enormous burden of subscription were startled and confounded, especially when they found that the liberty sought for was not to be attained by open legal methods, but by crooked and subtilizing explanations. Nevertheless the respect due to the personal character and lofty genius of Cardinal Newman withheld the early opponents of Tract XC from

pursuing their victory beyond the point of a censure pronounced by the Hebdomadal Board at Oxford.

As time, however, went on, and more and more use was made of this liberty, the opposition became in proportion more intense. In 1844 the explanation of the Articles offered by Tract XC was taken up in a bolder and more defiant strain by one who, although his name is forgotten by the present generation, and is never once mentioned in the interesting account of these times by Cardinal Newman, was yet, as the memory of any one who goes back to that period will testify, the most energetic and active in influence of all the persons connected with the Oxford movement in that stage of its existence. Mr. Ward, in his *Ideal of the Christian Church*, and in a pamphlet which immediately preceded it, set forth, with a directness and a perspicuity which is beyond the possibility of mistake, the repeated claim to hold every Roman doctrine compatibly with the signature of the Thirty-nine Articles. He did not, indeed, go a step beyond what Tract XC had claimed as the legitimate boundary of belief, but he stated the doctrine in a more popular and more intelligible shape, and gave currency to the expression of a "non-natural sense." All this, combined with the increasing alarm and apprehension which the movement had created in all classes of the community, resulted in the greatest explosion of theological apprehension and animosity which has been witnessed within this century.

The whole point turned, it will be observed, on the question of the lawfulness of thus escaping from the subscriptions which the clergy and the graduates had taken. The machinery set on foot by the Oxford authorities, who at that time acted with the virtual authority of the Church itself, was of the most decisive kind. It first of all set forth a test by which it was hoped that the Articles must for the future be accepted, not according to the subtle explanations of the nineteenth century, but according to the rigid definitions

of the sixteenth. It laid down that, whenever subscribed within the University of Oxford, they must be accepted in that sense in which they had been originally uttered.

A second class of machinery consisted of the terrible decrees pronounced against the author himself. First, that he should be censured for this deviation from the subscriptions he had taken; and, secondly, that if found guilty he should be deprived of all his degrees and reduced to the state of an undergraduate.

The third piece of artillery that was brought to bear was a revival of the attack on the spring of this dissolving tendency, and was aimed against Tract XC itself.

Upon the announcement of this vast strategy there arose a protest against it from a section of the clergy and the community which, though from the time of Lord Falkland it had existed in the bosom of the English Church, has been in the habit of keeping itself to itself, and of not embroiling the acrimonious controversies by which it has been surrounded. "It is suggested," so I read in a letter dated 1847, "that the new party which is, or which wants to be formed is not the High Church or the Low Church, but the Broad Church." But on this occasion it was thoroughly roused. The attempt to define subscription by a reference to the original intention of the framers, however reasonable, however just it may appear as a matter of history and of logic, met with the most determined opposition from this quarter.

One who has since been raised to the highest post of the English Church, and who has united in that position the liberality and firmness of mind which he showed on this occasion, generously put aside his former objections to the celebrated tract, and issued a powerful and convincing protest against extending the censure to Tract XC any further than the immediate purpose of pronouncing the position untenable, and against drawing from the natural antipathy to its circumlocutions a legal and ecclesiastical instrument for abridging

the liberties of the whole Church. Mr. Maurice, forgiving all the obloquy with which he had been loaded by the High Church party, came forward at the same time to vindicate the latitude which Tract XC and the *Ideal of the Christian Church* demanded. Professor Donkin—the most serene and unimpassioned intellect of that troublous time, and who was foremost in the Liberal ranks—wrote a short and trenchant pamphlet on the subject. Mr. Hull, the venerable opponent of the Athanasian Creed, became the champion of the endangered party. Two younger members of the Liberal school, who have since risen to high positions in the University and the Church, were ceaselessly employed during the whole of the winter preceding the final attack in endeavouring to avert it. They drew up and they obtained a legal opinion which was submitted to a distinguished lawyer, now Lord Chancellor of England, and by a minute comparison of them with the changes introduced into their substance in the reign of Charles the Second, they maintained the illegality of the new test.

The Hebdomadal Board quailed before an attack which was fired upon them from both sides, and they withdrew the first branch of their attack. On the very day on which the legal opinion to which I have referred became known, the new test was withdrawn.

The second branch of attack was also vehemently resisted by almost the whole of the Liberal section of the Church. If some few amongst them voted for the censure, the great majority voted against applying it to the person of the individual. It was, however, carried amidst furious tumult, and amidst excitement that involved the whole university, from the youngest undergraduate to the topmost dignitary, with cries and counter cries of passion from all shades of what has since been the obstructive party of the Church of England.

But the third measure, containing the attack on Tract XC, was sus

pended for the moment by the courageous and magnanimous conduct of the two proctors, who rose in their places and placed upon the measure that constitutional veto which the university allows. On this step, a large declaration of support, signed by all the members who have since become famous in the liberal ranks of the Church of England, was drawn up, in order to strengthen the hands of the proctors, and to prevent the measure being brought forward when they went out of office. The contest had reached a white heat. The weapons of both parties were drawn, when suddenly the Oxford movement collapsed. This is not the place to describe the reason for so singular and total a defeat. The triumph over Mr. Ward and his adherents was absolute and final, but it had no connection with the subscription to the Article, or the "non-natural sense."

Two remarks are inevitable at this point. The first is that it was not the violation, real or supposed, of the engagements into which they had entered by their subscriptions, that drove the distinguished heads of the secession from the Church of England. In Cardinal Newman's case we have his own express declaration that the great moving causes of his secession were the foundation of the bishopric at Jerusalem, and the discovery, in studying the Fathers of the fifth century, that the position of the Church of England might be considered as analogous to that of the Monophysites. Other reasons, no doubt, moral, artistic, theological, may have had their weight in producing that step; but it was not any compunction at having strained the historical sense of the Thirty-nine Articles beyond endurance.

The other remark is this. Cardinal Newman has stated with all his eloquence, with an eloquence which continued even to that memorable day when he received the invitation from the Supreme Pontiff to accept the cardinal's hat, that he was one of those who from the first had "fierce thoughts against the Liberal school ;"

he was one of those "who kept it at bay in Oxford for many years;" and he adds: "The men who have driven me from Oxford were distinctly Liberals. It was they who had opened the attack on Tract XC, and it was they who would gain a second benefit if I went on to retire from the Anglican Church." In his statement of his fierce opposition to the Liberal school he is, no doubt, perfectly correct. Politically, ecclesiastically, theologically, he maintained an internecine opposition to them. It will be seen from what I have said, that he is not equally correct in stating that the Liberals were the men who drove him from the Anglican Church. He might have retired under any circumstances, but the blows which were intended by the Oxford decrees to have made it impossible for him to retain his position were warded off, I will not say entirely, but in a very large measure, by the self-denying efforts of the Liberal party.

I have not yet finished my history. Many years elapsed, and Tract XC, which had provoked so tremendous a disturbance of the theological mind, which had broken through the very innermost drawbridge and portcullis, as it was thought, of the Church of England, and which had played so conspicuous a part in the crisis of the fate of the party, was again brought to the front in 1866. On that occasion it was republished with approval in Oxford by a high dignitary, whose name, in his advanced old age, wins a respect even from his opponents. He said, "That work which Tract XC effected will never be undone so long as the Articles shall last." There was not a word of remonstrance from any quarter whatever. The heads of houses were silent. The bishops were silent. The leading journals, which so fiercely and vigorously supported the coercive measures of 1845, spoke of the outcry on that occasion as ludicrously exaggerated and one-sided. The leading periodical of the High Church party announced that "What was condemned in a panic of ignorance

in 1841 is accepted and allowed to be entirely tenable in 1865."

"One is tempted to ask with wonder," the reviewer continues, "how it is that men ever have placed such implicit belief in the Articles? . . . No other answer can be given than that they have been neglected and ignored. . . . It is impossible to deny that they contain statements, or assertions, that are verbally false, and others that are very difficult to reconcile with truth. . . . What service have they ever done, and of what use are they at the present time? . . . We boldly proclaim our opinion, that (before the desired consummation can take place) the Thirty-nine Articles must be wholly withdrawn. They are virtually withdrawn at the present moment, for it is proved that, as far as the most important of the Articles are concerned, there are persons who signed them in senses absolutely contradictory."

Such is the result of the most direct example ever produced of the failure of subscription to induce even a tolerable uniformity of consent to the Articles of the Church of England. It was truly said in 1840 that any of the extremest heretics that we choose to name could have signed the first five Articles with the same fidelity as the claim was made for the whole High Church party to accept all the Articles from the sixth to the thirty-seventh. That such a conclusion should have been arrived at is, of course, perfectly conclusive for all parties within the Church of England. No declaration of assent which can ever be made can be more stringent than that which existed at the time of Tract XC, and of the *Ideal of the Christian Church*. No deviation from the letter of the Articles can ever be more complete than that which was claimed, and which has since triumphed. That extraordinary and exceptional liberty which the High Church party now enjoys from its pledges to accept the Articles was won for them by the unfailing, energetic support of the Liberal clergy of the Church of England, gradually working through good report and evil to that result.

I will now proceed to state some arguments why on the one hand we may regard this result with satisfac-

tion, and on the other hand why we trust it will not lead to any dangerous results.

First, the motives, as I have stated, which induced so many intelligent and conscientious men to secede from the Church of England to the Church of Rome at that time were not, except in very few instances, the result of their deviation from the terms of their subscription. It was the power of a countervailing attraction in a powerful body outside, which may be thought unreasonable, but which every one who has had any experience knows to be absolutely irresistible when once it has taken possession of the mind. What I have said with regard to this attraction towards the Church of Rome is equally true as regards the attractions which may exist in other directions. These attractions may be towards Dissent or towards Positivism, towards spiritual independence, or towards democratic tendencies; but these, and not divergence from this or that formula, are the real ground of their departure. Honour their motives—let them go if they will, but do not make their departure a measure for the consciences of other men. The conscience of each individual must be left to stand by itself, and if a man, however much he may admire the Roman system, or however much he may introduce into the English worship elements, as we may think, inconsistent with it, yet still maintains that in the English system he can work faithfully, honestly, and zealously—then there is no reason before God or man why he should retire from it. The Prayer-Book, the august and venerable document which, from Edward VI. to Queen Victoria, has won the affections of the English people; the Articles, which in spite of the disparaging remarks thrown upon them, are the firm and moderate expression of the Protestant side of the Church of England—these have claims on the attention of every one who has a heart to feel, and a mind to think. At the time of those vehement dissensions in the Church of England in 1844 a young man wrote

a pamphlet urging toleration of these opinions within the bosom of the same church, and one quotation which he used has remained fixed in my mind: "The divergences of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, which hitherto seemed quite impossible to unite within the same communion,

"*Volvenda dies en attulit ultro.*"

Secondly, what has been the cause of this great change between the furious opposition to Tract XC in 1841-5, and its complete acceptance in 1866? Many causes, no doubt, have contributed, but the chief cause is this. It is not that the evils of the Papacy have diminished—on the contrary they have become more glaring and more dangerous. But we have gradually arrived at a different view of the purposes which these documents serve in our day from that entertained at their first introduction. At their first introduction—and what I am saying applies to all confessions of faith whatsoever at the time of their introduction—a fond belief prevailed that dogmatical words have but one sense which, like Ithuriel's spear, will at a touch cause opposing error to be revealed in its proper deformity. We have now learned by slow experience that this is not the case. No doubt it is our duty to purge as far as we can our various formulas from points which have become dead, unprofitable, and palpably erroneous in the course of time. But for a large part of them this is not the case. The Homeric maxim, which Matthew Arnold quotes, goes very far to solve these difficulties, *ἑπέων νόμος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα*. "Words have a great force this way and that way."

The explanations in Tract XC unhistorical, untenable, even disingenuous, as they may at first sight appear, yet when viewed in a larger light show how curiously even what appeared to be the most exact phraseology breaks down under the endeavour to enforce it. Tract XC and the *Ideal of the Christian Church* were attempts to explain away the documents by the

force of circumstances and context by taking the grammatical bearing of words apart from their sense. This in itself was a conspicuous failure. But as a wave in that larger movement which would sweep away all such subscriptions, and return to the state of things before the Reformation, when no preliminary subscriptions were required from any one, it must take an important place.

This larger end at last forced itself on the legislature. That elaborate system of subscription which I have described, double, triple, quadruple, was at last felt by the rulers alike of the State and of the Church, as it had been felt by weak or by enlightened consciences before, to be absolutely unendurable. So long as it existed excuses and explanations of all kind were added to justify it; and those who were acquiescent in it naturally availed themselves of these explanations as the general sense of the Church. But the time came when this artificial system was attacked in an open straightforward manner, and then the whole fabric came down with a crash.

Convocation, indeed, then as always the stronghold of the fantastical fanatical objections to every liberal measure, withstood to the last, and on the very eve of the change declared that no relaxations were needed. But the voice of common sense and common charity made itself heard through the Royal Commission in the Houses of Parliament, and at one stroke the elaborate subscriptions which had vexed the righteous souls of so many generations, were swept away. Then, and not till then when Convocation found that it could else have no part in this beneficent change, it rushed in, as it always does to claim its honour. The few Liberal members of that singular body, who had been as those crying in the wilderness, found themselves borne on the crest of the wave, and the subscriptions of 1562, of 1571, of 1603, and of 1661 fell like a house of cards before the Act of 1865.

In that Act of Parliament, framed in

contradiction to Convocation, and carried irrespectively of its late adhesion, every single particularity of phrase by which our forefathers had so laboriously attempted to bind up the consciences of posterity is totally abandoned. We no longer express our "unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer." That form which succeeded in its iniquitous purpose of driving out the conscientious men who became the fathers of English Dissent, is no longer pronounced by any English clergyman. The declaration of "assent to all and every of the Thirty-nine Articles, and to everything therein contained, as agreeable to the word of God," is now totally abolished. The substitution of assent to the doctrine (not doctrines) of the Church as contained in both the formularies, was expressly asserted, without contradiction, by the Royal Commissioners in Parliament to have been made in order that it might be understood that it was to the general teaching, and not every part and parcel of that teaching, that assent was given. The question of how much or how little latitude should still be required of the clergy of the Church, or of members of the Church, who by frequenting the Church express their general approval, is open to much discussion; but it is a discussion which must be maintained within the limits which each man will prescribe to himself, and which the present form of modified subscription in no way touches. "I assent to the XXXIX Articles, and to the Book of Common Prayer, and of the ordaining of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. I believe the doctrine of the United Church of England and Ireland as therein set forth to be agreeable to the word of God, and in public prayer and administration of the sacraments. I will use the form in the said Book printed, and none other, except so far as will be added by lawful authority."

It has been said by one whom we all honour and respect for his character and abilities, that "he could not

understand a clergyman standing up to teach others without first asking definitely what he was going to teach. Before such a Church he could see no other prospect than vagueness, irresoluteness, inanity, decay: the motive power was gone, the bond of cohesion was snapped." He spoke of the dreadful dangers which awaited the abolition of subscription. It may be so. But it must be remembered that this exactly describes the Church of England as it has existed since the year 1865. Since that time, as far as the law of the Church is concerned, there is, if these forebodings be true, nothing but "vagueness, inanity, irresoluteness, and decay," because a clergyman is no longer summoned, as he was before 1865, to declare "definitely what he will teach and what he will say." Before 1865 this was certainly requisite. Every young clergyman was required then to declare definitely what he would teach and what he would say on the 600 or more propositions in the XXXIX Articles, or the 600 or more allusions which occur in the Prayer-Book. Since 1865 it is certainly not required of any clergyman to speak out definitely on any one of these propositions in the Articles, or any one of these allusions in the Prayer-Book. He may hold them, but he is not demanded to pledge himself to them beforehand.

It may be observed also that this description applies equally to the whole period of the Latin Church down to the publication of the decrees of Pope Pius IV. Before that time, it might be said that "there was no bond of cohesion, because there was no definite subscription required, and therefore there was for the whole mediæval Church "nothing but vagueness, inanity, irresoluteness, and decay." And further it applies especially to the Church of the three first centuries, which amidst all the doubts and all the heresies that existed had no bond at all beyond that contained in the baptismal formula, and no subscription whatever demanded of the clergy, nothing that called upon them "definitely to stand

up and say what they would teach." Of this state of things we might equally say that there was "no prospect before it but vagueness, inanity, irresoluteness, and decay."

I have but one word more. It may be asked whether this remnant of subscription which is left is still worth keeping. My answer is that this depends simply on the question whether it keeps out a single member of the Church of England from entering the ministry. I maintain seriously and solemnly that it is entirely unworthy of the Church to keep such a rag and tatter of a state of things which has been proved utterly indefensible. Will you allow me to enforce this by an illustration which I once made use of in the United States. When I was asked there what were the dangers which beset the Church, I answered that I saw but one permanent danger which affected all churches alike, and I illustrated it by a story from another sphere. When, in a banquet given to him by the chief statesmen of Italy, Mr. Gladstone addressed them in a powerful speech on the glories of their country, in that beautiful Italian tongue of which he is so complete a master, he suddenly exclaimed—"But there is an enemy in the midst of you." They started; they turned to each other; they whispered. "He means the Pope." But Mr. Gladstone was thinking of an enemy in the heart of the Italian kingdom, familiar to the mundane experiences in which his transcendent financial powers made him completely at home. He said, "His name is '*Deficit*.'" That is the danger for us. It is neither the Pope, nor critical inquiry. It is not the deficiency of wealth, not the deficiency of Church discipline, not the deficiency of sacraments, not the deficiency of Church services, but the deficiency of able, enlightened, conscientious men who will enter the service of the Church as in former days. I do not know what may be the case in this respect in detail. I know that in the great

university over which Bishop Lightfoot exercised so vast and salutary an influence, he did there bring into the service of the Church a supply of gifted and faithful pastors equal to what there may once have been. I know that in the other university this is not the case, and that the failure of gifted men to enter Holy Orders is one of the fixed, I will not say permanent, evils of the present aspect of affairs in Oxford. But it is evident that if, from whatever cause, this failure should continue and extend, then it is the duty of every one to inquire into the causes; and if of these causes one should be the small shred of subscription that remains, then every man who cares for the welfare of the Church, especially when the removal of the obstacle is in accordance with a principle already fully established, should spare no endeavour to abolish it. If, from that or any other cause, the decrease of gifted pastors should still continue, it is not difficult to prophesy that, in some form or other, the end of the better days of the Church of England is at hand. It will continue doubtless, but continue in a degraded, despised, imperfect condition, such as we have the opportunity of knowing from the example of the Church of France and Italy and Spain. That such may not be the case, that the Church may still continue to draw to itself the chosen men of the nation, is, I trust, not beyond the limits of hope, and not beyond the reasonable expectation of all who care for the future welfare of their country.

I do not wish to exaggerate on one side or the other the importance of this fragment of subscription. There would still remain the obstacle always placed in the way of over-scrupulous men from the existence of a fixed Liturgy. This is inevitable. The Presbyterian and some of the Nonconformist churches are in this respect more completely their own masters than ours. They have the prayers of the Church at least in their own hands. But there is a

great advantage in a Liturgical form, and of that advantage there is also the necessary disadvantage, that objections to particular phrases will always occur. There would still remain the possible though certainly the decreasing possibility of the authorities of the Church so applying the formularies as to oust this or that clergyman. This, however, is an incident of any form of Church government, to be found equally in conforming and nonconforming Churches, or rather more in nonconforming Churches. No member of the Society of Friends would be permitted to preach the necessity of sacraments. No Unitarian minister would be permitted to read the Athanasian Creed. No Congregational minister would be permitted to affirm the necessity of an Established Church or of the Episcopal succession. It is only in the National Church that such variations and their opposites could be permitted. The largeness of the Church involves the largest of sufferance. Legal prosecutions for doctrine, on either side, have become almost obsolete during the last twelve years.

It is therefore still to be considered whether there is any object in keeping up a form of subscription which, after the eviscence of the old form, contains nothing of a safeguard and something of an offence.

There was a time when such questions were thought not unworthy of the heads of the Liberal party. In Mr. Trevelyan's brilliant book¹ on Fox's early life, there is given a vivid account of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the petition for the relaxation of subscription. "I cannot help saying," says a competent authority who was present, "that I never was so affected with, or so sensible of, the power of pious eloquence as while Sir George Savile was speaking. It was not only an honour to him, but to his age and country."

"Those giants of old," says Mr. Tre-

¹ Page 442.

velyan, "showed of what they were capable, when party feeling did not tempt them to pervert or exaggerate. The problem of the obligations of the clergy was stated and examined with a clearness and conciseness which seems to have been lost by some of our generation who choose that problem for their special study, and with a frankness which makes us proud to think what courageous fellows our great-grandfathers were."²

The pathetic tone of the gifted author indicates that this Liberal enthusiasm has become extinct. In fact, it lasted almost till our own time; but it has since been dwindling gradually away, until it now seems impossible to revive a spark of generous warmth in its behalf in those who are occupied with the object, important and desirable as it is, of keeping together the Liberal party. Any one who knows the present state of affairs will perceive that the desire of elevating, enlarging, reforming, any existing institutions is not to be expected from the present leaders of perhaps either party. "Jerusalem does not come within the lines of their operations." But there are in the younger generation signs that this apathy will not last for ever; and meanwhile it is our duty to keep alive the hope that the enlarged usefulness of the Church of England, or the preservation of the enlargement which exists, may yet become a motto of the Liberal cause, an object more worthy of the Church of England than the legal and technical trivialities which absorb the mind of a large portion of its clergy. *Di meliora piis.*

A. P. STANLEY.

² Page 439. Mr. Trevelyan adds, "with thoroughness as exhaustive as was attainable by an assembly of men who had not yet advanced to the point of asking themselves whether it was necessary to have a privileged church at all." There is another turn to be given to this ingeniously anachronistic sentence. But it would lead us too far into another region.

A ROYAL ZULU PROGRESS OVER BISHOPSTOWE.

MUCH has been written of late about the Zulus, and the name is familiar to every ear, yet little is really known of them in England; perhaps least of all by those who visit the Aquarium, and shake hands with the "friendly Zulus," or imagine that they have conversed with Cetshwayo's daughters. We have regarded them, as a nation, chiefly from an impersonal point of view, and the sympathy which has been accorded them has been paid to them as a people whom we regret to have ill-treated, and not from that fellow-feeling with creatures of like passions with our own, which could only arise from some acquaintance with their ideas and feelings.

The following account of the visit to Bishopstowe of Cetshwayo's brothers, who headed the embassy which came to beg their king's restoration from the Natal Government, may serve to create some interest in the Zulus individually, and to show that their sentiments are more akin to our own than we give them credit for.

It may be premised that, while awaiting an audience with the administrator of the Natal Government, the whole party of 200 Zulus resided at and round Bishopstowe, being partly entertained by the Bishop, and partly at their own expense. It is not customary for the Zulu princes of the blood royal to leave their own country, and the fact that Ndabuko and Shingana accompanied the embassy was in itself a proof of its importance.

A large house like Bishopstowe, with an upper story, not frequently seen, even in Natal, was, of course, a great curiosity in their eyes; and one day the younger prince, Shingana, and some of the chief men, were taken over it and shown its contents.

Getting up stairs was naturally a very solemn undertaking, involving long pauses at every step. The upper story, a low, light loft, with many windows, and terminating in one furnished room, is built chiefly of wood, and has a tendency to dance under the lightest footfall. Consequently, the heavy tread of some of the Prince's followers—very great men themselves in both senses of the word—shook the place considerably. At first they paused at every creak, but presently gathered confidence, and stepped freely enough to elicit a remonstrance from their chief of "Do take care! you can hear it crack!" and "Where should we all go to if it gave way?"

After admiring the prospect from their unusually lofty position, they were conducted to the room above-mentioned—not in use at the time, but full of pictures, furniture, looking-glasses, &c. These latter gained their first attention, and they greatly admired the full reflection of themselves, having probably never before seen a mirror larger than the little round glasses with metal backs usually sold to the natives, and in which no more than an eye can be viewed at a time. "How lovely it makes one's moustache¹ look!" said the happy possessor of that distinction.

Shingana, who is a lively individual, with plenty to say for himself, now turned to the pictures; a small photograph of Millais' *Black Brunswicker* first attracting his notice. "Who are these two?" said he; "what are they doing! Why! they are going to kiss!" The subject of the picture being explained to him he turned to the others, saying, "Do you hear that? He is going to the wars! They are saying good-bye!"

¹ Not a frequent ornament amongst the natives.

She is holding him tight! She doesn't want him to go! Perhaps he'll come back. Poor little dear!" and he remained absorbed in thought before it, while the others inquired anxiously for the body belonging to a cast of the head of Clytie, which hung upon the wall. They presently entreated Shingana to come and look at an oil painting of a buffalo-hunt, but although he responded to their call, and gave a glance at the hunt, he immediately returned to the object of his sympathetic contemplation. Another picture from Mrs. Browning's poem *Onora*, and containing the ghost of "the nun with the brown rosarie," excited their curiosity greatly, and had to be explained to them as a dream, in order to avoid introducing them to the ghosts of the English. Various black chalk heads drawn upon yellow boards they decided to be *coolies* (natives of India) which was not a bad guess from the colour of the materials. Descending the staircase proved a more serious matter even than the ascent, and was performed with great deliberation, except by one of the party—by no means the *lightest*—who seeing one of the ladies of the house run down the stairs, took his courage in both hands, and did likewise, alighting however in safety, and, fortunately, not upon his conductress.

Upon the following day the party returned with the elder prince Ndabuko, who had been absent on the previous occasion, and was now anxious to see the wonders of which the others had spoken to him. This time Shingana acted as showman, and repeated to his brother all the information which he himself had received the day before. As soon as they got up stairs again he exclaimed, "Now! Come this way, and I'll show you the most beautiful thing here," and he told again the story of the lovers' parting before the battle, in a pathetic manner, and with his head on one side.

Being taken in due course to the dining-room the party were confronted

by a large print of *The Huguenots*, which they at once recognised as a kindred subject to the one they had so much admired up stairs. "Here, you see," said Shingana, "is another picture, like the one up there; this one is going to the wars too. At least he is called (summoned); but she! She won't let him go. See! she is trying to tie him! And he won't go, not he! Look at his face, how it's softening!" "You mistake, 'Ndabezila,'" (your Highness) said one present, "he went—and he died." And a silence fell upon them all.

But the irrepressible Shingana was not silent long. "Here's another fine thing!" said he, dragging his brother away from a red earthen water-monkey with which he had rather fallen in love, and calling his attention to a large engraving of the *Trial of Queen Katherine*, in which bishops in sleeves and mitres are prominent objects. He had had it explained to him on the previous day, but had fallen into a slight anachronism, and it took some time to convince him that the picture did not represent the Prince of Wales endeavouring to get rid of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, but hindered in doing so by the *brothers of Sobantio* (the Bishop of Natal—*anglicised* "the father of his people"). The mistake was, however, thoroughly rectified before the subject was quitted. Meanwhile Ndabuko had returned to his water-monkey.

Now Ndabuko is a very dignified and rather silent personage, but that water-monkey proved too much for his dignity. "Is it yours?" he asked of one of the ladies; and then, "Will you give it to me?" in his most insinuating manner—and of course it became his own. This, however, was the only thing he asked for, and indeed, by common consent, the leaders of this embassy abstained at Bishopstowe from the usual native custom of asking for presents, and strictly prohibited it amongst their followers, having apparently a very proper feeling on the subject. On

one occasion, however, the party having walked into Pietermaritzburg to seek an interview with "Government," an invalid was left behind at Bishopstowe, who came up to the house to tell the mishap which had befallen him. When they started from Zululand it was asserted so vehemently on all sides that they were going to certain destruction that his "boy" (*i.e.* attendant) had made off, "run away home, with all my luggage and my knife and fork. I don't know what was the matter with the boy. I have never been so treated by my boys before, and now I have nothing to cut up my meat with." This disconsolate gentleman was a man of some importance, and, it having first been ascertained that his was the only boy who had behaved in this *unaccountable* manner, a knife and fork were presented to him. As a natural consequence, however, the same afternoon brought two requests for blankets from men who had lost their goods during the war. This began to look serious in view of, possibly, 200 similar requests, and no immediate answer was given. That

evening, however, on the return of the princes from their errand, messengers came from them at the village where they were living—on Bishopstowe land,—to the Bishop, to say that they were perfectly horrified—they found that the son of Masipula had actually been to ask for a knife! and others for blankets, forsooth! as if they had come down to enjoy themselves. They had come on much greater affairs than knives and forks and blankets, and they begged that in future all such applicants should be referred to them (the messengers, men in authority themselves), which was done in the solitary instance which occurred afterwards.

The courtesy and good behaviour of these Zulu chiefs and princes during their stay at Bishopstowe left nothing to be desired, and indeed there is almost as much difference between the manners of the upper and lower classes amongst the Zulus as there is amongst ourselves—a statement that is fairly borne out by all the accounts lately given to the public of the Zulu king himself.

FRANCES ELLEN COLENSO.

CHRISTMAS AND ANCESTOR WORSHIP IN THE BLACK MOUNTAIN.¹

I.

IN the deepest fiord of the beautiful Bocche di Cattaro, overhung by the rocky ridges of the Black Mountain, embowered in olive woods and pomegranate thickets, washed by the deep emerald waters of this winding Adriatic creek, lies the ancient town of Risano, now little more than a good-sized village, the market for the neighbouring highlands, but in Roman days a great city, a municipal Republic, Risinium or Rhizon, the namegiver of this whole inland sea, as Cattaro is now; and in days before the Roman conquest known in history as the last refuge and impregnable stronghold of Tenta, the Illyrian pirate queen. It was at this historic spot that I landed on Greek Christmas Eve last, to set forth on foot on an expedition into the neighbouring Alps where I wished to study the Yule rites, as they still exist in the primitive house communities of the Serbian highlanders.

At Risano itself everything was ready for the feasting to follow. The houses were decked out with olive branches, myrtle, box, rosemary, and bay, with which even the masts of the small craft moored along the quay were festooned. Yule logs, they too wreathed with festive evergreens, leaned against the house-walls, and the market place was still thronged with Crivoscian, Montenegrin, and Herzegovinian peasants from the neigh-

bouring mountains, concluding their Christmas purchases—small packets of groceries, bundles of evergreens such as flourish not on the bleak rocks above, and sundry suspicious-looking bottles which peeped out of the sacks wherewith their mules were laden; apples, oranges, and golden tinsel. The Risanotes themselves are extremely proud—and with reason—of the way in which they keep up the Christmas ceremonial of their fathers; but I hoped, by following some of these more simple folk to their highland hearths, to be a witness of something yet more primitive; and my hopes were destined to be more than gratified.

The first preparations for Christmas had really begun six Sundays before, and are interesting as throwing a good deal of light on the whole character of the feast. I will here describe them, as they are carried out in the mountain villages about Petrovatz in Bosnia. On the sixth Sunday before Christmas the "Poklade," or Carnival-day before the Christmas fast, every possible kind of meat dish is set on table. Supper ready, they take a morsel of each kind of food and a bit of bread for each member of the family, and set them out on the roof of the house. Evidently these morsels were originally set out as family offerings to the house spirits. The explanation, however, at present given is that they act as a charm against witches and uncanny spirits who fly about like sparks that night. In the same way they smear their faces, breasts, hands, and feet with fat or oil before turning in for the night, as a protection against the *Moras*; young girls, that is, who during sleep have the power of going forth as night-mares to suck sleepers.

¹ The name "Black Mountain" is used in this article in its old, natural meaning, as embracing, besides the actual Principality, the bordering Highlands of Crivoscia, which, though for the moment incorporated in the nondescript "Austrian" monarchy, belong to Montenegro by their physical position, race, language, history, and religion.

A great deal of meat is always eaten this evening, and the youths even get up in the night to finish their meal, which it is a religious duty to entirely demolish. Next day no one must eat, "or the spirits would shoot them with arrows." On the morning of this, the first day of the Christmas fast, every member of the family is very careful to rinse out his mouth with water, lest even a scrap of meat should stick to the teeth. The house-elder now looks out some animal—a pig, sheep, goat, or fowl—to be fed up for the Christmas feast during the whole time that the fast lasts. Rich and poor alike do this, even the poorest families buying a chicken if they have no stock of their own, as it would be a terrible misfortune not to be able, as they say, "to make the knife bloody for Christmas."¹ On "Tuchni dan"² or "slaughter-day," the third day before Christmas, the animal thus set apart is slaughtered by having its throat cut, is cleansed, and hung for Christmas morning.

A Pravoslav pope, from the small village of Knezlatz in the mountain canton of Crivoscia, hearing of my wish to see the Christmas customs of his mountains, kindly invited me to accompany him to his home, and accordingly on Christmas Eve we set out together on our upward climb, with a merry company of clansmen. Zig-zagging up the precipitous mountain-side above the town, Risano soon lay like a speck below us, and its long, sinuous Alpine sea, perhaps the most beautiful arm of the world-famed Bocche, looked just like a winding emerald-green river—sweeping in full stream through the broad mountain chasm, threading the narrower water-pass beyond, the *Catene*, once closed by

a Venetian chain, till, rounding the further mountain headlands, it broadened out into the open Adriatic beyond. To the old Greek mariners indeed this whole meandering firth of sea was known as the Rhizon river, more vaguely alluded to by the poet of the Argonauts as the "deep-pooled Illyrian stream."

Leaving the main path, and taking leave of our jovial company, we now struck off along a sheep's track up the rocky side of the ravine, to the pope's hut. The view from this point was splendid. Beyond the nearer ridges which overlook the Bocche, now lost to view, the snows of Lovchen, the topmost peak of the Black Mountain, had been kindled into a sea of flame by the setting sun. A gap in the rock ridge to the south-east revealed the lilac snow-strewn plateau of the Katunska Nahia of Montenegro. At the further end of the glen in which I now found myself rose the glorious peak of Orien, some 7,000 feet above sea level. My companion had been to the top, and reported that not only do you look down on Montenegro, Herzegovina, and the Dalmatian islands, but that on clear days the mountains of Italy are distinctly visible beyond the Adriatic. The glen itself runs through the very heart of Crivoscia—Austrian Montenegro, it might well be called, for the land and people are connected by every physical and historic bond with the rest of the Black Mountain. Its gloomy recesses were the scene of a fearful struggle during the successful uprising of these highlanders against the Austrian Government in 1869.

Arrived at the hut which was to shelter us for the festive night, I found it a small stone house, guiltless of mortar; it was oblong in shape, but the corners were rounded as if the race who built it and its fellows had once lived in round houses, and had never quite got out of their heads the old style of building. But what was truly astonishing was the immense

¹ "Da okreavi nož na Božić."

² On "Tuchni dan" debtors settle with their creditors. Those who cannot pay at least explain to their creditors why it is they are unable to satisfy them. This is done that all may be able to give each other the "kiss of peace" on any day between great and little Christmas.

size of the blocks of which the hovel walls consisted. It must have taken several men to move many of these into their places; indeed, the size of the blocks, as well as their arrangement, strongly recalled the "Cyclopean" walls, such as may still be seen at Alessio and other ancient sites on this East Adriatic coast:—

"Reared by the hands of giants,
For the god-like kings of old."

The mighty walls of our cottage were roofed in above by a plain straw thatch. The house door opened into a little yard inclosed in stone walls, on the other side of which it faced a stone dwelling, in every respect like the cottage itself, but this set apart for the cattle. The "house-father," or Domachin—an elder brother of the pope's—welcomed us on the threshold, as did the Domachitza, his wife, the "house-mother" of the establishment; and two children, a little boy called Vaso, and a still smaller maiden hight Zvijeta, or "the flower," who I found served their parents as shepherd and shepherdess, ran forward and kissed my hand. The pope, as he himself told me, and as was easy enough to see, was the chief man of the village, "quite a knez"—a word translated "prince" by Russians—he assured me, but in his own house-community he must bow to the authority of his elder brother, the Domachin, according to old Serb custom.

Inside the house was divided by a low wicker fence into two apartments, in one of which—the larger—the family ate and slept, while the other served as a general store-room. Floor, strictly speaking, there was none, Mother Earth supplying its place, though in the middle was a square hole, paved with large stones, which served as a hearth. A raised dais in the further corner formed the *haremluk*—at least it was set apart as the night lair for the women and children. There was no chimney, and the tortures I suffered from the wood-smoke, this night of all others, when the fire was heaped with

logs, will not soon be forgotten! Even the pope and a Crivoscian visitor suffered at times; indeed the wood-smoke of these chimneyless hovels is the one thing to which the civilised stranger can never accustom himself. I have rushed out, frantic with pain, to pass a night in the snow by preference! The low, contracted brows of many of these mountaineers, and indeed of primitive folk generally, is due, I have no doubt, to the endeavour of Nature to lessen the area of irritation in the most sensitive organ of the human body. He who first invented chimneys did more towards making men and women beautiful for ever than all the Madame Rachels that ever lived!

Here and there about the walls and rafters were stuck little sprigs of olive and bay, carried up the day before from Risano, and outside the house door to the left leant the yule logs, or *badnjaks*, that were to cheer our Christmas Eve. There was one for every male of the family, and one, the *glavni badnjak*, or chief log, for Bozhich, as they call Christmas. In the parts of Herzegovina above Ragusa the practice is to cut three, or even one large *badnjak*; and as the trunk of an oak is always sought, this practice has contributed not a little towards the deforesting of a country never too full of trees. The size of these logs may be judged from the fact, mentioned by Vuk Karadjich, that in the larger households in Herzegovina it is not unusual for the log to be dragged into the house by eight oxen, who are driven in at one of the large arched house-doors and, the log having been unyoked within, are driven out at the other entrance. In these mountains the log has to be cut on the morning of Christmas Eve, just before sunrise. The Domachin, after offering up a prayer, takes an axe, and goes to seek the oak stump which he has already marked out for his *badnjak*. Arrived at the spot, he takes off his cap to the log, turns towards the east, and, having crossed himself, offers up

another prayer. Then he begins to hew the log on one side, crying out, as my host informed me, "Give to me and to Christmas abundantly, O God."¹ When the log is nearly cut through on the side on which it is to fall, he takes the axe and gives it a blow from the other side, so as to clean sever it; but if it falls on the wrong side, or the break is not a clean one, the whole process has to be gone through again by the Domachin, as he wishes for a lucky year! The log duly felled, the house-father utters another prayer, and, placing it on his shoulders, bears it home to his yard, and leans it against the outer wall of the house with the freshly-cut end uppermost—a point about which they are most rigorous. The other lesser logs, representing the different male members of the family, are now brought and leant beside the *glavni badnjak*, as I found them on my arrival; and the house-father, as he set each log in succession against the house wall, had repeated the formula, "*Veseli badnji dan!*"—"A merry log day!"

It was now beginning to grow dusk, and it was high time to think of the final preparations for the due reception of the yule-log. A kind of glee seemed to seize on the whole family as the hour approached, and the children began to laugh and dance about for joy. The house-mother now said that she had only one thing to beg of me, and that was, after the log was brought in, not on any account to talk of *Vieshtitzas* (a South-Slavonic form of witches), "for to-night they fly about like sparks." Of course I promised faithfully not to breathe a syllable of such an ill-omened word, but ventured to ask whether the prohibition extended itself also to the *Vilas*—the white-robed, goose-footed maidens who here play the part of fairies. "No," replied the Domachitza; "you may talk of *Vilas* if you like, for they are good folk."

There can be no doubt that out of doors to-night all kinds of weird, un-

canny shapes are walking the earth. On Christmas Eve in Montenegro they say, "To-night Earth is blended with 'Paradise.'" *Raj*, the word used for "Paradise," was the abode of the dead among the heathen Slavs.

The family now invited me to step across to the cattle shed opposite, to see the ceremony of stalling the sheep, goats, and oxen. The shepherd lad and the pope each took a wax taper, and walking round the interior of the stalls, carefully lighted up every corner in turn. Then they took their place at the door, one at each side, and held up their wax tapers, while the little shepherdess drove in the animals one by one between the two lights. After that the little shepherd and the little shepherdess kissed each other: "that the animals might love," it was explained to me.

Straw was now brought into the dwelling-house and strewn all over the floor by the house-mother, "because Christ was born in the straw," according to the pope; but we may find another explanation. In many parts hereabouts it is usual for the Domachitza, as she does this, to "cluck" like a hen, while the children "cheep" after her like chicks, "that the fowls may lay, and that the coming year may be more fruitful than the last." The fire was now piled up, every member of the family throwing on it a branch of "*zanovet*" or *cytusus*, and all seemed ready for the reception of King Log.

But one other most indispensable rite had yet to be performed. The iron fire-shovel, the low round table, the three-legged stools, and the one chair or "*katriga*," with which I had hitherto been honoured, were removed from the neighbourhood of the hearth and hidden away in an obscure corner of the cottage.

Nothing gave me such an idea of the antiquity of the rites I was observing as this. I could not doubt that the fire-irons and benches were removed for the sufficient reason that this cult of the hearth, this most ancient of all forms of Aryan worship,

¹ "Pridaj mi, Bože, i Božiću."

dated from a time when iron and stools and tables were alike unknown. The superstition which dictated that this night the fire should be stirred with wood alone was indeed superstition in its most primitive sense of the standing over or survival of ancient customs. Primitive as was the hovel I was in, and miserable as was its furniture, its inmates still unconsciously preserved the memory of times when life was even ruder than their own.

Everything was now ready. The housewife took a wooden bowl filled with grains of corn, and stationed herself opposite the door, on each side of which were set the lighted tapers. The Domachin now went out into the yard, and taking up the chief yule-log entered the house between the wax lights, saying to the Domachitza, who stood ready to receive him as he crossed the threshold, "Good evening, and a happy log-day to thee!"¹ The Domachitza replied, "Good luck, and welcome to thee!"² and as she said this flung a handful of corn in his face. The house-father, now keeping the cut end of the log uppermost, laid it on the fire, and the two other male members of the family, and myself as an honoured guest, carried in the other three logs with the same salutations and corn-throwing, and laid them on the fire in the same manner. The Domachitza now took a cup—*pokal* they called it—of wine and handed it and the bowl of corn to the Domachin, who sprinkled some of both over the log in the form of a cross, muttering, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." At Ragusa the house-father, when he sprinkles the wine and corn over the log, says, as the flame shoots up, "*Dobro rodilo*"—"Goodly be thy birth!" The house-father now took the bowl of corn, an orange, and a ploughshare, and placed them on the upper end of the log away from the fire, explaining to me that he did so

that the corn might grow well and the beasts be healthy that year.

In Montenegro it is more usual for the Domachin, instead of sprinkling the log with corn, to break a piece of a wheel-shaped loaf of unleavened bread, called a *pogatch*, made everywhere for Christmas in these Serbian lands, and, placing it on the log, to pour a libation of wine over it, and greet the log thus, "Your health, festive yule-log! We give to thee this wine and pogatch cake; give thou to us health, peace, male children, the fruits of the earth, and increase of cattle, and all good luck." After that the Domachin tastes a little of the *pogatch*, and gives a bit to each of the family. In parts of Dalmatia the Domachin, after depositing the log on the fire, takes off his cap to it, saying, "Be thou welcome, O log, and may God preserve thee!" and as he sprinkles it with corn asks a blessing on kinsmen present and "absent."

Who are these "absent ones," one asks, commemorated thus by household rites on this night when Earth and *Raj* are blended?

Supper was now prepared, but instead of laying the food on the low round-table, the *trpeza*—whose very name betrays the foreign, Byzantine source from which it was introduced—the house-mother, who had carefully stowed the table away with the chair and stools, simply spread two empty sacks on the straw-strewn floor, and on them laid the maccaroni and fried cakes, or *priganitze*, which were to form the evening meal. The long fast of forty days, which precedes the feast, is not over till Christmas morning, so that no meat may as yet be eaten. When I asked why they ate thus on the sacks, the Domachin replied, "That the year may be fruitful." Supper being served, the men of the family sat down to eat, the women and children, according to immemorial Slav custom, standing apart and handing the viands. One of their special duties, always performed in the primitive homesteads of the Illyrian high-

¹ "Dobra večer i čestit ti badnji dan!"

² "Dobra ti sreća i dobro došao!"

lands, was to hold a small pine-torch or "lūch" over the men's heads while they supped. The men having finished their evening meal, the women and children sat down to devour their leavings, but I was first witness to another curious ceremony.

The fire had by this time burnt through a small piece at the end of one of the yule-logs, which fell down among the cinders. The little shepherd lad, observing this, darted forward and bending down among the embers, at the imminent risk of burning his face, seized the charred and smouldering fragment firmly between his teeth, and carrying it in this way out of doors, let it fall in the middle of the yard, between the dwelling-house and the cattle-stall. "There!" exclaimed the house-mother, triumphantly, "now no *Vieshtitza*, nor any uncanny thing can cross the threshold!" Apparently this was considered a most powerful amulet, and next morning I saw my hostess take up the charred bit of wood and poke it carefully into a crevice in the outside wall of the house. In other parts of Montenegro¹ a somewhat similar rite is performed. The house-father gives the shepherd a fire-steel (*ognjilo*), which he takes between his teeth, saying, "May the enemy hurt this house, and the wolf the fold, as much as I hurt this steel with my teeth." In other parts a piece of charred yule-log is taken as here, but in a gloved hand, and is carried thrice round the maize barn, and finally set in the fork of an old apple or plum-tree, to make it fruitful.

In the mountains of North-west Bosnia, after the straw has been spread and the log duly brought in, the family being all collected, the house-elder rises, and the rest of the household with him, and all pray God, as it was described to me, "quietly each to himself as he knows best." In some houses this prayer lasts as

long as an hour, in others half an hour or a quarter. The prayer over, a girl sets a low table, and all take their places round on the straw. The food consists of fruit, such as plums, pears, apples, figs, and nuts, cabbage, maize bread, and three wheat-shaped loaves of unleavened wheaten bread, and at the conclusion of the repast all lie down together on the straw and sleep a while.

Supper over in our Crivoscian hut, the whole family squatted round the blazing yule-fire in a jovial mood. Says a Montenegrin song:—

"Without eyesight there is no day!
Without Christmas no true feast!
The flame shoots up brighter than 'tis wont,
Before the fire the straw is strewed,
The yule-logs are laid across the fire,
The guns are fired, the roast meat turns,
The guzlas twang, and they play the kolo.
The grandsires dance with the grandchildren,
Three generations turn round in the dance,
You would say they were all the same year's children!
For the joy and the mirth levels all.
But what most falls to my taste
Is that each must be toasted!"

From which it may be gathered that a "merry Christmas" is not such an exclusive possession of Englishmen as some seem to imagine. In our little Crivoscian hovel the family party was too small for much uproarious merriment, but the wassail-cup passed round, toasts were drunk, jokes were cracked, and Christmas songs, of which I had heard several by anticipation at Risano, were sung. One of these, very common too in Bosnia and Herzegovina, tells how the yule-log should be carried.

"Christmas sits upon the grass
In the red coffee-house.
Christmas calls beyond the water
'Carry me t'other side of the stream.
Send me not old wives,
Old wives are gossips—
Gossips will tumble me!"

"Send me not maidens,
Maidens are wanton—
Wantons will toss me!
Send me not young brides,
Brides they are stitchers—
Stitchers will prick me!"

¹ See an interesting account of Christmas there by the Archimandrite Duchich, entitled —*Kako se u Crnoj-gori Božić slavi*, in the *Dubrovnik*, 1867.

Send me th' house-elder,
That he may carry me :
All his life long
The house-elder will honour me ! " "

Another song ran :—

" Christmas, Christmas knocks,
A spray of gold he bears
To deck the door with gold :
This door and t'other,
And the house all round about ;
Whose door will he deck ?
Ours he'll deck, no other !
Set it round with silver,
And with gold anoint ! " ¹

In another ditty of the same kind the names of Crivoscia and different places in the Bocche di Cattaro are brought in to rhyme with different dishes that Christmas demands of them. In another we hear of the three knives of Christmas—one to cut the bread, the second to cut the cake, and the third to carve the roast meat ; but these throw little light on Christmas ritual, and have only been added up for their jingle. Other Christmas songs of great mythic interest, rife among the Bosnians and Herzegovinians, I shall allude to later. Of one of these, however—a beautiful carol which takes us far back into the times of Slavonic heathendom—I cannot refrain from giving here an almost literal translation :—

" Three nosegays of flowers at Christmas there be,
And by the three nosegays gold banners three ;
One nosegay goes forth with the Dawn afar,
And the banner of gold is the Morning Star.
When forth to the East with the Dawn she goes,
And in the East heaven her countenance shows.

But the second spray and banner of gold,—
The flag is the Sun, warm, and bright to behold ;
When in warmth he walks forth the flag is unfurled,
And the golden flag floats all over the world ;
O warm Sun, in thee all creatures delight,
And with joy are o'erspread by thy countenance bright !

¹ " . . . vrata,
Srebro potkovata
Zlato namazata."

" But the third nosegay and banner of gold—
The flag is the Moon, all agleam to behold.
When dusk creeps over the earth and sky
The Sun goes down, but the Moon mounts high ;
O'er highroad and pathway she sheds her light,
That the wayfarers lose not their track in the night,
That the Serbs to their gathering safely may go,
To the joyous feast of Christ's birth below.

" When in the morn the warm Sun shone forth,
To his sister thus the warm Sun quoth—
' Darling sister, sweet Morning Star,
'Tis joyful for us to look on from afar,
And to see the Serbs at the feast of Christ's birth
Quaffing cool wine and singing for mirth ;
Ever thus may ye feast, dear brethren mine,
And in health may ye quaff of the cooling wine ! ' " ²

Here, on this day, which another Bosnian song describes as " the name-day of all House-elders," and therefore the feast of Ancestors, we see Fire in its triple heavenly form doing obeisance to the new birth of a terrestrial hearth.

Meanwhile the midnight hour was fast approaching, and it was time for the family to seek the little repose that they allow themselves on Christmas Eve. The house-mother and children sought the wooden *dais* which I have already alluded to as the *haremluk* ; while myself and the others stretched ourselves on the straw alongside the hearth, the Crivoscians wrapping themselves up in their *strukas*, or homespun plaids. The fire burnt dim, and only a small lamp, of a shape purely Roman, and a name "*Lukierna*" as Roman as its shape, suspended from the blackened wall, shed a truly religious light on the sleepers.

In the small hours of the morning, when it was still pitch dark outside, and the fire within had dwindled to embers below the logs, the Domachin got up, and, approaching the hearth,

² The Serbian original of this will be found among a small collection of Bosnian folk-songs printed at Serajevo, and entitled, *Srpske Narodne Pjesme iz Bosne*.

took up a part of the log, with which he raked together the embers, continually repeating, "*Pomozi Bože!* Give help to me, O God!" as he bent over the yule-log, until such time as a cheerful blaze sprang up.¹ He then roused the rest of the family, and passing into the other room or store-house, in which was hung the carcase of a white sheep destined for the Christmas roast, began to wash himself with great vigour in pure spring water. These lustrations lasted several minutes, during the whole of which time he continued to invoke the help of God in the same monotonous but earnest tone. The Domachitza and the rest of the family in their turn repeated the same lustrations and prayers, while the house-father himself, by now sufficiently purged by water, began the somewhat arduous process of spitting the sheep—a long wooden spit being run right through it from end to end. This was next set before the fire on two wooden forks, the chief priest of this domestic sacrifice muttering another prayer as he did so, and the mutton was soon turning merrily on the spit. But I am forgetting myself. It is wrong to speak of the *péčivo*—the Christmas roast—as "turning." It "rejoices," if you please, but it does not turn. That word is *tužno*, ill-omened; it is eminently unsacrificial, and has an all too culinary savour. As to the beast itself, it seems that the right animal to roast whole is the *božura*, or Christmas pig; but then it is not every family that can afford to regale its Penates with roast pork.

While the roast meat was "rejoicing," I observed the house-father get up and lay his hand in a kind of experimental way on the kettle-chain that hung from a smoke-sodden rafter above the yule-fire. "Yes, it is cold," he remarked, with an air that seemed

to show that the experiment had succeeded. "What is cold?" I asked. "The kettle-chain, to be sure," he replied. "You may pile the fire up as much as you like, but the chain is always cold of Christmas night." The only reason he gave for this was that the Virgin Mary, when giving birth, had laid her hand on the kettle-chain, and that ever afterwards it had been cool and pleasant to the touch this night. Was it possible that my host had an inkling of a very different explanation?

"Who knows," I remarked, "what cold hands may be clinging to it to-night? Don't you think, now, that your poor grandfathers would be glad enough to come and warm themselves over your blazing yule-fire? Only once a year, you know," I added persuasively.

The question was artfully worded to draw him out, if drawn he could be; for I was already satisfied that a part at least of this Christmas house-ritual was *au fond* the cult of ancestors under a Christian disguise.

The Domachin however knew nothing of his forefathers. They slept, he supposed, in the churchyard. I was not disappointed with this, for I had not expected to elicit any other answer. The Domachitza however here broke in—"Ay, *they* sleep, but the unchristened folk beneath the threshold (*pod prag*), they wait enough to-night."

"And why do they wait?" I inquired.

"They cry for a wax-light and offerings to be brought them; when that is done they lie still enough."

"The Unchristened Folk,"—in that expression alone there lay a world of hidden meaning of which my hostess was certainly innocent. It may be taken as a rule that heathen beliefs concerning the dead survive in a special way in Christian times and countries in the superstitions that follow the feet of children who have died unbaptised. In these mountains and the neighbouring Bocche and

¹ In Bosnia and Herzegovina the Domachin, when he rises and makes up the fire, cries, "*Sjaj!* O God, on us at Christmas." The word seems to be connected with *Sjajati*—to shine, *Sjajan*=shining.

Raguseo the spirits of unbaptized children rove about as Will-o'-the-wisps, red-capped and red-tunicked, dancing about the fields—now visible, now invisible—and sometimes perching on the tree-tops in the form of birds. These "Tintilins," as they are called, are in their origin no doubt domestic spirits ruthlessly turned out of house and home by Christianity to play their antic tricks abroad; indeed in the Machich—the name under which they are known in some of the Dalmatian islands—they still take the form of *brownies* or household spirits. In truth this *Spirito Folletto*, so closely akin to our Will-o'-the-wisps and Scandinavian *Tomtes*, is only the dancing flame of the hearth regarded as an ancestral spirit. In Russia the souls of unbaptized children are said to "dance about like flames." Here, too, they dance, and their little red caps sufficiently betray their fiery origin.

The Crivoscians we see give these restless spirits a local habitation "under the threshold." This too has its meaning. It seems probable that in pagan times it was a usual practice to bury the dead under the threshold. Among the Hungarian Slavs¹ the domestic deities, who are in fact the spirits of ancestors, are supposed to dwell beneath the doorway; and among the Bohemians the custom long survived of tapping the threshold three times with the coffin. Possibly these "unchristened folk" that the Domachitza alluded to were buried in this locality at a comparatively recent period. The original object of such almost intermural interment seems obvious enough, for why should the poor cold spirits be shut out altogether from the warmth and shelter of their former dwelling-house? Burial within the dwelling-house was probably once an universal Aryan practice. It was so in ancient Athens, Rome, and Tarentum. It is so still with a number of savage races; and in the

hut-shaped urns of prehistoric Italy a curious survival of the more ancient rite of sepulture has been preserved to us. So in the North of Russia I have seen little wooden sheds imitating dwelling-houses built over the graves in an orthodox churchyard.²

Meanwhile the Domachitza had said quite enough to show that on Yule-night the spirits of the departed called for special attentions.

Before the roast meat can be eaten on Christmas morning a religious ceremony must be gone through in church. While it was still dark the pope started, and myself in his company, to make his way to the Greek church of Knezlatz, where he was bound to perform mass before sunrise. A twenty minutes' climb over rocks and across patches of ice brought us to the little church, which is the very plainest of buildings, built however of walls some four feet thick and strengthened still further within by arches resting on massive piers built into the walls. The architect had perhaps intended to make these arches round, but he had failed, as other architects have failed. The Mass and the Gospel account of the Nativity were read in Slav, and there was a little chanting; but the cold was intense. Imagine a church built on a slight elevation in the middle of a frozen mountain plateau, with a large arched entrance open to the northern blast, and windows which were open for the best of reasons, that they had neither panes nor frames; and add to this the pleasing fact that the sun had not yet risen, and that a fierce icy Bora—perhaps the most terrible of European winds—was blowing straight in. A Crivoscian, seeing that the tapers were blown out, tried to block up one of the windows near with a huge tile, but the next gust blew away the tile. The congregation, which I had ample opportunity of observing, consisted of about a score of men, women, and

¹ Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*, p. 318.

² At Tornea in Finland in the orthodox Russian churchyard.

boys. They were fine and tall, the women dressed Herzegovinian fashion, the men indistinguishable from the finer type of Herzegovinians and Montenegrins, and with the darker hair and fine aquiline nose which distinguish these Serbian mountaineers from their droop-nosed lowland kinsmen of the Save and Danubian valleys.

At the end of the service the beautiful old Slav rite, called the "Peace of God,"¹ was performed by the whole congregation. Every one approached his neighbour and kissed him or her on both cheeks, saying, "*Hristos se rodi*," "Christ is born!" To this the other replied, "*Va istinuse rodi*,"—"Of a truth He is born!" and returned the kisses, and this was repeated till each had kissed and been kissed by all present. In North-west Bosnia, and I believe other districts, it is usual for the house-father, there generally known as *staryeshina*,² or elder, to take a bit of cheese and of the Christmas roast meat to be consecrated by the pope at the end of the service, and the consecrated morsels are eaten on the way back.

The ceremony in the church over, the congregation wended their way to their respective homes, there to find the Christmas roast meat done to a turn. Before, however, sitting down to the festal meal some further rites had to be performed. First, the Domachitza, taking with her a dish containing corn, a cup of wine, and a pomegranate, begged me to accompany her to the cattle-stall. She then entered the stall set apart for the goats, and having first sprinkled them with corn, took the wine-cup in her hand and said, "Good morning, little mother! The Peace of God be on thee! Christ is born; of a truth He is born. Mayst thou be healthy. I drink to thee in wine; I give thee a pomegranate; mayst thou meet with all good luck!" She then lifted the cup to her lips, took a sip, tossed the pomegranate among the herd, and throwing her arms round the she-goat, whose health

she had already drunk, gave it the "Peace of God"—kissed it, that is, over and over again. When I asked why she had singled out this goat among all the others, she answered, "She is the house-mother (*domachitza*) of the goats." It is amusing to find these primitive people transferring their ideas of communal family government to the animal world.

The same ceremony was now performed for the benefit of the sheep and cows, after which all the animals were beaten with a leafy olive-branch. Then the little shepherd and the little shepherdess took their places at the door with two wax tapers, as on the previous evening, and the Domachitza, olive-branch in hand, drove out all the beasts as they had come in between the two lights; and then the brother and sister kissed each other as before. Next, the indefatigable Domachitza went to the fowls, and having blessed them in the same way, threw corn over them, saying as she did so, "As ye eat together so may ye lay together."

The number of little rites performed by these people in order to secure plenty and good luck for the ensuing year is endless, and varies, not only according to the usage of different districts, but in different villages of the same district and even in different families of the same village. But all these customs have certain points in common and present a strong family likeness. Thus the walnut and pomegranate are very generally in use in Dalmatia as emblems of plenty and fullness. In the country between Sinj and Verlika I was told that it is the custom for the Domachin to take a walnut or a pomegranate and to toss it over the housetop, crying, "As this is full of fruit so may this house be full of good luck, and money, and fruits of the earth, and increase of cattle." The youngest male of the family now runs to look for it, and if, on opening it, it is found full of fruit it is a sign of great good luck for the coming year, and the whole family rejoices. At

¹ Mirbožanje.

² Starješina.

Risano they place a tinsel-covered pomegranate on the top of the wine-jug from which the company's glasses are replenished when drinking the Christmas healths; and it is usual, in addition to this, to present each guest with a pomegranate or orange. As in the case of these fruits, the proverbial fulness of an egg is also used as a charm to secure plenty. Vuk Karadjich mentions that in places where a ram supplies the Christmas roast they strike the fruit of a tree which shows signs of rottenness at its root with the horn, saying, "I thee with horn, thou me with fruit." The Christmas straw is taken from the house floor and strewn over the fields to make them fertile. Blighted figs are rubbed with charcoal from the burnt yule-log, and ashes from the Christmas loaf are sprinkled over silkworms to make them increase and multiply. But I could swell the catalogue of Christmas charms for the New Year almost *ad infinitum*. One thing they abundantly prove: that Christmas is here the feast of the New Year—so much so indeed that New Year's Day is not spoken of at all. Its name and ceremonies are completely absorbed by the feasts of "Great" and "Little" Christmas.

As the hour for the Christmas feast drew near, the "Christmas guest" came to the door. Among these mountaineers, and indeed among the Serbs generally, it is a universal custom for each family to choose some goodly youth of their acquaintance as a dropper-in for the Christmas Day festivities. He is called the "Polaznik,"¹ and where strict rites are observed no one except this chosen guest visits the family on Christmas Day. Our Polaznik proved to be a sturdy youth of some five-and-twenty years, who, as he approached the threshold, cried, "Christ is born!" and scattered some corn from his hand inside the dwelling-house. "Welcome!" replied the house-mother, who stood at the door to meet him; "of a truth He is born,"

¹ Elsewhere, Polazainik.

and threw a handful of corn in his face, as she had done before to the bringers-in of the yule-logs. The Polaznik now approached the yule-fire and taking up the remains of the chief log, which was not yet burnt through, knocked it against the cauldron-hook above so as to make the sparks fly, saying as he did so, "So may our Domachin have all good luck and happiness, and may he have most male heads!" He then with the same log struck the embers below, saying, as the sparks flew again, "Even so may our brother the Domachin have oxen, and cows, and goats, and sheep, and all good luck!"² Having done this, he laid an orange, and upon it a small coin, on the end of the log, which the Domachitza promptly took possession of. In return for this gift, she informed me, she presented the Polaznik, when he left, with "charape" and "nazake," the leggings and socks in use among these mountaineers, and with these a Christmas loaf or "pogatch." The Polaznik now, according to immemorial custom, asked his host the Domachin "how Christmas had come to him"³ and whether he was merry? To which the house-father replied, "Christmas has come as a kind guest—never better, my brother; all have enough, and all are merry." The new comer now exchanged the kiss of peace with every member of the family, and then the stools were taken from their lurking places, and the Polaznik, taking his seat beside

² The formula usual in Montenegro, where the Domachin on his return from church also performs this rite, begins with an invocation of the yule-log itself. "O festive yule log, in a good hour may God give as much to us" (as these sparks) "of health, peace, fruits of the earth, and increase of cattle (roda, ploda), feasting, male children, and all good luck!" See Duchich, *Kako se u Crnoj-Gori Božić slavi*, in the *Dubrovanik*, 1867. Here we seem to see a survival of the time when the prayer was actually addressed to the ancestral flame.

³ "Kako vas je Božić polazio?" "What kind of a guest or 'Polaznik' has your Christmas been?"

the hearth, was pledged with wine and raki to his heart's content.

The Domachin now took the roasted carcase of the Christmas sheep, and, muttering a prayer, drew forth his handjar or sword-knife, and with some dexterous blows cut it into more manageable joints. He had need to be a skilful swordsman, since to have broken a rib would, I was assured, have brought some calamity on the household. In place of a table, sacks were spread over the straw-strewn floor as on the preceding night, and on these, besides some good haunches of the *péchivo* or Christmas roast, the housemother set bacon, potatoes, and the Christmas unleavened bread—rude ancestor indeed of our plum-pudding, but ancestor nevertheless. This is a round flat cake, with a round hole in the centre, from which spoke-like ornaments radiate towards the circumference so as to make it look somewhat like a wheel. In the round hole in the centre they placed here a simple glass of wine, but in more well-to-do Risano I saw small Christmas-trees, hung with ribbons, tinsel, and sweetmeats, stuck in the central hole. Inside the cake was placed a coin, which was to bring luck to whoever got it with his portion. Besides this *chesnitza*, or Christmas bread-cake, the house-mother set on the table a wooden bowl filled with corn, and in this the Domachin set three wax tapers lighted from the yule fire. When they were getting low he sopped a small piece of the unleavened bread in wine, and with this extinguished the flame, afterwards religiously devouring the sodden morsel.

In Risano, where they have so far degenerated from the strictness of primitive usage as to allow themselves a table, every member of the family round it holds a wax taper. At the beginning of the repast all rise, each holding his wax light, utter a prayer, and give each other the kiss of peace all round. Then the house-father collects the tapers and sets

them up in the corn bowl, where he extinguishes them, when they burn low, in the manner already described. But the Crivoscians are for the most part too poor to afford so many tapers, and are fain to content themselves as here, with a prayer and the kiss of peace.

Our little family party—the men first, be it always understood—fell upon the Christmas sheep with the zest of men who had not tasted flesh for forty days. The house-mother and children waited on us, and when, after offering the Domachin and the pope a glass of Maraschino from a bottle I had providently brought with me, I offered my hostess some previous to drinking myself, she was perfectly abashed, and the men beside themselves with astonishment at such precedence being given to a woman! I did my best to explain that in my country women always came first, and demanded why it was they held them so cheap in theirs. "What is a woman?" rejoined the Domachin. "She hardly belongs to the family at all. To-morrow she may marry, and go into quite another house." This odd answer was given me on two different occasions, so that the reason given evidently has serious weight with the people. Such a conception of woman's position in the family is indeed a strange instance of the persistence of ideas which formed the very framework of Aryan society, and which date back to those times when the household was a religious corporation, bound together by the ritual of a common ancestor worship—a worship paid by males to males in which women had at most a secondary share.¹

When the first edge had been taken off the appetite, the Domachin rose to propose the toast of the day "with all the honours," "*u slavu*," as they say. To witness, however, this Christmas feast at its best, and to study the rites connected with the making of

¹ See on this the *Cité Antique* of M. Fustel de Coulanges, and Mr. Hearn's most interesting volume, *The Aryan Household*.

the bread-cake, I may be allowed to transport the reader a while to one of the large house communities in the mountains above Petrovatz in North-west Bosnia. Before sunrise one of the unmarried youths takes a bucket (*vucija*) and draws water wherewith to knead the *chesnitza* or unleavened bread-cake. This he subsequently kneads, putting in a para with the flour for luck. When ready kneaded, the *chesnitza* is put on a shovel and thus set on the hearth, and while there, a circular hole is pressed out of the middle with a cup, a number of lines being then cut with a knife, radiating from the central hole. These lines, they say, represent the different members of the family, and after them the animals of the farm, the corn, maize—and, in fact, all the common possessions of the household. The cake is now placed under a cover (*satcha*) in the ashes, great care being taken that the fire shall only be stirred by three sticks of freshly-cut wood, and these held in a gloved hand. When the cake is ready, these firesticks are thrown out of the smoke-hole in the roof, picked up, and again taken inside the house.

When the *chesnitza* is ready, they look at its radiating dents, and proceed to "interpret" from them. As each line represents some individual person or property, beginning with the house-elder, good and ill luck is boded to each as the dents come out well or ill. If all come out well, it is reckoned a very good omen, but the contrary bodes great misfortune.

Each member of the family in turn now sets his or her bare feet on the spot on the hearth where the cake was baked to prevent their feet getting blistered that year, and not, as some might have thought, to begin the new year with a blister.

On his return from church, the Staryeshina, or house-elder, gives

¹ *Tolkovati* is the verb used. It bears a curious resemblance to the Swedish *tolk*, an interpreter.

orders forthwith to lay the feast. At first nothing is set before the family, who are squatted round on the straw, but a sieve containing grains of different kinds of corn, in which is placed an egg and a taper, and certain small cakes made of meal and cream called *tzitzvaras* which it is the duty of the shepherdess (*planinka*) to prepare. When the *tzitzvaras* are set before them, the whole family stands up; at the head stands the Staryeshina, at his right his brother, eldest son, or whoever is the eldest male in the family after him, then the other male members in order. On the left of the house-elder stands the house-mother of the community, and after her the other female members in order, and so on till the youngest children of both sexes meet at the bottom of the circle. Then the eldest male after the Staryeshina goes up and kisses him on both cheeks, the other male members after him, the boys, however, only kissing his hands. Next the same ceremony is repeated by the house-mother, and the womankind of the family in due order, after which they kiss all the men of the family in turn—a wife, however, passing over her husband.

The Lord's Prayer is now said by all, after which the Christmas bread-cake, the *chesnitza*, is solemnly broken by the house-father and another male member of the family, all round observing the ground attentively to see if a crumb falls down. If this happens, it betokens that one of the family will die before the next year is out; the contrary case signifying great prosperity. Similarly, if the fat inside the *tzitzvaras* peeps out, it is a good sign; should it be otherwise, a death may be expected.

All now sit down in order, and the Staryeshina taking a bit of the Christmas bread-cake in a spoon, eats his first mouthful, passing on the spoon to the next male, till all have eaten with it. Great importance is attached by all the Serbs to the first morsel eaten at the Christmas feast. Sometimes it

is cheese, sometimes the Christmas roast, sometimes sausage. Each having taken his first spoonful in the house-father's spoon, they fall to on the *tzitzvara* cakes on their own account, but first take care to dig their spoon-handles into these cakes, and shake them off again with the spell—"So much food may we have for a year spite of harmful guns and worms." One side of the bread-cake is now broken, the *pěchivo*, or Christmas roast is carried in, and the cups are filled with the *varenik*¹ or Christmas mead.

Now is the time for the Christmas toasting. In the middle of dinner the house-father gets up, and in many parts, in Montenegro, for instance, the first toast is a religious one, the Nativity of Christ, "the Patron Namegiver of all house-fathers." This is evidently only a Christian survival of the practice of drinking to the divine ancestor of the family, and it is observable that the wheel-shaped bread-cake, or *kolatch*, is broken in honour of the toast at the same time as the mead is drunk—a distinct memorial of a time when it was set out for the ancestral spirit. Holding out his *potijer*, or cup, a name used elsewhere to signify the sacramental chalice,² the Domachin drinks "to the fair honour of the holy Nativity of Christ, who thus miraculously came among us and made us joyous, that we may long await Him in health and feasting, and that He may aid us and every Christian brother." The next toast is the "*Krsno Ime*," the "name of the Patron Saint," who again represents the divine ancestor of pre-Christian days; after which the various members of the family are toasted in turn. In Risano, the toasting can be heard to greater perfection than in the Black Mountain itself, so as I had now seen all the

chief ceremonial of the Crivoscian household, I took leave of my kind entertainers, and started on my way down the mountain to catch up something more than the tail end of the festivities in the Bocchese town, which begin later in the day, and last almost without interruption into the night. Arrived at Risano, I was at once invited to the house of a hospitable native, and, before I knew where I was, found myself rising to reply to a Slav toast which had been drunk to the new-comer, "with all the honours," by the festive family circle assembled within. My own toast, I need hardly say, was brief, but I trust to the point; any how my gorgeously-apparelled friends were kind enough to help it out by uproarious *živio*'s. Many of the toasts that followed, however, were quite long speeches, full of jokes at the expense of whoever the speaker "looked towards." Thus one kind friend in proposing the health of mine host, a bulky man, on the safe side of forty, and blessed with a buxom consort of about the same respectable time of life, expressed a wish that he might shortly marry a young wife; and lest the lady should feel herself in any way slighted, he turned to our hostess, and, with equal readiness, wished her a slim and youthful husband.

In the Crivoscian and Bosnian cottages the food must on no account be cleared away after the Christmas meal. The remains of every kind of dish is left for three days on the sacks which serve the place of table—the house Spirits must be given time for their repast,—and the straw is left scattered over the earth-floor of the huts, till "Little Christmas," or New Year's Day, which concludes the feast. The afternoon on Christmas Day is taken up with various pursuits. The young folk dance the *kolo* outside the house, and play various games. Tasks should be begun on this day. Carpenters turn a bit with their gimlets, and chop with their axes. Some mount the horses

¹ This is made of wine, honey, and pepper; it is specially drunk on Christmas Eve.

² The word seems to have been derived from the Byzantine Greek *ποτήριον* = sacramental chalice, which is its usual signification among the Serbs. In Montenegro, however, it is used to mean a purely secular cup.

and ride about the fields, where, in the Bocche, they "shout Christmas" as it is called. The husbandmen take the oxen to the forest. Girls begin pieces of needlework; and luck is thus secured for all domestic enterprises for the ensuing year.

In the villages about Petrovatz, and elsewhere, a field labourer wakes the children of the household early on the morning of "Little Christmas Day," before dawn, when they and he together clear the floor of the Christmas straw, take the *kolatch* cakes, and a rope, and proceed with these to the threshing-floor. Here they scatter the straw all round the pole to which the horses, who tread out the corn, are to be tethered; fix a *kolatch* cake, the central hole of which is ready to receive the pole, on the top of it, and tie the rope to it. The children now take hold of the rope and run round and round over the straw, neighing, the husbandman driving them as if they were horses. This goes on for about an hour till the children are tired and leave off, when the rope is undone, the *kolatch* removed, and all return to the house. Next they go to the stall where the oxen are sleeping, and the husbandman fixes the *kolatch* on the horn of the "eldest ox;" if he now throws it off it is of good omen to the household, and the oxen, especially, will be strong and lusty. A bit of the *kolatch* cake is now broken off and given to the oxen to eat, and the children run to the husbandman, neighing, and asking for oats to make them strong, on which he gives them, too, a bit of the same bread-cake. In the evening of "Little Christmas,"

kolatch cakes of the same wheel-shaped form are prepared for supper.

It would be easy to add a variety of suggestive customs and formulas to this short account of the Christmas rites as still practised in the primitive households of the Serbian branch of our Aryan family; these, however, that I have here collected, may perhaps suffice to convey a correct idea of their true character. In another article I hope to call attention to some of the conclusions to which they lead: here it may be sufficient to remark that to me, at least, they seem to throw an altogether new light on the true origin of that great heathen festival, many of whose ceremonies have been preserved to our day under a Christian guise. The idea hitherto prevalent of the origin of this yule ritual has been that it is a survival, with Christian additions and modifications, of the feast of the winter solstice. Far be it from me to deny that Sun-worship, which certainly fixed the date of Christmas, ecclesiastical, may have left its impress, even as Christianity did later, on part at least of these domestic rites. But whoever has been at the pains to follow this tolerably minute account of Christmas practices as still preserved among these Slavonic mountaineers, will, I think, have felt himself in presence of a still earlier religion, in a word, of that most primitive form of Aryan worship, whose only object was the spirits of departed forefathers, in which the hearth was the only altar, and the sun, and the moon, and the stars, were at most regarded as supernal forms of its ancestral flame.

ARTHUR J. EVANS.

To be continued.

MOPSA'S TALE.

"Et in Arcadiâ ego."

IN the *Arcadia*, Sidney's fair romance,
 There is a fragment of a fairy tale,
 Which clings about my heart and will not go.

'Twas Mopsa told it: rough and coarse was she,
 Stamp't vulgar to the core with the brand self,
 Unlovely and unloved; and, as she told,
 The hearers were unfain to hear, and yet
 She mooned along, until one stayed her tongue
 With gentle prayer that she would keep her tale
 For better audience and a better day.

She liked the tale, or liked to tell the tale,
 And laid it in the silence, with the hope
 To tell it one day at a festival.
 Poor Mopsa! Here beginneth Mopsa's tale,
 Told, nearly as may be, in Mopsa's words.

"In the time past," she said, "there was a king,
 The mightiest man in all his countryside,
 Whose wife bare unto him a child that was
 The fairest daughter ever tasted pap.
 And the king kept a great and generous house
 Where all might come and freely take their meat.
 So one day, as the king's fair daughter sat
 Within her window, playing on a harp—
 As sweet as any rose was she: her hair
 Held by a rich comb, set with precious stones—
 There came a knight riding into the court
 Upon a goodly horse, one hair of gold,
 The other silver; and 'twas so that he,
 Casting his eyes up to that window of hers,
 Fell into such extremity of love,
 That so he grew not worth the bread he ate:
 Till, many a sorry day going o'er his head,
 With daily diligence and grievously groans,
 He won her heart and won her word to leave
 Her father's court and go along with him.

And so in May when all true hearts rejoice,
 They stole away together, staying not
 To break their fast, but satisfied with love.

And now as they together went, and oft
Did fall to kissing one another's face,
He told his lady how the water-nymphs
Had brought him up, and had bewitched him so,
If any one should ask him of his name,
He presently must vanish quite away.
And therefore charged her, on his blessing, ne'er
To ask him what he was or whither he would.

So a great while she did his bidding keep,
Till, passing through a cruel wilderness,
As dark as pitch, her heart so burned in her,
She could not choose but ask the question.

Then he, making the grievousest complaints,
That would have melted hardest wood to hear,
There in the darkness vanished quite away.
And she lay down casting forth pitiful cries.

But having lain so five days and five nights,
Wet by the rain, burnt by the sun, she rose
And went o'er many high hills and rivers deep,
Until she came to an aunt's house of hers,
And stood and cried aloud to her for help.
And she, for pity, gave a nut to her,
And bade her never open it, till she
Was come to the extremest misery
That ever tongue could speak of: and she went
And went, and never rested her at even
Where in the morn she went, until she came
Unto a second aunt, who gave to her
Another nut."—Here Mopsa's tale breaks off.

I read this o'er, and pondered, till I saw
Unto an end, albeit not Mopsa's end;
Only an end that met the soul of one
Small singer of the nineteenth century,
Who felt her heart burn in her at the words,
"And bade her never open it till she
Was come to the extremest misery."

I think she must have found another aunt
And gained another nut.—Though fairy tales
Delight to deal in sevens and in threes,
I let the third gift go and keep the two.

This was the word went with the second nut,
"Break this when thou dost know there is no need
To break the other." And she faintly smiled,—
"I think that will be in the day of joy,
The day of joy that I shall never see."

Suppose a woman with a gift like this,
Not to be used till she herself was come

Unto the very extremest misery
That ever tongue could speak of—how of it?—
May it be thus?—

The princess must go on
Smitten of sorrow, driven of remorse,
Seeking and never finding, till her limbs
Refused to bear her up, and so she cast
Her length upon a rocky beach, 'neath cliffs
White, sharp, and strong and stern, around whose base
Beat that eternal trouble of the sea.
“And now,” she said, “the time is surely come,
The very extremest time of misery,
For what I seek is gone, and power to seek
Is gone.” But lo, a voice that whispered, “Nay,
For will to seek is thine; till that be gone
Thou art not come to thy extremest woe.”

And so she rose and still pursued her way,
Bedrencht with rain, or faint for extreme heat,
Footsore and tired; and yet there never came
A moment in the which to pause and say,
“Now am I come to woe's extremity.”

And on her way she sang this song of hers.

“I may not find thee, O my love of loves;
My sin it was that drave thee from my side,
My suffering would I give to bring thee back.
Unfaith of mine hath struck thee like a flash
Of lightning, and I cannot see thy face.
My loss I know, but thine, who hast lost the light
Of earth and all the sweets of human joy
And grandeur of human suffering, know I not;
I love thee and seek, though finding never come.”

So cried she weeping, in a stranger land,
And the men said, “Behold, the maid is mad!”
And took her up in their ungentle arms
And bare her to a dungeon underground,
And left her there; so she was all alone
With flitter-mice and heavy dark and damp,
And silence; and on her bosom lay her nut,
And yet she brake it not.

But lo! a cry
Smote through the horrible darkness on her ear;
And, sharp upon her brain, no need of sense,
There came the knowledge that he lay close by,
Prisoned and tortured: then she lifted up
Her voice, that bare exceeding love and ruth
In a strong cry, upon her lover's name.
But it sank quivering on the darkness' heart,
And could not reach him, for the walls were thick.
Then moaned she in her grief, “The time is come,
My most extremest time of misery,

For I am fain to help and cannot help ;
No darker time can come."

But the same voice
That stayed her heretofore, rose up, and said,
"Thou hast the will to help, if not the power ;
Therefore thou art not in extremest woe."

And then the princess askt, "Is there yet more?"
And this the answer, "Not for thee, O child,
The extremest misery tongue can utter forth,
Or shuddering silence hold upon her breast ;
Seeing that all the suffering laid on thee
Hath quickened thee, not killed thee : sharp regrets
For sin have prickt thee on, not stung to death :
Great waters going over thee washt clean,
Not drowned thee : therefore rise and break the nut
Whose breaking was to be when thou wert sure
Thy woe should never be extremest woe."

And so she brake the nut—and then—there came
That which I know not how to tell—great joy
And peace and strength—and came for both of them,
The seeker and the sought.

I dedicate
This little tale to You, for You will know :
And, if some throw the thing aside, because
I have mixt the thought of separate centuries
And thence brought forth some strange inconsequence,
I shall be satisfied, if You approve.
If any shrug the shoulder, saying, "Well,
But Mopsa never would have ended thus,"
You know I never said or thought she would.

E. H. HICKEY.

MR. TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME.

If it is true that "by nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry," then let us mark with white the day upon which the veteran and accredited chief of living English poets produces a book worthy of his fame and calling. The successive volumes of verse put forth by Mr. Tennyson within the last ten or twelve years had disappointed many of those who believed themselves neither the least ardent nor the least loyal of his admirers. The contents of these volumes had consisted, besides a few minor pieces, of additions to the cycle of Arthurian Idylls, and of two historical plays. But neither idylls nor plays had in general given unmixed pleasure to readers jealous for the glory of this great magician in English letters.

The student knows well that the poetry of Mr. Tennyson, even where it least fully satisfies, will at all times interest and impress him by choice and brilliant qualities of craftsmanship. In some of the later additions to the *Idylls of the King* there are passages—as, for instance, in the "Passing of Arthur," the famous passage of the battle, when

"On the waste sands by the waste sea they closed,"—

and more than one in the *Holy Grail*, in which Mr. Tennyson's powers of poetical execution have been exerted in a manner that not only interests and impresses, but conquers, enthralls, and carries us away. A like elaboration marks everywhere the style of these poems, but by no means, I think, a like felicity. We are far from enthralled by such curiosities of technical speech as "the foul-flesh'd agaric in the holt," or the "slot and fewmets of the deer." The ingenuity of descriptive paraphrase seems carried too far when a dandelion is called

"the flower
That blows a globe of after arrowlets."

To "reel back into the beast" seems a phrase more far-fetched than happy or correct for describing the relapse of a kingdom into anarchy. And these are but specimens of such fastidious turns and singularities as abound in the later idylls, marring the simplicity of the narrative, and bespangling the verse with jewels surely of a somewhat inferior water; "jewels five words long," that sparkle indeed, but sparkle, like "the stone Avanturine" of Mr. Tennyson's own simile, with a lustre hardly of the purest.

But the chief complaint brought against the later idylls by those of us who cannot enjoy them as we should wish, is this, that they represent the characters of old romance in colours against which our imagination rebels. The scene upon which the mediæval legends are transported by the modern poet is a scene both changed and shrunken. The imagery is beautiful and fantastic, but there has passed over the actors a shadow by which they and their passions seem deformed and dwarfed. The world of the new Arthurian tales is indeed a more scrupulous, but it is also a much more scandalous and petty, world than that of the old. Along with the sense of vexed conscience and violated law, there has entered in a trick of wrangling and repining, of mean behaviour and peevish discourse; neither do we feel that any richness of imagery or daintiness of execution, nor even the high beauty and nobility of single passages, can reconcile us on the whole to the society of these wanton or shrewish ladies, and knights adulterous or forsworn, whose loves and strifes, in losing their character of wild recklessness and fatality, have lost also the characters of greatness and of romance.

The plays of *Queen Mary* and *Harold*, again, deeply interesting as experiments made by a master of

letters in an arduous form of writing in which we know not what to expect from him, have seemed to be but half successes at the best. Mr. Tennyson's blank verse, for one thing, polished and chased to the delicacy of filagree, and full of subtle variations in movement, hardly includes, or at least has hitherto hardly seemed to include, among its powers those essential to dramatic writing, of spontaneous and buoyant rapidity, and of explosive or appealing force. Neither has the conduct of his fables seemed to exhibit much of the craft of the born or trained dramatic artist. Still less have these plays shone by any such opulence of incidental poetry, such imaginative and episodic splendour, as atones for the deficiency of dramatic scheme and conduct in some of the historical plays of Shakspeare. They have seemed, for the work of so fine a master, somewhat bald and meagre, and the *Queen Mary* not only so, but too harsh, unbeautiful, and dissonant for true tragedy. While in *Harold*, although far more spirited and diversified, and marked by at least one scene of stirring and sustained power, when to Edith absorbed in supplication the course of the battle is told in snatches between the clamours of the combatants and the pealing of the monkish litanies—in *Harold* we still feel that the dramatic poet who is comparatively strange to us falls far short of the great lyric and idyllic poet whom we knew.

Mr. Tennyson's last volume, on the other hand, cannot fail to rekindle in all lovers of English poetry their old feelings of admiration and delight. Some of the pieces it contains had been published singly before, but we read them with fresh appreciation in their new guise and connection. The first thing to strike the reader of this little book of less than two hundred pages is the range and variety of accomplishment to which it bears witness. The poet who touches so many keys with so masterly a hand can afford to have done, or be thought to have done, some things less well in the departments of romantic narrative and historical drama.

In this volume also there are indeed some things less good than the rest; and among the less good, as most readers will think, the address to a new-born child called *De Profundis*. The metaphysical element in this piece seems suspended in very imperfect solution in the poetical. To absorb without loss of its proper virtue any considerable portion of metaphysics, is a task notoriously difficult for poetry to accomplish, and is perhaps only possible in the case of such a profoundly personal and emotional vein of metaphysical thought as that of Wordsworth. Even then, as we all know, cloudings and opacities will ensue. But it is the glory of Wordsworth to be perpetually opening avenues from the world of our daily perceptions and experiences into a world behind them; whereas the *De Profundis* seems merely and unfruitfully to state, in verses of which some are fine, but others lend themselves far too easily to parody, the dual character of the universe, material and spiritual, and the co-existence and reconcilableness of its opposing aspects, "finite-infinite," "numerable-innumerable," and the rest.

It is, however, of the triumphs rather than of the weak places in Mr. Tennyson's new volume that we desire to speak. One or two little pieces of the official or complimentary kind, like the lines *To Dante*, or those *On the Marriage of Princess Frederica*, may be passed over, although they are noticeable for their perfect grace of touch and feeling. So may the passage translated from the eighteenth *Iliad* in a blank verse which, like Mr. Tennyson's earlier experiment of the same kind, has a Homeric distinction and directness, but not, I should say, the Homeric fire and rapidity. Of the larger pieces in the volume, some are in a strain altogether new; others are the best and ripest work, or equal to the best and ripest which the author has produced in strains with which we were already familiar. *The Revenge* and *The Defence of Lucknow*, the two warlike "ballads" which may be supposed to give their

names to the volume, are written with such a Tyrtæan strength, such proud and hot delight in the thoughts of patriotic daring and endurance, as makes it impossible for any Englishman to read them without a glowing of the blood. Of this quality Mr. Tennyson had already given us a lyric foretaste in the *Charge of the Light Brigade* and the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, but no example until those now before us in this rousing vein of narrative. For complete imaginative grasp of the circumstances and emotions of the struggle, and for vivid directness in their recital, I do not, know which is to be preferred, the Elizabethan "ballad of the Fleet," or the modern narrative put into the mouth of the survivor of Lucknow. The former poem has certainly the advantage in its close. In the *Lucknow*, after the magnificently sustained tension of the siege, and its deadly diversity of perils, told with an energy that never flags and a sincerity never at fault, there seems something inadequate in the final stanza of the rescue. After lines like these:—

"Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like
so many fiends in their hell—
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley,
and yell upon yell,—
Fiercely on all our defences the myriad
enemy fell :"—

or again—

"Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their
lying alarms,
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and
shoutings and soundings to arms,
Ever the labour of fifty that had to be done
by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should
be left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from
the loop-holes around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to
be laid in the ground,
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge
of cataract skies,
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite
torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing
over an English field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that
would not be healed,

Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-
pitiless knife,—
Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never
could save us a life.
Valour of delicate women who tended the
hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying
and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never
a moment for grief,
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes
of relief,
Havelock baffled or beaten, or butcher'd for
all that we know"—

—after lines like these there certainly seems to be a falling off when the moment of relief comes:—

"Outram and Havelock breaking their way
thro' the fell mutineers."

"The fell mutineers," "the pibroch of Europe," "dance to the pibroch,"—these phrases of the last stanza seem in force and sincerity to fall below the occasion, and below the pitch of what has gone before. Whereas in the whole poem of the *Revenge*, with its heady spirit of ocean daring and untamable English loyalty and defiance, there is nothing at once so imaginative and so nobly written as the verses, first dispersedly rolling, then gathering and massing themselves irresistibly, and finally dying away into a calm, which describe the calamity that overtook the Spanish fleet,

"When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd
awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the
weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale
blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by
an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails
and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the
shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by
the island crags,
To be lost evermore in the main."

Mr. Tennyson is one of the most original masters of metrical construction and contrivance who has ever handled the English language, and this is one of his greatest feats. The verses at this point are, in their general scheme, anapaestic penta-

meters—that is to say verses in triple cadence and with five accents each. This movement is in its nature slow and solemn, and is made more so in several of the lines above quoted by the pause upon the final foot, involved by substituting before its accented syllable one long, instead of the regular two short, syllables without accent:—

“And the wáve | like the wáve | that is
ráised | by an eáth | quáke gréw |.”

Then follows a line in which each anapaestic foot, made up of three monosyllables, is as regular, heavy, and separate as it can be made:—

“Till it smóte | on their hálls | and their
sáils | and their másts | and their flágs | ;”

after which a ponderous crash and change of movement are brought about by the addition of a sixth foot to the next verse, with a syllable wanting and a consequent pause in both the second and third feet; which are now, quantitatively speaking, a spondee and an iambus respectively:—

“And the wóhle | sēa plánged | and féll | on
the shót- | shatter'd ná | vy of Spáin.”

The next line is kept at the same length, but the last drops to a trimeter; to be read, however, with pauses sufficient to protract it in delivery to a length almost equal to those that have gone before: pauses admirably expressive of subsiding turmoil and returning quiescence.

As a study of metre, *The Revenge* is indeed the most interesting of all Mr. Tennyson's writings since *Maud*. The majority of readers will probably prefer the regular and ringing march of the dactylic stanzas in *Lucknow*, with their gallant refrain:—

“And ever upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew,”

and will be somewhat baffled by the unforeseen, and to the untrained ear abrupt, changes in the number and order of accents in the verses of *The Revenge*. Nevertheless, to call these verses “rough” is to mistake their nature. Roughness there may be in their diction—

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“Let us hang these dogs of Seville, the
children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or
Devil yet,”

but their changes and modulations are as subtly calculated as those of any verses ever written. It would take us too far to examine these in detail; but one point is very interesting to note, and that is the use made by Mr. Tennyson in this naval ballad of the same somewhat unusual metrical foot which gives its character to another great naval ballad in English literature, I mean Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic*. This is the foot called by Mr. Ruskin, in his interesting tract published the other day, on *The Elements of English Prosody*, the ‘trine anapaest.’ It consists of three unaccented syllables, followed by one accented, and comes in the second place alike in all the short and all the long lines of Campbell's poem:—

“Like levi | athans aflóat |
Lay their búl | warks on the bríne | ;
While the sign | of battle fléw |
On the lóf | ty British line | :
It was tén | of April mórn | by the chíme.”¹

The effect of this foot is to throw a strong and sudden stress on the accent that precedes it; and this, followed before the next stress by three light and rapidly-spoken syllables, is an effect particularly suited to martial strains. In *The Revenge*, strophes, or sections of strophes, to which this foot gives their metrical character, are diversified with others containing lines of all lengths, from dimeter up to heptameter, in ordinary triple

¹ Each cluster of four syllables in the above has to be spoken in almost the same time as the shorter cluster which precedes it; hence, as Mr. Ruskin with perfect justice points out, it must be taken as a single foot, and not resolved into two iambic feet, one with full and one with light or suspended accent. To read the short lines as trimeters, thus—

“Of Né | son and | the Nórth | ”

would be to assimilate them to those in a poem of a quite different movement, Mr. Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra*—

“Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be.”

cadence. In the following section, the trine anapaest, to borrow Mr. Ruskin's not very satisfactory name for it, occurs thrice in the first line, twice in the sixth, and once in every other except the third :—

"And while nów | the great San Phí | lip
 hung above | us like a clóud |
 Whence the thún | derbolt will fall |
 Long and lóud |
 Four gáll | eons drew awáy |
 From the Spán | ish fleet that dáy |
 And twó | upon the lár | board and twó |
 upon the stár | board lay |,
 And the bát | tle thunder bróke | from them
 all |."

According as the reader is most alive to the emotions of war and patriotism, or to those of pity and horror, he will give the palm, among the newer order of pieces in this volume, either to the battle lays of which we have spoken, or else to the monologue of *Rizpah*. As the recital in lyric form of a weird tale of misery and madness, this poem is again unmatched in Mr. Tennyson's work, although it is approached by some sections in *Maud*. An old woman in her fierce and at the same time trembling dotage tells a lady who has come to visit her how her boy had long ago been hung in chains, under the old laws of England, for robbing the mail; how he had done it not in wickedness but in recklessness, but how her plea to that effect had availed him nothing; how when she had gone to visit him in prison she had been forced from him by the jailer with his cry of "mother, mother," ringing in her ears; how the same cry rang afterwards in her brain while she lay bound and beaten in a madhouse; and how, when she was at last set free, she used to steal out on stormy nights and gather together his bones from beneath the gallows, until she had gathered them every one, and buried them in consecrated ground beside the churchyard wall. It is as terrible a tale as could well be imagined, and is told with a plain and classic force, a freedom from shrillness or emphasis, which leaves its terror all the more piercing and un-

escapable. The dying woman, hearing the voice of her son in the wind, has begun thus to herself before she is aware of her visitor :—

"Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over
 land and sea—
 And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O mother
 come out to me.'
 Why should he call me to-night, when he
 knows that I cannot go?
 For the downs are as bright as day, and the
 full moon stares at the snow.

"We should be seen, my dear; they would
 spy us out of the town,
 The loud black nights for us, and the storm
 rushing over the down,
 When I cannot see my own hand, but am
 led by the creak of the chain,
 And grovel and grope for my son, till I find
 myself drench'd with the rain."

The wild and haunting note struck in these most powerful and most musical lines is caught up again at the close of the poem :—

"Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that
 you mean to be kind,
 But I cannot hear what you say for my
 Willy's voice in the wind—
 The snow and the sky so bright—he used
 but to call in the dark,
 And he calls to me now from the church,
 and not from the gibbet—for hark!
 Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is coming
 —shaking the walls—
 Willy—the moon's in a cloud. Good night.
 I am going. He calls."

And the whole intervening story of anguish, madness, and the desperate stealth of maternal passion which had prompted the gathering up of those grim remains of the beloved life—

"Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my
 bone was left"—

the whole of this is kept at the level of such a beginning and such a close. We may except, perhaps, the two or three stanzas where the speaker dwells with remonstrance on the doctrines of damnatory theology. Some touch of such remonstrance would be natural and appropriate in this place; but here it seems to be too protracted, and the poetry seems somewhat degraded by such lines as—

"Election, Election and Reprobation—it's all
 very well."

I cannot but think that the poem would gain in strength and concentration if it were lightened by the two stanzas xv. and xvi., where ideas of this kind are amplified beyond the occasion. Does not the closing stanza which we have quoted knit itself on naturally and justly to the end of the fourteenth?—

"Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm on the downs began,
The wind that 'ill wail like a child and the sea that 'ill moan like a man?"

A poem of a totally opposite order to *Rizpah*, and one of which the point lies in scenic luxuriance rather than in human character and feeling, is the *Voyage of Maeldune*. This piece is not without precedents in the work of its author, but is, I think, much the best of its class. Its sentiment is the sentiment of ocean and island travel, its romance the romance of far-off seafaring beside enchanted shores. Readers will not have forgotten the predilection which Mr. Tennyson has already shown for this vein of fancy. We find it accompanied by a strain of moral allegory in the lyric of the *Voyage*, first published along with *Enoch Arden*; a lyric of magical quality for its expression of fleeting movement, and realization of vast and shifting scenery. *Enoch Arden* itself includes, in the account of the shipwrecked mariner's island home, a singularly graceful and highly-wrought passage of tropical description in the same vein; which appears again, and this time less happily, in the trippingly and somewhat trivially rhymed fancy of the *Islet*; a piece written in a taste which to my mind too much recalls the shell and coral decorations of some parlour in a seaport town. But once more, the same strain brings to a close, and not unworthily, the noble alcaics *To Milton*; when for the charm of the Miltonic Eden we have the similitude of the charm experienced by the wanderer out in ocean,

"When some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean-isle,
And crimson-hued the stately palm-trees
Whisper in odorous heights of even."

It is of this mood of Oceanic or Polynesian imagery, again weighted with a touch of moral, and this time also of political, allegory, that Mr. Tennyson has given us a crowning example in the *Voyage of Maeldune*. It is very curious to compare the poet's treatment of the theme with the original Irish story upon which his work is founded. The story in question is to be found in Mr. Joyce's collection of *Old Celtic Romances*, a volume of extreme interest to the lovers of old tales, though it is impossible not to feel that in Mr. Joyce's versions the stories have acquired something of a modern and jaunty air that can hardly belong to them in the original. Mr. Tennyson has taken from the original its main framework only. In his poem, as in the Irish tale, Maeldune is the son of a king; his father has been slain by plunderers from a fleet; and he by and by sets sail with his companions for the island inhabited by the plunderers in order to avenge that murder. He reaches the island, and is making ready for his vengeance when a storm suddenly drives his ship out to sea. After a long and adventurous voyage, in the course of which they touch at many dangerous and enchanted coasts, the seafarers come to the home of a saint, who persuades them to renounce their scheme of vengeance. So when they come once more to the island of the plunderers, and Maeldune sees the man who had slain his father, they forbear from violence, and sail away in peace until they reach their home. Here is a passage of Mr. Joyce's text to compare with the poetry of Mr. Tennyson:—

"The next morning the old man said to them, 'You shall all reach your country in safety. And you, Maeldune, you shall find in an island in your way, the very man who slew your father; but you are neither to kill him nor take revenge on him in any way. As God has delivered you from the many dangers you have passed through, though you were very guilty, and well deserved death at His hands; so you forgive your enemy the crime he has committed against you.'"

In Mr. Tennyson's version a long

antecedent account of the holy man's history is left out in order to set his presence and his message before us in a dozen charming and significant lines as follows :—

“ And we came to the Isle of a Saint who had
sail'd with St. Brendan of yore,
He had lived ever since on the Isle and his
winters were fifteen score,
And his voice was low as from other worlds,
and his eyes were sweet,
And his white hair sank to his heels, and
his white beard fell to his feet,
And he spake to me, ‘O Maeldune, let be
this purpose of thine,
Remember the words of the Lord when he
told us “Vengeance is mine!”
His fathers have slain thy fathers in war or
in single strife,
Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each
taken a life for a life,
Thy father had slain his father, how long
shall the murder last?
Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer the
Past to be Past.’
And we kiss'd the fringe of his beard and
we pray'd as we heard him pray,
And the holy man he assoil'd us, and sadly
we sail'd away.”

For the rest, that fatal influence of each of the magic islands in succession, which causes the companions of Maeldune to fall upon and slay one another until he interposes to check or draw them away, is entirely, in this connection at least, of the poet's own devising. In the original, the only losses that happen to the voyagers upon their quest are those of Maeldune's three foster-brothers, who out of love for him insist on sailing with him, but whose presence has raised his following above its legitimate and destined number. Again, the features and the marvels of the several islands are almost entirely Mr. Tennyson's own. He has scarcely borrowed any of his scenery except the island of intoxicating wine-fruits, and the vision of the undersea city; a vision which is by no means new in poetry, but which, even after the lovely and familiar passage in Shelley, affects us with a new magic when it is realised in lines of such a peculiar felicity, in their falling and hushing movement, as these:—

“ Towers of a happier time, low down in a
rainbow deep
Silent palaces, quiet fields of eternal sleep !”

Many of the adventures in the original story are indeed of a kind which a poet would find it hard enough to make anything. For instance, among the notable sights of these islands (of which the tale enumerates some thirty) one is a flock of ants “as big as foals,” which came down to the shore prepared to devour both ship and crew. Another island is inhabited by red-hot animals “shaped somewhat like pigs,” who spent the night in caves, and the day in eating apples. Another is spanned by a river flowing through the air in an arch like a rainbow, out of which the travellers fish salmon by hooking them down from overhead. And so forth. On the whole Mr. Tennyson's island marvels are as happy in their invention as in the splendour and energy with which they are described. Not, I think, that all are equally good; thus we are certainly on the confines of puerility in the island of wine-fruits, where

“ The peak of the mountain was apples, the
largest that ever were seen,
And they prest, as they grew, on each other,
with barely a leaflet between.”

On the other hand, I remember no other scene of enchantment in Mr. Tennyson's poetry so vividly and strikingly imagined, and certainly none more perfectly recounted, than the Island of Witches :—

“ And we came to the Isle of Witches, and
heard their musical cry—
‘Come to us, O come, come,’ in the stormy
red of a sky
Dashing the fires and the shadows of dawn
on the beautiful shapes;
For a wild witch naked as heaven stood on
each of the loftiest capes,
And a hundred ranged on the rock like
white sea-birds in a row,
And a hundred gamboll'd and pranced on
the wrecks in the sand below,
And a hundred splash'd from the ledges,
and bosom'd the burst of the spray;
But I knew we should fall on each other,
and hastily sail'd away.”

The whole tone of the narrative seems exactly right for a poem written in this vein of picturesque fancy and half-serious allegory; and moreover it has, what Mr. Tennyson in his romances, I think, does not always

catch, an appropriate vein of recklessness now defiant and now almost humorous :—

“ And we roll'd upon capes of crocus, and
vaunted our kith and our kin,
And we wallow'd in beds of lilies, and
chanted the triumph of Finn.”

The Revenge, the Defence of Lucknow, Rispah, and, in a lighter vein, the *Voyage of Maeldune*, those, to my mind, are the masterpieces of the present volume. Among its other contents are passages as good as anything in these, but no poem that stands out as they do. The two new pieces in the vein and dialect of the *Northern Farmer* have both of them excellent qualities of humour and character. But the farmers both of the “old style” and the “new style” were more interesting, I had almost said more sympathetic, personages than the heartless and cackling hen-wife of *The Entail*, the humour of whose observations depends, moreover, a little too much upon puns—

“ Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taill in 'is
'and, and owd Squire's gone.”

And again—

“ For he c'ad 'is 'erse Billy-rough-un, thaw
niver a hair were awry.”

The family picture, withal, of the feckless bookworm from whose folios the housemaids tear leaves to light the fire, while his graceless daughters scamper about the country with the grooms, and his more graceless son breaks his neck after refusing to help his father in his difficulties—this picture is too ugly and of too little profit to allow us to read with much pleasure the verses in which it is set forth. The *Northern Cobbler*, on the other hand, is a most spirited, wholesome, and entertaining piece in the same manner; the character which it exhibits being not quite so deep or typical as that of either *Northern Farmer*, but perhaps for that reason more capable of appealing to readers in general. It is a real enrichment of the language when a provincial dialect can be made to yield a poem of such classical charm and humour as this, on the somewhat

common-place theme of a drunkard's struggles and reformation, and to express human contrasts so rich and effective as that between the days of the cobbler's wooing, when he and his sweetheart went together to meeting,

“ An' then upo' commin' awa'ly Sally gied
me a kiss ov hersen,”

and the after days when drink was bringing him down,

“ An' I loök'd cock-eyed at my noose an' I
seëd 'im a-gittin' o' fire.”

There are two other poems in this collection which will in some degree remind the reader of the manner and sentiment of the *May Queen*. They express, that is to say, the pathos of everyday human sorrows as affecting the simplest order of minds; avoiding, or at least endeavouring to avoid, common-place, first by perfect sincerity of feeling, and next by perfect justice of expression. Art, indeed, however, simple its theme, can never be common-place when these two aims are really achieved. There is, I think, no fault to find on either score with *The First Quarrel*: the first quarrel, that is to say, which a shipwreck makes also the last, between a labouring husband and his young wife made jealous by the discovery of a former love: nevertheless the pathos is here hardly of a kind to lift the poem into a very high rank. Fierce fault has, on the other hand, been found with a piece of a far deeper tenderness, *In the Children's Hospital*. The speaker in this case is a hospital nurse, and it is not surprising if she is represented as orthodox in her creed, and as shrinking from the idea of vivisection. The lines about vivisection have, however, been taken as giving the high sanction of Mr. Tennyson's authority to a fanatical propaganda, and the picture of the red-haired surgeon has been treated as a lampoon on the medical profession. Surely it is better to take both simply as passages appropriate to the character and feelings of the speaker. And if they are to be charged with a mischievous practical tendency, surely it is well to remember on the other

side the practical tendency of some other lines further on in the poem. In these a sentiment, commonplace and popular if you will, is raised by sheer sincerity and justice of expression to the pitch at once of exquisite poetry and of beneficent exhortation :

"Nay—you remember our Emmie; you used
to send her the flowers;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em,
talk to 'em hours after hours!
They that can wander at will where the
works of the Lord are reveal'd
Little guess what joy can be got from a
cowslip out of the field;
Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all
they can know of the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards like
the waft of an angel's wing;
And she lay with a flower in one hand
and her thin hands crost on her breast—
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire—"

The reader may be as little orthodox or as little a friend of the anti-vivisection agitation as he pleases; if he has in him the instinct of poetry he will not be able to read of Emmie—

"Her dear, long, lean, little arms stretched
out on the counterpane—"

and not feel that the pathos and the reality of death have been brought home to him with unspeakable tenderness; the same tenderness that in a different style of utterance has dictated a touch like that in the *Defence of Lucknow*—

"Cold were his brows when we kissed him ;"
or in the dedication to the same poem,
the words—

— "while I lay
At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds
Of England."

Of the three blank-verse poems in the volume, I do not think that either of the historical monologues, *Columbus* or *Lord Cobham*, is at all on the level of Mr. Tennyson's early mediæval monologue of *Simeon Stylites*, or of a monologue from classical history like *Lucretius*. The subject, however, of the *Columbus* is fine, and in one passage its blank verse is of more mass and stateliness than is usual in Mr. Tennyson's treatment of that metre; which under his hands is remarkable, as we have said, rather for polish

than for weight, for elaborate variety than for sustained or sudden strength of movement :—

"Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean!
chains
For him who gave a new heaven, a new
earth,
As holy John had prophesied of me,
Gave glory and more empire to the kings
Of Spain than all their battles! chains for
him
Who push'd his prows into the setting sun,
And made West End, and sail'd the
Dragon's mouth,
And came upon the Mountain of the World,
And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!"

The modern idyl of *The Sisters* seems to me one of the most interesting—it is certainly one of the most unequal—poems in the book. Since *Aylmer's Field* Mr. Tennyson has not attempted any equally tragic story in this form. And the story is not only tragic, but one that calls for extreme tact in the telling. The man who has successfully wooed one of two beautiful twin sisters, but afterwards married the other because at the eleventh hour it is flashed upon him that it is she, and not the first, who has been all along the idol of his dreams; such a man is already in an awkward position. His position became terrible when the sister whom he has deserted, and who, seeing the true state of his affections, has heroically thrown open for him the door to such desertion, nevertheless goes mad and dies of a broken heart. What is to become of him when grief for her death soon afterwards carries off also the sister whom he has made his wife? Such is the tale which the speaker in *The Sisters* has to tell. He is the father of two daughters by the ill-starred marriage aforesaid, and is represented as telling the tragedy of his youth, by way of warning, to a young man who is in love with one of these daughters, the father does not at first know which. Of this difficult task he is made to acquit himself with complete delicacy of feeling, if in a key of reminiscence somewhat more subdued and placid than seems warranted by the shocking nature of the circumstances. The first

part of the poem is, I think, certainly unsatisfactory. The songs which the girls sing at the beginning are hardly in Mr. Tennyson's happiest manner. The father's narrative, too, is for some time entangled and indistinct. It is broken with digressions about a bottle of port, a grandfather, and the battle of Waterloo, which remind one of Mr. Browning's manner of seeking to throw side-lights on the character and antecedents of his speakers, but are written with less than Mr. Browning's pith and point. Moreover it is not until a second or even a third reading that we can quite gather what the course of events leading up to the marriage had really been. It had been as follows:—the father in his youth had fallen in love with a face seen for a moment in a carriage—which, by the way, Mr. Tennyson calls a "landaulet;" surely a very finicking and needless technicality. There is in the carriage at the same time another person whose face he does not see. Many months later, being by chance in the New Forest, he is attracted by the sound of a laughing voice to the scene of a picnic party; where he finds friends, and is introduced to the owner of the voice, in whose face he has from the first moment recognised, or rather believed that he recognises, the same face that had been haunting him all these months. He follows up the acquaintance, wins the affections of the lady, whose name is Edith, and is only prevented from asking her in marriage by a sense of vague unsatisfiedness for which he knows not how to account. At last he makes up his mind, and is in the very act to speak, when there enters Evelyn, a twin sister of Edith, in whom he instantly recognises the real object of his dreams. At this point the recital settles down, and becomes, in passages at least, a model of lucid, succinct, and feeling narrative:—

"I stood upon the stairs of Paradise.
The golden gates would open at a word.
I spoke it—told her of my passion, seen
And lost and found again, had got so far,

Had caught her hand, her eyelids fell—I
heard
Wheels, and a noise of welcome at the
doors—
On a sudden after two Italian years
Had set the blossom of her health again,
The younger sister, Evelyn, enter'd—there—
There was the face, and altogether she,
The mother fell about the daughter's neck,
The sisters closed in one another's arms,
Their people throng'd about them from the
hall,
And in the thick of question and reply
I fled the house, driven by one angel face
And all the Furies."

Edith, who in a moment perceived the state of the case, determines to sacrifice herself on her sister's behalf. She writes to her departed and not yet fully committed lover a cold letter, asking him to come and pay her mother and sister a visit while she is away in Scotland. Thereupon follows his wooing and wedding of Evelyn, with its tragic issue, first to Edith, and afterwards to Evelyn herself. Finally there comes a passage which in its subdued key is surely one of pathos as perfect and as dignified as is to be found in English poetry.

"Now in this quiet of declining life,
Thro' dreams by night and trances of the
day,
The sisters glide about me hand in hand,
Both beautiful alike, nor can I tell
One from the other, no, nor care to tell
One from the other, only know they come,
They smile upon me, till, remembering all
The love they both have borne me, and the
love
I bore them both—divided as I am
From either by the stillness of the grave—
I know not which of these I love the
best."

Here surely if anywhere is classical English verse. It is scarcely possible to carry farther the skill of clothing human feeling in language pure, musical and appropriate. Every word is as direct and natural as in daily speech, without an emphasis, a strain, or a transposition; and even the verse is of the plainest structure, admitting no elisions, substitutions of one foot for another, or any of the customary variations of blank-verse, except the simplest suspensions of accent and changes in the position of the gram-

metrical pauses. Yet how lovely the cadences, how complete and satisfying the charm ! To give these verses their proper effect would be the best test of the powers of a reader ; to analyse the nature of that effect the best lesson to the student of metre and of metrical law.

If, however, we were to be tempted by this volume to farther studies in the principles and effects of metre, it would not be in order to spoil by analysis a passage which, like this, demands to be kept entire in the memory, but rather to point out the new importance which is being fast assumed in English poetry by the long anapaestic or dactylic hexameter, or verse of six accents in triple cadence. Both in lyric outpouring and in narrative, this measure is coming more and more into use by the best of our living writers, and showing itself capable of effects the most flexible and various. Thus Mr. Browning employs it in the anapaestic form with alternate rhymes, and with splendid effect, for poems so dissimilar as *Abt Vogler* and the most spirited of his recent dramatic lyrics, *Echellos* and *Muleykeh*. Mr. Swinburne uses it alike for the regretful lament of the belated pagan in the *Hymn to Proserpine*, and for the rushing choral narrative of the battle of the Athenians against Eumolpos and his Thracian allies. In the former case he almost divides the verse into two trimeters by means of a regular rhyme on the third accents of successive verses, the rhyme being in each case followed by a caesura :—

“ For thine came pále and a máiden || and
sister to sórrow, but óurs,
Her déep hair héavily láden || with ódour
and cólour of flówers.”

In the latter he drops the middle rhyme, but continues to keep up the nearly regular trochaic caesura :—

“ Mine éárs are amázed with the térror || of
trúmpets, with dárkness mine éyes
At the sôund of the séa's host chárping ||
that déafens the roár of the skiés.”

Mr. Morris, again, adopts for his epic tale of *Sigurd the Volsung* a very elastic and irregular form of the same metre, admitting not only, as triple-time metres always admit, feet of two syllables each instead of three at variable places in the line, but sometimes also a redundant foot of four :—

“ Shall it néver be dáy any móre, nor the
sún's uprising and grówth,
Shall the kings of the éarth lie sléeping and
the wár-dukes wánder in slóth ? ”

Lastly, Mr. Tennyson, who has been accustomed to handle this measure at least since the days when he wrote the opening stanzas of *Maud*, composes in it no less than eight of the pieces in his new volume. *Mældune* is a typical example of the skilful management of the anapaestic form of the verse, in which the movement of each foot leads up to the accent at its close,

“ And we cáme to the ísle of a Sáint who had
sáiled with St. Bréndan of yóre : ”—

and *Lucknow*, on the other hand, of its dactylic form, when the movement of each foot follows down from the accent at the beginning, and the final foot of the verse is “ catalectic,” with a rest for its two last syllables :—

“ Fiercely on áll our defénces the mýriad
énemy féll.”

Between these two typical forms there are any number of possible compromises and combinations. But to go farther into these matters would be more proper to a general treatise on metres than to our present purpose, which is concerned with Mr. Tennyson alone, and with the substance, rather than the form and mechanism, of the noble poems by which he has added another wreath to the laurels gathered during half a century.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

XIX.

As Mrs. Touchett had foretold, Isabel and Madame Merle were thrown much together during the illness of their host, and if they had not become intimate, it would have been almost a breach of good manners. Their manners were of the best; but in addition to this they happened to please each other. It is perhaps too much to say that they swore an eternal friendship; but tacitly, at least, they called the future to witness. Isabel did so with a perfectly good conscience, although she would have hesitated to admit that she was intimate with her new friend in the sense which she privately attached to this term. She often wondered, indeed, whether she ever had been, or ever could be, intimate with any one. She had an ideal of friendship, as well as for several other sentiments, and it did not seem to her in this case—it had not seemed to her in other cases—that the actual completely expressed it. But she often reminded herself that there were essential reasons why one's ideal could not become concrete. It was a thing to believe in, not to see—a matter of faith, not of experience. Experience, however, might supply us with very creditable imitations of it, and the part of wisdom was to make the best of these. Certainly, on the whole, Isabel had never encountered a

more agreeable and interesting woman than Madame Merle; she had never met a woman who had less of that fault which is the principal obstacle to friendship—the air of reproducing the more tiresome parts of one's own personality. The gates of the girl's confidence were opened wider than they had ever been; she said things to Madame Merle that she had not yet said to any one. Sometimes she took alarm at her candour; it was as if she had given to a comparative stranger the key to her cabinet of jewels. These spiritual gems were the only ones of any magnitude that Isabel possessed; but that was all the greater reason why they should be carefully guarded. Afterwards, however, the girl always said to herself that one should never regret a generous error, and that if Madame Merle had not the merits she attributed to her, so much the worse for Madame Merle. There was no doubt she had great merits—she was a charming, sympathetic, intelligent, cultivated woman. More than this (for it had not been Isabel's ill-fortune to go through life without meeting several persons of her own sex, of whom no less could fairly be said), she was rare, she was superior, she was pre-eminent. There are a great many amiable people in the world, and Madame Merle was far from being vulgarly good-natured and restlessly witty. She knew how to

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

think—an accomplishment rare in women; and she had thought to very good purpose. Of course, too, she knew how to feel; Isabel could not have spent a week with her without being sure of that. This was, indeed, Madame Merle's great talent, her most perfect gift. Life had told upon her; she had felt it strongly, and it was part of the satisfaction that Isabel found in her society that when the girl talked of what she was pleased to call serious matters, her companion understood her so easily and quickly. Emotion, it is true, had become with her rather historic; she made no secret of the fact that the fountain of sentiment, thanks to having been rather violently tapped at one period, did not flow quite so freely as of yore. Her pleasure was now to judge rather than to feel; she freely admitted that of old she had been rather foolish, and now she pretended to be wise.

"I judge more than I used to," she said to Isabel; "but it seems to me that I have earned the right. One can't judge till one is forty; before that we are too eager, too hard, too cruel, and in addition too ignorant. I am sorry for you; it will be a long time before you are forty. But every gain is a loss of some kind; I often think that after forty one can't really feel. The freshness, the quickness have certainly gone. You will keep them longer than most people; it will be a great satisfaction to me to see you some years hence. I want to see what life makes of you. One thing is certain—it can't spoil you. It may pull you about horribly; but I defy it to break you up."

Isabel received this assurance as a young soldier, still panting from a slight skirmish in which he has come off with honour, might receive a pat on the shoulder from his colonel. Like such a recognition of merit, it seemed to come with authority. How could the lightest word do less, of a person who was prepared to say, of almost everything Isabel told her—"Oh, I have been in that, my dear; it passes,

like everything else." Upon many of her interlocutors, Madame Merle might have produced an irritating effect; it was so difficult to surprise her. But Isabel, though by no means incapable of desiring to be effective, had not at present this motive. She was too sincere, too interested in her judicious companion. And then, moreover, Madame Merle never said such things in the tone of triumph or of boastfulness; they dropped from her like grave confessions.

A period of bad weather had settled down upon Gardencourt; the days grew shorter, and there was an end to the pretty tea-parties on the lawn. But Isabel had long in-door conversations with her fellow-visitor, and, in spite of the rain, the two ladies often sallied forth for a walk, equipped with the defensive apparatus which the English climate and the English genius have between them brought to such perfection. Madame Merle was very appreciative; she liked almost everything, including the English rain. "There is always a little of it, and never too much at once," she said; "and it never wets you, and it always smells good." She declared that in England the pleasures of smell were great—that in this inimitable island there was a certain mixture of fog and beer and soot which, however odd it might sound, was the national aroma and was most agreeable to the nostril; and she used to lift the sleeve of her British overcoat and bury her nose in it, to inhale the clear, fine odour of the wool. Poor Ralph Touchett, as soon as the autumn had begun to define itself, became almost a prisoner; in bad weather he was unable to step out of the house, and he used sometimes to stand at one of the windows, with his hands in his pockets, and, with a countenance half rueful, half critical, watch Isabel and Madame Merle as they walked down the avenue under a pair of umbrellas. The roads about Gardencourt were so firm, even in the worst weather, that the two ladies always came back with a healthy

glow in their cheeks, looking at the soles of their neat, stout boots, and declaring that this walk had done them inexpressible good. Before lunch, Madame Merle was always engaged; Isabel admired the inveteracy with which she occupied herself. Our heroine had always passed for a person of resources, and had taken a certain pride in being one; but she envied the talents, the accomplishments, the aptitudes, of Madame Merle. She found herself desiring to emulate them, and in this and other ways Madame Merle presented herself as a model. "I should like to be like that!" Isabel secretly exclaimed, more than once, as one of her friend's numerous facets suddenly took the light, and before long she knew that she had taken a lesson from this exemplary woman. It took no very long time, indeed, for Isabel to feel that she was, as the phrase is, under an influence. "What is the harm," she asked herself, "so long as it is a good one? The more one is under a good influence the better. The only thing is to see our steps as we take them—to understand them as we go. That I think I shall always do. I needn't be afraid of becoming too pliable; it is my fault that I am not pliable enough." It is said that imitation is the sincerest flattery; and if Isabel was tempted to reproduce in her deportment some of the most graceful features of that of her friend, it was not so much because she desired to shine herself as because she wished to hold up the lamp for Madame Merle. She liked her extremely; but she admired her even more than she liked her. She sometimes wondered what Henrietta Stackpole would say to her thinking so much of this brilliant fugitive from a sterner social order; and had a conviction that Henrietta would not approve of it. Henrietta would not like Madame Merle; for reasons that she could not have defined, this truth came home to Isabel. On the other hand she was equally sure that should the occasion offer, her new

friend would accommodate herself perfectly to her old; Madame Merle was too humorous, too observant not to do justice to Henrietta, and on becoming acquainted with her would probably give the measure of a tact which Miss Stackpole could not hope to emulate. She appeared to have, in her experience, a touchstone for everything, and somewhere in the capacious pocket of her genial memory she would find the key to Henrietta's virtues. "That is the great thing," Isabel reflected; "that is the supreme good fortune: to be in a better position for appreciating people than they are for appreciating you." And she added that this, when one considered it, was simply the essence of the aristocratic situation. In this light, if in none other, one should aim at the aristocratic situation.

I cannot enumerate all the links in the chain which led Isabel to think of Madame Merle's situation as aristocratic—a view of it never expressed in any reference made to it by that lady herself. She had known great things and great people, but she had never played a great part. She was one of the small ones of the earth; she had not been born to honours; she knew the world too well to be guilty of any fatuous illusions on the subject of her own place in it. She had known a good many of the fortunate few, and was perfectly aware of those points at which their fortune differed from hers. But if by her own measure she was nothing of a personage, she had yet, to Isabel's imagination, a sort of greatness. To be so graceful, so gracious, so wise, so good, and to make so light of it all—that was really to be a great lady; especially when one looked so much like one. If Madame Merle, however, made light of her advantages as regards the world, it was not because she had not, for her own entertainment, taken them, as I have intimated, as seriously as possible. Her natural talents, for instance; these she had zealously cultivated. After breakfast she wrote a success-

sion of letters; her correspondence was a source of surprise to Isabel when they sometimes walked together to the village post-office, to deposit Madame Merle's contribution to the mail. She knew a multitude of people, and, as she told Isabel, something was always turning up to be written about. Of painting she was devotedly fond, and made no more of taking a sketch than of pulling off her gloves. At Gardencourt she was perpetually taking advantage of an hour's sunshine to go out with a camp-stool and a box of water-colours. That she was a brilliant musician we have already perceived, and it was evidence of the fact that when she seated herself at the piano, as she always did in the evening, her listeners resigned themselves without a murmur to losing the entertainment of her talk. Isabel, since she had known Madame Merle, felt ashamed of her own playing, which she now looked upon as meagre and artless; and indeed, though she had been thought to play very well, the loss to society when, in taking her place upon the music-stool, she turned her back to the room, was usually deemed greater than the gain. When Madame Merle was neither writing, nor painting, nor touching the piano, she was usually employed upon wonderful morsels of picturesque embroidery, cushions, curtains, decorations for the chimney-piece; a sort of work in which her bold, free invention was as remarkable as the agility of her needle. She was never idle, for when she was engaged in none of the ways I have mentioned, she was either reading (she appeared to Isabel to read everything important), or walking out, or playing patience with the cards, or talking with her fellow inmates. And with all this, she always had the social quality; she never was preoccupied, she never pressed too hard. She laid down her pastimes as easily as she took them up; she worked and talked at the same time, and she appeared to attach no importance to anything she did. She gave away her sketches and

tapestries; she rose from the piano, or remained there, according to the convenience of her auditors, which she always unerringly divined. She was, in short, a most comfortable, profitable, agreeable person to live with. If for Isabel she had a fault, it was that she was not natural; by which the girl meant, not that she was affected or pretentious; for from these vulgar vices no woman could have been more exempt; but that her nature had been too much overlaid by custom and her angles too much smoothed. She had become too flexible, too supple; she was too finished, too civilised. She was in a word too perfectly the social animal that man and woman are supposed to have been intended to be; and she had rid herself of every remnant of that wildness and acidity which we may assume to have belonged even to the most amiable persons in ages where social friction had lasted less long among mankind than it has to-day. Isabel found it difficult to think of Madame Merle as an isolated figure; she existed only in her relations with her fellow-mortals. Isabel often wondered what her relations might be with her own soul. She always ended, however, by feeling that having a charming surface does not necessarily prove that one is superficial; this was an illusion in which, in her youth, she had only just sufficiently escaped being nourished. Madame Merle was not superficial—not she. She was deep; and her nature spoke none the less in her behaviour because it spoke a conventional language. "What is language at all but a convention?" said Isabel. "She has the good taste not to pretend, like some people I have met, to express herself by original signs."

"I am afraid you have suffered much," Isabel once found occasion to say to her, in response to some allusion that she had dropped.

"What makes you think that?" Madame Merle asked, with a picturesque smile. "I hope I have not the pose of a martyr."

"No; but you sometimes say things that I think people who have always been happy would not have found out."

"I have not always been happy!" said Madame Merle, smiling still, but with a mock gravity, as if she were telling a child a secret. "What a wonderful thing!"

"A great many people give me the impression of never having felt anything very much," Isabel answered.

"It's very true; there are more iron pots, I think, than porcelain ones. But you may depend upon it that every one has something; even the hardest iron pots have a little bruise, a little hole, somewhere. I flatter myself that I am rather stout porcelain; but if I must tell you the truth I have been chipped and cracked! I do very well for service yet, because I have been cleverly mended; and I try to remain in the cupboard—the quiet, dusky cupboard, where there is an odour of stale spices—as much as I can. But when I have to come out, and into a strong light, then, my dear, I am a horror!"

I know not whether it was on this occasion or some other, that when the conversation had taken the turn I have just indicated, she said to Isabel that some day she would relate her history. Isabel assured her that she should delight to listen to it, and reminded her more than once of this engagement. Madame Merle, however, appeared to desire a postponement, and at last frankly told the young girl that she must wait till they knew each other better. This would certainly happen; a long friendship lay before them. Isabel assented, but at the same time asked Madame Merle if she could not trust her—if she feared a betrayal of confidence.

"It is not that I am afraid of your repeating what I say," the elder lady answered; "I am afraid, on the contrary, of your taking it too much to yourself. You would judge me too harshly; you are of the cruel age." She preferred for the present to talk

to Isabel about Isabel, and exhibited the greatest interest in our heroine's history, her sentiments, opinions, prospects. She made her chatter, and listened to her chatter with inexhaustible sympathy and good nature. In all this there was something flattering to the girl, who knew that Madame Merle knew a great many distinguished people, and had lived, as Mrs. Touchett said, in the best company in Europe. Isabel thought the better of herself for enjoying the favour of a person who had so large a field of comparison; and it was perhaps partly to gratify this sense of profiting by comparison that she often begged her friend to tell her about the people she knew. Madame Merle had been a dweller in many lands, and had social ties in a dozen different countries. "I don't pretend to be learned," she would say, "but I think I know my Europe;" and she spoke one day of going to Sweden to stay with an old friend, and another of going to Wallachia to follow up a new acquaintance. With England, where she had often stayed, she was thoroughly familiar; and for Isabel's benefit threw a great deal of light upon the customs of the country and the character of the people, who "after all," as she was fond of saying, were the finest people in the world.

"You must not think it strange, her staying in the house at such a time as this, when Mr. Touchett is passing away," Mrs. Touchett remarked to Isabel. "She is incapable of doing anything indiscreet; she is the best-bred woman I know. It's a favour to me that she stays; she is putting off a lot of visits at great houses," said Mrs. Touchett, who never forgot that when she herself was in England her social value sank two or three degrees in the scale. "She has her pick of places; she is not in want of a shelter. But I have asked her to stay because I wish you to know her. I think it will be a good thing for you. Geraldine Merle has no faults."

"If I didn't already like her very much that description might alarm me," Isabel said.

"She never does anything wrong. I have brought you out here, and I wish to do the best for you. Your sister Lily told me that she hoped I would give you plenty of opportunities. I give you one in securing Madame Merle. She is one of the most brilliant women in Europe."

"I like her better than I like your description of her," Isabel persisted in saying.

"Do you flatter yourself that you will find a fault in her? I hope you will let me know when you do."

"That will be cruel—to you," said Isabel.

"You needn't mind me. You never will find one."

"Perhaps not; but I think I shall not miss it."

"She is always up to the mark!" said Mrs. Touchett.

Isabel after this said to Madame Merle that she hoped she knew Mrs. Touchett believed she had not a fault.

"I am obliged to you, but I am afraid your aunt has no perception of spiritual things," Madame Merle answered.

"Do you mean by that that you have spiritual faults?"

"Ah no; I mean nothing so flat! I mean that having no faults, for your aunt, means that one is never late for dinner—that is, for *her* dinner. I was not late, by the way, the other day, when you came back from London; the clock was just at eight when I came into the drawing-room; it was the rest of you that were before the time. It means that one answers a letter the day one gets it, and that when one comes to stay with her one doesn't bring too much luggage, and is careful not to be taken ill. For Mrs. Touchett those things constitute virtue; it's a blessing to be able to reduce it to its elements."

Madame Merle's conversation, it will be perceived, was enriched with

bold, free, touches of criticism, which, even when they had a restrictive effect, never struck Isabel as ill-natured. It never occurred to the girl, for instance, that Mrs. Touchett's accomplished guest was abusing her; and this for very good reasons. In the first place Isabel agreed with her; in the second Madame Merle implied that there was a great deal more to say; and in the third, to speak to one without ceremony of one's near relations was an agreeable sign of intimacy. These signs of intimacy multiplied as the days elapsed, and there was none of which Isabel was more sensible than of her companion's preference for making Miss Archer herself a topic. Though she alluded frequently to the incidents of her own life, she never lingered upon them; she was as little of an egotist as she was of a gossip.

"I am old, and stale, and faded," she said more than once; "I am of no more interest than last week's newspaper. You are young and fresh, and of to-day; you have the great thing—you have actuality. I once had it—we all have it for an hour. You, however, will have it for longer. Let us talk about you, then; you can say nothing that I shall not care to hear. It is a sign that I am growing old—that I like to talk with younger people. I think it's a very pretty compensation. If we can't have youth within us we can have it outside of us, and I really think we see it and feel it better that way. Of course we must be in sympathy with it—that I shall always be. I don't know that I shall ever be ill-natured with old people—I hope not; there are certainly some old people that I adore. But I shall never be ill-natured with the young; they touch me too much. I give you *carte blanche*, then; you can even be impertinent if you like; I shall let it pass. I talk as if I were a hundred years old, you say? Well, I am, if you please; I was born before the French Revolution. Ah, my dear *je viens de loin*; I

belong to the old world. But it is not of that I wish to talk; I wish to talk about the new. You must tell me more about America; you never tell me enough. Here I have been since I was brought here as a helpless child, and it is ridiculous, or rather it's scandalous, how little I know about the land of my birth. There are a great many of us like that, over here; and I must say I think we are a wretched set of people. You should live in your own country; whatever it may be you have your natural place there. If we are not good Americans we are certainly poor Europeans; we have no natural place here. We are mere parasites, crawling over the surface; we haven't our feet in the soil. At least one can know it, and not have illusions. A woman, perhaps, can get on; a woman, it seems to me, has no natural place anywhere; wherever she finds herself she has to remain on the surface and, more or less, to crawl. You protest, my dear? you are horrified? you declare you will never crawl? It is very true that I don't see you crawling; you stand more upright than a good many poor creatures. Very good; on the whole, I don't think you will crawl. But the men, the Americans; *je vous demande un peu*, what do they make of it over here? I don't envy them, trying to arrange themselves. Look at poor Ralph Touchett; what sort of a figure do you call that? Fortunately he has got a consumption; I say fortunately, because it gives him something to do. His consumption is his career; it's a kind of position. You can say, 'Oh, Mr. Touchett, he takes care of his lungs, he knows a great deal about climates.' But without that, who would he be, what would he represent? 'Mr. Ralph Touchett, an American who lives in Europe.' That signifies absolutely nothing—it's impossible that anything should signify loss. 'He is very cultivated, they say; he has got a very pretty collection of old snuff-boxes.' The collection is all that is wanted to make it pitiful. I am tired of the

sound of the word; I think it's grotesque. With the poor old father it's different; he has his identity, and it is rather a massive one. He represents a great financial house, and that, in our day, is as good as anything else. For an American, at any rate, that will do very well. But I persist in thinking your cousin is very lucky to have a chronic malady; so long as he doesn't die of it. It's much better than the snuff-boxes. If he were not ill, you say, he would do something?—he would take his father's place in the house. My poor child, I doubt it; I don't think he is at all fond of the house. However, you know him better than I, though I used to know him rather well, and he may have the benefit of the doubt. The worst case, I think, is a friend of mine, a countryman of ours, who lives in Italy (where he also was brought before he knew better), and who is one of the most delightful men I know. Some day you must know him. I will bring you together, and then you will see what I mean. He is Gilbert Osmond—he lives in Italy; that is all one can say about him. He is exceedingly clever, a man made to be distinguished; but, as I say, you exhaust the description when you say that he is Mr. Osmond, who lives in Italy. No career, no name, no position, no fortune, no past, no future, no anything. Oh yes, he paints, if you please—paints in water-colours, like me, only better than I. His painting is pretty bad; on the whole I am rather glad of that. Fortunately he is very indolent, so indolent that it amounts to a sort of position. He can say, 'Oh, I do nothing; I am too deadly lazy. You can do nothing to-day unless you get up at five o'clock in the morning.' In that way he becomes a sort of exception; you feel that he might do something if he would only rise early. He never speaks of his painting—to people at large; he is too clever for that. But he has a little girl—a dear little girl; he does speak of her. He is devoted

to her, and if it were a career to be an excellent father he would be very distinguished. But I am afraid that is no better than the snuff-boxes; perhaps not even so good. Tell me what they do in America?" pursued Madame Merle, who it must be observed, parenthetically, did not deliver herself all at once of these reflections, which are presented in a cluster for the convenience of the reader. She talked of Florence, where Mr. Osmond lived, and where Mrs. Touchett occupied a mediæval place; she talked of Rome, where she herself had a little *pied-à-terre*, with some rather good old damask. She talked of places, of people, and even, as the phrase is, of "subjects"; and from time to time she talked of their kind old host and of the prospect of his recovery. From the first she had thought this prospect small, and Isabel had been struck with the positive, discriminating, competent way which she took of the measure of his remainder of life. One evening she announced definitely that he would not live.

"Sir Matthew Hope told me so, as plainly as was proper," she said; "standing there, near the fire, before dinner. He makes himself very agreeable, the great doctor. I don't mean that his saying that has anything to do with it. But he says such things with great tact. I had said to him that I felt ill at my ease, staying here at such a time; it seemed to me so indiscreet—it was not as if I could nurse. 'You must remain, you must remain,' he answered; 'your office will come later.' Was not that a very delicate way both of saying that poor Mr. Touchett would go, and that I might be of some use as a consoler? In fact, however, I shall not be of the slightest use. Your aunt will console herself; she, and she alone, knows just how much consolation she will require. It would be a very delicate matter for another person to undertake to administer the dose. With your cousin it will be different; he

will miss his father sadly. But I should never presume to condole with Mr. Ralph; we are not on those terms."

Madame Merle had alluded more than once to some undefined incongruity in her relations with Ralph Touchett; so Isabel took this occasion of asking her if they were not good friends.

"Perfectly; but he doesn't like me."

"What have you done to him?"

"Nothing whatever. But one has no need of a reason for that."

"For not liking you? I think one has need of a very good reason?"

"You are very kind. Be sure you have one ready for the day when you begin."

"Begin to dislike you? I shall never begin."

"I hope not; because if you do, you will never end. That is the way with your cousin; he doesn't get over it. It's an antipathy of nature—if I can call it that when it is all on his side. I have nothing whatever against him, and don't bear him the least little grudge for not doing me justice. Justice is all I ask. However, one feels that he is a gentleman, and would never say anything underhand about one. *Cartes sur table*," Madame Merle subjoined in a moment; "I am not afraid of him."

"I hope not, indeed," said Isabel, who added something about his being the kindest fellow living. She remembered, however, that on her first asking him about Madame Merle he had answered her in a manner which this lady might have thought injurious without being explicit. There was something between them, Isabel said to herself, but she said nothing more than this. If it were something of importance, it should inspire respect; if it were not, it was not worth her curiosity. With all her love of knowledge, Isabel had a natural shrinking from raising curtains and looking into unlighted corners. The love of knowledge co-existed in her

mind with a still tenderer love of ignorance.

But Madame Merle sometimes said things that startled her, made her raise her clear eyebrows at the time, and think of the words afterwards.

"I would give a great deal to be your age again," she broke out once, with a bitterness which, though diluted in her customary smile, was by no means disguised by it. "If I could only begin again—if I could have my life before me!"

"Your life is before you yet," Isabel answered gently, for she was vaguely awe-struck.

"No; the best part is gone, and gone for nothing!"

"Surely not for nothing," said Isabel.

"Why not—what have I got? Neither husband, nor child, nor fortune, nor position, nor the traces of a beauty which I never had!"

"You have friends, dear lady."

"I am not so sure!" cried Madame Merle.

"Ah, you are wrong. You have memories, talents——"

Madame Merle interrupted her.

"What have my talents brought me? Nothing but the need of using them still, to get through the hours, the years, to cheat myself with some pretence of action! As for my memories, the less said about them the better. You will be my friend till you find a better use for your friendship."

"It will be for you to see that I don't then," said Isabel.

"Yes; I would make an effort to keep you," Madame Merle rejoined, looking at her gravely. "When I say I should like to be your age," she went on, "I mean with your qualities—frank, generous, sincere, like you. In that case I should have made something better of my life."

"What should you have liked to do that you have not done?"

Madame Merle took a sheet of music—she was seated at the piano, and had abruptly wheeled about on

the stool when she first spoke—and mechanically turned the leaves. At last she said—

"I am very ambitious!"

"And your ambitions have not been satisfied? They must have been great."

"They were great. I should make myself ridiculous by talking of them."

Isabel wondered what they could have been—whether Madame Merle had aspired to wear a crown. "I don't know what your idea of success may be, but you seem to me to have been successful. To me, indeed, you are an image of success."

Madame Merle tossed away the music with a smile.

"What is *your* idea of success?"

"You evidently think it must be very tame," said Isabel. "It is to see some dream of one's youth come true."

"Ah," Madame Merle exclaimed, "that I have never seen! But my dreams were so great—so preposterous. Heaven forgive me, I am dreaming now!" and she turned back to the piano and began to play with energy.

On the morrow she said to Isabel that her definition of success had been very pretty, but frightfully sad. Measured in that way, who had succeeded? The dreams of one's youth, why they were enchanting, they were divine! Who had ever seen such things come to pass?

"I myself—a few of them," Isabel ventured to answer.

"Already! They must have been dreams of yesterday."

"I began to dream very young," said Isabel, smiling.

"Ah, if you mean the aspirations of your childhood—that of having a pink sash and a doll that could close her eyes."

"No, I don't mean that."

"Or a young man with a moustache, going down on his knees to you."

"No, nor that either," Isabel declared, blushing.

Madame Merle gave a glance at her blush which caused it to deepen.

"I suspect that is what you do mean. We have all had the young man with the moustache. He is the inevitable young man; he doesn't count."

Isabel was silent for a moment, and then, with extreme and characteristic inconsequence—

"Why shouldn't he count?" she asked. "There are young men and young men."

"And yours was a paragon—is that what you mean?" cried her friend, with a laugh. "If you have had the identical young man you dreamed of, then that was success, and I congratulate you. Only, in that case, why didn't you fly with him to his castle in the Apennines?"

"He has no castle in the Apennines."

"What has he? An ugly brick house in Fortieth Street? Don't tell me that; I refuse to recognise that as an ideal."

"I don't care anything about his house," said Isabel.

"That is very crude of you. When you have lived as long as I, you will see that every human being has his shell, and that you must take the shell into account. By the shell I mean the whole envelope of circumstances. There is no such thing as an isolated man or woman; we are each of us made up of a cluster of appurtenances. What do you call one's self? Where does it begin? where does it end? It overflows into everything that belongs to us—and then it flows back again. I know that a large part of myself is in the dresses I choose to wear. I have a great respect for *things*! One's self—for other people—is one's expression of one's self; and one's house, one's clothes, the books one reads, the company one keeps—these things are all expressive."

This was very metaphysical; not more so, however, than several observations Madame Merle had already made. Isabel was fond of metaphysics, but she was unable to accom-

pany her friend into this bold analysis of the human personality.

"I don't agree with you," she said. "I think just the other way. I don't know whether I succeed in expressing myself, but I know that nothing else expresses me. Nothing that belongs to me is any measure of me; on the contrary, it's a limit, a barrier, and a perfectly arbitrary one. Certainly, the clothes which, as you say, I choose to wear, don't express me; and heaven forbid they should!"

"You dress very well," interposed Madame Merle, skilfully.

"Possibly; but I don't care to be judged by that. My clothes may express the dressmaker, but they don't express me. To begin with, it's not my own choice that I wear them; they are imposed upon me by society."

"Should you prefer to go without them?" Madame Merle inquired, in a tone which virtually terminated the discussion.

I am bound to confess, though it may cast some discredit upon the sketch I have given of the youthful loyalty which our heroine practised towards this accomplished woman, that Isabel had said nothing whatever to her about Lord Warburton, and had been equally reticent on the subject of Caspar Goodwood. Isabel had not concealed from her, however, that she had had opportunities of marrying, and had even let her know that they were of a highly advantageous kind. Lord Warburton had left Lockleigh, and was gone to Scotland, taking his sisters with him; and though he had written to Ralph more than once, to ask about Mr. Touchett's health, the girl was not liable to the embarrassment of such inquiries as, had he still been in the neighbourhood, he would probably have felt bound to make in person. He had admirable self-control, but she felt sure that if he had come to Gardencourt, he would have seen Madame Merle, and that if he had seen her he would have liked her, and betrayed to her that he was in love with her young friend.

It so happened that during Madame Merle's previous visits to Gardencourt—each of them much shorter than the present one—he had either not been at Lockleigh or had not called at Mr. Touchett's. Therefore, though she knew him by name, as the great man of that county, she had no cause to suspect him of being a suitor of Mrs. Touchett's freshly-imported niece.

"You have plenty of time," she had said to Isabel, in return for the mutilated confidences which Isabel made her, and which did not pretend to be perfect, though we have seen that at moments the girl had compunctions at having said so much. "I am glad you have done nothing yet—that you have it still to do. It is a very good thing for a girl to have refused a few good offers—so long, of course, as they are not the best she is likely to have. Excuse me if my tone seems horribly worldly; one must take that view sometimes. Only don't keep on refusing for the sake of refusing. It's a pleasant exercise of power; but accepting is after all an exercise of power as well. There is always the danger of refusing once too often." It was not the one I fell into—I didn't refuse often enough. You are an exquisite creature, and I should like to see you married to a prime minister. But speaking strictly, you know you are not what is technically called a *parti*. You are extremely good-looking, and extremely clever; in yourself you are quite exceptional. You appear to have the vaguest ideas about your earthly possessions; but from what I can make out, you are not embarrassed with an income. I wish you had a little money."

"I wish I had!" said Isabel, simply, apparently forgetting for the moment that her poverty had been a venial fault for two gallant gentlemen.

In spite of Sir Matthew Hope's benevolent recommendation, Madame Merle did not remain to the end, as the issue of poor Mr. Touchett's malady had now come frankly to be

designated. She was under pledges to other people which had at last to be redeemed, and she left Gardencourt with the understanding that she should in any event see Mrs. Touchett there again, or in town, before quitting England. Her parting with Isabel was even more like the beginning of a friendship than their meeting had been.

"I am going to six places in succession," she said, "but I shall see no one I like so well as you. They will all be old friends, however; one doesn't make new friends at my age. I have made a great exception for you. You must remember that, and you must think well of me. You must reward me by believing in me."

By way of answer, Isabel kissed her, and though some women kiss with facility, there are kisses and kisses, and this embrace was satisfactory to Madame Merle.

Isabel, after this, was much alone; she saw her aunt and cousin only at meals, and discovered that of the hours that Mrs. Touchett was invisible, only a minor portion was now devoted to nursing her husband. She spent the rest in her own apartments, to which access was not allowed even to her niece, in mysterious and inscrutable exercises. At table she was grave and silent; but her solemnity was not an attitude—Isabel could see that it was a conviction. She wondered whether her aunt repented of having taken her own way so much; but there was no visible evidence of this—no tears, no sighs, no exaggeration of a zeal which had always deemed itself sufficient. Mrs. Touchett seemed simply to feel the need of thinking things over and summing them up; she had a little moral account-book—with columns unerringly ruled, and a sharp steel clasp—which she kept with exemplary neatness.

"If I had foreseen this I would not have proposed your coming abroad now," she said to Isabel after Madame Merle had left the house. "I would have waited and sent for you next year."

Her remarks had usually a practical ring.

"So that perhaps I should never have known my uncle? It's a great happiness to me to have come now."

"That's very well. But it was not that you might know your uncle that I brought you to Europe." A perfectly veracious speech; but, as Isabel thought, not as perfectly timed.

She had leisure to think of this and other matters. She took a solitary walk every day, and spent much time in turning over the books in the library. Among the subjects that engaged her attention were the adventures of her friend, Miss Stackpole, with whom she was in regular correspondence. Isabel liked her friend's private epistolary style better than her public; that is, she thought her public letters would have been excellent if they had not been printed. Henrietta's career, however, was not so successful as might have been wished even in the interest of her private felicity; that view of the inner life of Great Britain which she was so eager to take appeared to dance before her like an *ignis fatuus*. The invitation from Lady Pensil, for mysterious reasons, had never arrived; and poor Mr. Bantling himself, with all his friendly ingenuity, had been unable to explain so grave a dereliction on the part of a missive that had obviously been sent. Mr. Bantling, however, had evidently taken Henrietta's affairs much to heart, and believed that he owed her a set-off to this illusory visit to Bedfordshire. "He says he should think I would go to the Continent," Henrietta wrote; "and as he thinks of going there himself, I suppose his advice is sincere. He wants to know why I don't take a view of French life; and it is a fact that I want very much to see the new Republic. Mr. Bantling doesn't care much about the Republic, but he thinks of going over to Paris any way. I must say he is quite as attentive as I could wish, and at any rate I shall have seen one polite

Englishman. I keep telling Mr Bantling that he ought to have been an American; and you ought to see how it pleases him. Whenever I say so, he always breaks out with the same exclamation—'Ah, but really, come now!'" A few days later she wrote that she had decided to go to Paris at the end of the week, and that Mr. Bantling had promised to see her off—perhaps even he would go as far as Dover with her. She would wait in Paris till Isabel should arrive, Henrietta added; speaking quite as if Isabel were to start on her Continental journey alone, and making no allusion to Mrs. Touchett. Bearing in mind his interest in their late companion, our heroine communicated several passages from Miss Stackpole's letters to Ralph, who followed with an emotion akin to suspense the career of the correspondent of the *Interviewer*.

"It seems to me that she is doing very well," he said, "going over to Paris with an ex-guardsman! If she wants something to write about, she has only to describe that episode."

"It is not conventional, certainly," Isabel answered; "but if you mean that—as far as Henrietta is concerned—it is not perfectly innocent, you are very much mistaken. You will never understand Henrietta."

"Excuse me; I understand her perfectly. I didn't at all at first; but now I have got the point of view. I am afraid, however, that Bantling has not; he may have some surprises. Oh, I understand Henrietta as well as if I had made her!"

Isabel was by no means sure of this; but she abstained from expressing further doubt, for she was disposed in these days to extend a great charity to her cousin. One afternoon, less than a week after Madame Merle's departure, Isabel was seated in the library with a volume to which her attention was not fastened. She had placed herself in a deep window-bench, from which she looked out into the dull, damp park;

and as the library stood at right angles to the entrance-front of the house, she could see the doctor's dog-cart, which had been waiting for the last two hours before the door. She was struck with the doctor's remaining so long; but at last she saw him appear in the portico, stand a moment, slowly drawing on his gloves and looking at the knees of his horse, and then get into the vehicle and drive away. Isabel kept her place for half an hour; there was a great stillness in the house. It was so great that when she at last heard a soft, slow step on the deep carpet of the room, she was almost startled by the sound. She turned quickly away from the window, and saw Ralph Touchett standing there, with his hands still in his pockets, but with a face absolutely void of its usual latent smile. She got up, and her movement and glance were a question.

"It's all over," said Ralph.

"Do you mean that my uncle——?" And Isabel stopped.

"My father died an hour ago."

"Ah, my poor Ralph!" the girl murmured, putting out her hand to him.

XX.

SOME fortnight after this incident Madame Merle drove up in a hansom cab to the house in Winchester Square. As she descended from her vehicle she observed, suspended between the dining-room windows, a large, neat wooden tablet, on whose fresh black ground were inscribed in white paint the words—"This noble freehold mansion to be sold;" with the name of the agent to whom application should be made. "They certainly lose no time," said the visitor, as, after sounding the big brass knocker, she waited to be admitted; "it's a practical country!" And within the house, as she ascended to the drawing-room, she perceived numerous signs of abdication; pictures removed from the walls and placed

in positions apparently less convenient, windows undraped and floors laid bare. Mrs. Touchett presently received her, and intimated in a few words that condolences might be taken for granted.

"I know what you are going to say—he was a very good man. But I know it better than any one, because I gave him more chance to show it. In that I think I was a good wife." Mrs. Touchett added that at the end her husband apparently recognised this fact. "He has treated me liberally," she said; "I won't say more liberally than I expected, because I didn't expect. You know that as a general thing I don't expect. But he chose, I presume, to recognise the fact that though I lived much abroad, and mingled—you may say freely—in foreign life, I never exhibited the smallest preference for any one else."

"For any one but yourself," Madame Merle mentally observed; but the reflection was perfectly inaudible.

"I never sacrificed my husband to another," Mrs. Touchett continued, with her stout curtness.

"Oh no," thought Madame Merle; "you never did anything for another!"

There was a certain cynicism in these mute comments which demands an explanation; the more so as they are not in accord either with the view—somewhat superficial perhaps—that we have hitherto enjoyed of Madame Merle's character, or with the literal facts of Mrs. Touchett's history; the more so, too, as Madame Merle had a well-founded conviction that her friend's last remark was not in the least to be construed as a side-thrust at herself. The truth is, that the moment she had crossed the threshold she received a subtle impression that Mr. Touchett's death had had consequences, and that these consequences had been profitable to a little circle of persons, among whom she was not numbered. Of course it was an event which would naturally have consequences; her imagination had more

than once rested upon this fact during her stay at Gardencourt. But it had been one thing to foresee it mentally, and it was another to behold it actually. The idea of a distribution of property—she would almost have said of spoils—just now pressed upon her senses and irritated her with a sense of exclusion. I am far from wishing to say that Madame Merle was one of the hungry ones of the world; but we have already perceived that she had desires which had never been satisfied. If she had been questioned, she would, of course, have admitted—with a most becoming smile—that she had not the faintest claim to a share in Mr. Touchett's relics. "There was never anything in the world between us," she would have said. "There was never *that*, poor man!"—with a flip of her thumb and her third finger. I hasten to add, moreover, that if her private attitude at the present moment was somewhat incongruously invidious, she was very careful not to betray herself. She had, after all, as much sympathy for Mrs. Touchett's gains as for her losses.

"He has left me this house," the newly-made widow said; "but of course I shall not live in it; I have a much better house in Florence. The will was opened only three days since, but I have already offered the house for sale. I have also a share in the bank; but I don't yet understand whether I am obliged to leave it there. If not, I shall certainly take it out. Ralph, of course, has Gardencourt; but I am not sure that he will have means to keep up the place. He is of course left very well off, but his father has given away an immense deal of money; there are bequests to a string of third cousins in Vermont. Ralph, however, is very fond of Gardencourt, and would be quite capable of living there—in summer—with a maid-of-all-work and a gardener's boy. There is one remarkable clause in my husband's will," Mrs. Touchett added. "He has left my niece a fortune."

"A fortune!" Madame Merle repeated, softly.

"Isabel steps into something like seventy thousand pounds."

Madame Merle's hands were clasped in her lap; at this she raised them, still clasped, and held them a moment against her bosom, while her eyes, a little dilated, fixed themselves on those of her friend. "Ah," she cried, "the clever creature!"

Mrs. Touchett gave her a quick look. "What do you mean by that?"

For an instant Madame Merle's colour rose, and she dropped her eyes. "It certainly is clever to achieve such results—without an effort!"

"There certainly was no effort; don't call it an achievement."

Madame Merle was rarely guilty of the awkwardness of retracting what she had said; her wisdom was shown rather in maintaining it and placing it in a favourable light. "My dear friend, Isabel would certainly not have had seventy thousand pounds left her if she had not been the most charming girl in the world. Her charm includes great cleverness."

"She never dreamed, I am sure, of my husband's doing anything for her; and I never dreamed of it either, for he never spoke to me of his intention," Mrs. Touchett said. "She had no claim upon him whatever; it was no great recommendation to him that she was my niece. Whatever she achieved she achieved unconsciously."

"Ah," rejoined Madame Merle, "those are the greatest strokes!"

Mrs. Touchett gave a shrug. "The girl is fortunate; I don't deny that. But for the present she is simply stupefied."

"Do you mean that she doesn't know what to do with the money?"

"That, I think, she has hardly considered. She doesn't know what to think about the matter at all. It has been as if a big gun were suddenly fired off behind her; she is feeling herself, to see if she be hurt. It is but three days since she received a visit from the principal executor, who

came in person, very gallantly, to notify her. He told me afterwards that when he had made his little speech, she suddenly burst into tears. The money is to remain in the bank, and she is to draw the interest."

Madame Merle shook her head, with a wise, and now quite benignant, smile. "After she has done that two or three times she will get used to it." Then after a silence—"What does your son think of it?" she abruptly asked.

"He left England just before it came out—used up by his fatigue and anxiety, and hurrying off to the south. He is on his way to the Riviera, and I have not yet heard from him. But it is not likely he will ever object to anything done by his father."

"Didn't you say his own share had been cut down?"

"Only at his wish. I know that he urged his father to do something for the people in America. He is not in the least addicted to looking after number one."

"It depends upon whom he regards as number one!" said Madame Merle. And she remained thoughtful a moment, with her eyes bent upon the floor. "Am I not to see your happy niece?" she asked at last, looking up.

"You may see her; but you will not be struck with her being happy. She has looked as solemn, these three days, as a Cimabue Madonna!" And Mrs. Touchett rang for a servant.

Isabel came in shortly after the footman had been sent to call her; and Madame Merle thought, as she appeared, that Mrs. Touchett's comparison had its force. The girl was pale and grave—an effect not mitigated by her deeper mourning; but the smile of her brightest moments came into her face as she saw Madame Merle, who went forward, laid her hand on our heroine's shoulder, and after looking at her a moment, kissed her as if she were returning the kiss that she had received from Isabel at Gardencourt. This was the only allusion that Madame Merle, in her great

good taste, made for the present to her young friend's inheritance.

Mrs. Touchett did not remain in London until she had sold her house. After selecting from among its furniture those objects which she wished to transport to her Florentine residence, she left the rest of its contents to be disposed of by the auctioneer, and took her departure for the Continent. She was, of course, accompanied on this journey by her niece, who now had plenty of leisure to contemplate the windfall on which Madame Merle had covertly congratulated her. Isabel thought of it very often and looked at it in a dozen different lights; but we shall not at present attempt to enter into her meditations or to explain why it was that some of them were of a rather pessimistic cast. The pessimism of this young lady was transient; she ultimately made up her mind that to be rich was a virtue, because it was to be able to *do*, and to do was sweet. It was the contrary of weakness. To be weak was, for a young lady, rather graceful, but, after all, as Isabel said to herself, there was a larger grace than that. Just now, it was true, there was not much to do—once she had sent off a cheque to Lily and another to poor Edith; but she was thankful for the quiet months which her mourning robes and her aunt's fresh widowhood compelled the two ladies to spend. The acquisition of power made her serious; she scrutinized her power with a kind of tender ferocity, but she was not eager to exercise it. She began to do so indeed during a stay of some weeks which she presently made with her aunt in Paris, but in ways that will probably be thought rather vulgar. They were the ways that most naturally presented themselves in a city in which the shops are the admiration of the world, especially under the guidance of Mrs. Touchett, who took a rigidly practical view of the transformation of her niece from a poor girl to a rich one. "Now that you are a young woman of fortune you must know how to play

the part—I mean to play it well,” she said to Isabel, once for all; and she added that the girl’s first duty was to have everything handsome. “You don’t know how to take care of your things, but you must learn,” she went on; this was Isabel’s second duty. Isabel submitted, but for the present her imagination was not kindled; she longed for opportunities, but these were not the opportunities she meant.

Mrs. Touchett rarely changed her plans, and having intended before her husband’s death to spend a part of the winter in Paris she saw no reason to deprive herself—still less to deprive her companion—of this advantage. Though they would live in great retirement, she might still present her niece, informally, to the little circle of her fellow-countrymen dwelling upon the skirts of the Champs Elysées. With many of these amiable colonists Mrs. Touchett was intimate; she shared their expatriation, their convictions, their pastimes, their ennui. Isabel saw them come with a good deal of assiduity to her aunt’s hotel, and judged them with a trenchancy which is doubtless to be accounted for by the temporary exaltation of her sense of human duty. She made up her mind that their manner of life was superficial, and incurred some disfavour by expressing this view on bright Sunday afternoons, when the American absentees were engaged in calling upon each other. Though her listeners were the most good-natured people in the world, two or three of them thought her cleverness, which was generally admitted, only a dangerous variation of impertinence.

“You all live here this way, but what does it all lead to?” she was pleased to ask. “It doesn’t seem to lead to anything, and I should think you would get very tired of it.”

Mrs. Touchett thought the question worthy of Henrietta Stackpole. The two ladies had found Henrietta in Paris, and Isabel constantly saw her; so that Mrs. Touchett had some reason

for saying to herself that if her niece were not clever enough to originate almost anything, she might be suspected of having borrowed that style of remark from her journalistic friend. The first occasion on which Isabel had spoken was that of a visit paid by the two ladies to Mrs. Luce, an old friend of Mrs. Touchett’s, and the only person in Paris she now went to see. Mrs. Luce had been living in Paris since the days of Louis Philippe; she used to say jocosely that she was one of the generation of 1830—a joke of which the point was not always taken. When it failed Mrs. Luce used always to explain—“Oh yes, I am one of the romantics;” her French had never become very perfect. She was always at home on Sunday afternoons, and surrounded by sympathetic compatriots, usually the same. In fact she was at home at all times, and led in her well-cushioned little corner of the brilliant city as quiet and domestic a life as she might have led in her native Baltimore. The existence of Mr. Luce, her worthy husband, was somewhat more inscrutable. Superficially indeed, there was no mystery about it; the mystery lay deeper, and resided in the wonder of his supporting existence at all. He was the most unoccupied man in Europe, for he not only had no duties but he had no pleasures. Habits certainly he had, but they were few in number, and had been worn threadbare by forty years of use. Mr. Luce was a tall, lean, grizzled, well-brushed gentleman, who wore a gold eye-glass and carried his hat a little too much on the back of his head. He went every day to the American banker’s, where there was a post-office which was almost as sociable and colloquial an institution as that of an American country town. He passed an hour (in fine weather) in a chair in the Champs Elysées, and he dined uncommonly well at his own table, seated above a waxed floor which it was Mrs. Luce’s happiness to believe had a finer polish than any other in Paris. Occasionally

he dined with a friend or two at the Café Anglais, where his talent for ordering a dinner was a source of felicity to his companions and an object of admiration even to the head-waiter of the establishment. These were his only known avocations, but they had beguiled his hours for upwards of half a century, and they doubtless justified his frequent declaration that there was no place like Paris. In no other place, on these terms, could Mr. Luce flatter himself that he was enjoying life. There was nothing like Paris, but it must be confessed that Mr. Luce thought less highly of the French capital than in earlier days. In the list of his occupations his political reveries should not be omitted, for they were doubtless the animating principle of many hours that superficially seemed vacant. Like many of his fellow colonists, Mr. Luce was a high—or rather a deep—conservative, and gave no countenance to the government recently established in France. He had no faith in its duration, and would assure you from year to year that its end was close at hand. "They want to be kept down, sir, to be kept down; nothing but the strong hand—the iron heel—will do for them," he would frequently say of the French people; and his ideal of a fine government was that of the lately-abolished Empire. "Paris is much less attractive than in the days of the Emperor; he knew how to make a city pleasant," Mr. Luce had often remarked to Mrs. Touchett, who was quite of his own way of thinking, and wished to know what one had crossed that odious Atlantic for but to get away from republics.

"Why, madam, sitting in the Champs Elysées, opposite to the Palace of Industry, I have seen the court-carriages from the Tuileries pass up and down as many as seven times a day. I remember one occasion when they went as high as nine times. What do you see now? It's no use talking, the style's all gone. Napoleon knew what the French people want,

and there'll be a cloud over Paris till they get the Empire back again."

Among Mrs. Luce's visitors on Sunday afternoons was a young man with whom Isabel had had a good deal of conversation, and whom she found full of valuable knowledge. Mr. Edward Rosier—Ned Rosier, as he was called—was a native of New York, and had been brought up in Paris, living there under the eye of his father, who, as it happened, had been an old and intimate friend of the late Mr. Archer. Edward Rosier remembered Isabel as a little girl; it had been his father who came to the rescue of the little Archers at the inn at Neufchâtel (he was travelling that way with the boy, and stopped at the hotel by chance), after their *bonne* had gone off with the Russian prince, and when Mr. Archer's whereabouts remained for some days a mystery. Isabel remembered perfectly the neat little male child, whose hair smelt of a delicious cosmetic, and who had a *bonne* of his own, warranted to lose sight of him under no provocation. Isabel took a walk with the pair beside the lake, and thought little Edward as pretty as an angel—a comparison by no means conventional in her mind, for she had a very definite conception of a type of features which she supposed to be angelic, and which her new friend perfectly illustrated. A small pink face, surmounted by a blue velvet bonnet and set off by a stiff embroidered collar, became the countenance of her childish dreams; and she firmly believed for some time afterwards that the heavenly hosts conversed among themselves in a queer little dialect of French-English, expressing the properest sentiments, as when Robert told her that he was "defended" by his *bonne* to go near the edge of the lake, and that one must always obey to one's *bonne*. Ned Rosier's English had improved; at least it exhibited in a less degree the French variation. His father was dead and his *bonne* was dismissed, but the young man still conformed to the

spirit of their teaching—he never went to the edge of the lake. There was still something agreeable to the nostril about him, and something not offensive to nobler organs. He was a very gentle and gracious youth, with what are called cultivated tastes—an acquaintance with old china, with good wine, with the bindings of books, with the *Almanach de Gotha*, with the best shops, the best hotels, the hours of railway-trains. He could order a dinner almost as well as Mr. Luce, and it was probable that as his experience accumulated he would be a worthy successor to that gentleman, whose rather grim politics he also advocated in a soft and innocent voice. He had some charming rooms in Paris, decorated with old Spanish altar-lace, the envy of his female friends, who declared that his chimney-piece was better draped than many a duchess. He usually, however, spent a part of every winter at Pau, and had once passed a couple of months in the United States.

He took a great interest in Isabel, and remembered perfectly the walk at Neufchâtel, when she would persist in going so near the edge. He seemed to recognise this same tendency in the subversive inquiry that I quoted a moment ago, and set himself to answer our heroine's question with greater urbanity than it perhaps deserved. "What does it lead to, Miss Archer? Why Paris leads everywhere. You can't go anywhere unless you come here first. Every one that comes to Europe has got to pass through. You don't mean it in that sense so much? You mean what good it does you? Well, how can you penetrate futurity? How can you tell what lies ahead? If it's a pleasant road I don't care where it leads! I like the road, Miss Archer; I like the dear old asphalte. You can't get tired of it—you can't if you try. You think you would, but you wouldn't; there's always something new and fresh. Take the Hôtel Drouot, now; they sometimes have three and four sales a week. Where can you

get such things as you can here? In spite of all they say, I maintain they are cheaper too, if you know the right places. I know plenty of places, but I keep them to myself. I'll tell you, if you like, as a particular favour; only you must not tell any one else. Don't you go anywhere without asking me first; I want you to promise me that. As a general thing avoid the Boulevards; there is very little to be done on the Boulevards. Speaking conscientiously—*sans blague*—I don't believe any one knows Paris better than I. You and Mrs. Touchett must come and breakfast with me some day, and I'll show you my things; *je ne vous dis que ça!* There has been a great deal of talk about London of late; it's the fashion to cry up London. But there is nothing in it—you can't do anything in London. No Louis Quinze—nothing of the First Empire; nothing but their eternal Queen Anne. It's good for one's bedroom, Queen Anne—for one's washing-room; but it isn't proper for a *salon*. Do I spend my life at the auctioneer's?" Mr. Rosier pursued, in answer to another question of Isabel's. "Oh, no; I haven't the means. I wish I had. You think I'm a mere trifler; I can tell by the expression of your face—you have got a wonderfully expressive face. I hope you don't mind my saying that; I mean it as a kind of warning. You think I ought to do something, and so do I, so long as you leave it vague. But when you come to the point, you see you have to stop. I can't go home and be a shopkeeper. You think I am very well fitted? Ah, Miss Archer, you overrate me. I can buy very well, but I can't sell; you should see when I sometimes try to get rid of my things. It takes much more ability to make other people buy than to buy yourself. When I think how clever they must be, the people who make *me* buy! Ah, no; I couldn't be a shopkeeper. I can't be a doctor, it's a repulsive business. I can't be a clergyman, I haven't got convictions. And then I can't pro-

nounce the names right in the Bible. They are very difficult, in the Old Testament particularly. I can't be a lawyer; I don't understand—how do you call it?—the American *procédure*. Is there anything else? There is nothing for a gentleman to do in America. I should like to be a diplomatist; but American diplomacy—that is not for gentlemen either. I am sure if you had seen the last min—”

Henrietta Stackpole, who was often with her friend when Mr. Rosier, coming to pay his compliments, late in the afternoon, expressed himself after the fashion I have sketched, usually interrupted the young man at this point and read him a lecture on the duties of the American citizen. She thought him most unnatural; he was worse than Mr. Ralph Touchett. Henrietta, however, was at this time more than ever prolific of superior criticism, for her conscience had been freshly alarmed as regards Isabel. She had not congratulated this young lady on her accession of fortune, and begged to be excused from doing so.

“If Mr. Touchett had consulted me about leaving you the money,” she frankly said, “I would have said to him, ‘Never!’”

“I see,” Isabel had answered. “You think it will prove a curse in disguise. Perhaps it will.”

“Leave it to some one you care less for—that’s what I should have said.”

“To yourself, for instance?” Isabel suggested, jocosely. And then—“Do you really believe it will ruin me?” she asked, in quite another tone.

“I hope it won’t ruin you; but it will certainly confirm your dangerous tendencies.”

“Do you mean the love of luxury—of extravagance?”

“No, no,” said Henrietta; “I mean your moral tendencies. I approve of luxury; I think we ought to be as elegant as possible. Look at the luxury of our western cities; I have seen nothing over here to compare with it. I hope you will never become

sensual; but I am not afraid of that. The peril for you is that you live too much in the world of your own dreams—you are not enough in contact with reality—with the toiling, striving, suffering, I may even say sinning, world that surrounds you. You are too fastidious; you have too many graceful illusions. Your newly acquired thousands will shut you up more and more to the society of a few selfish and heartless people, who will be interested in keeping up those illusions.”

Isabel’s eyes expanded as she gazed upon this vivid but dusky picture of her future. “What are my illusions?” she asked. “I try so hard not to have any.”

“Well,” said Henrietta, “you think that you can lead a romantic life, that you can live by pleasing yourself and pleasing others. You will find you are mistaken. Whatever life you lead, you must put your soul into it—to make any sort of success of it; and from the moment you do that it ceases to be romance, I assure you; it becomes reality! And you can’t always please yourself; you must sometimes please other people. That, I admit, you are very ready to do; but there is another thing that is still more important—you must often displease others. You must always be ready for that—you must never shrink from it. That doesn’t suit you at all—you are too fond of admiration, you like to be thought well of. You think we can escape disagreeable duties by taking romantic views—that is your great illusion, my dear. But we can’t. You must be prepared on many occasions in life to please no one at all—not even yourself!”

Isabel shook her head sadly; she looked troubled and frightened. “This, for you, Henrietta,” she said, “must be one of those occasions!”

It was certainly true that Miss Stackpole, during her visit to Paris, which had been professionally more remunerative than her English sojourn, had not been living in the world of dreams. Mr. Bantling, who had now

returned to England, was her companion for the first four weeks of her stay; and about Mr. Bantling there was nothing dreamy. Isabel learned from her friend that the two had led a life of great intimacy, and that this had been a peculiar advantage to Henrietta, owing to the gentleman's remarkable knowledge of Paris. He had explained everything, shown her everything, been her constant guide and interpreter. They had breakfasted together, dined together, gone to the theatre together, supped together, really in a manner quite lived together. He was a true friend, Henrietta more than once assured our heroine; and she had never supposed that she could like any Englishman so well. Isabel could not have told you why, but she found something that ministered to mirth in the alliance the correspondent of the *Interviewer* had struck with Lady Pensil's brother; and her amusement subsisted in the face of the fact that she thought it a credit to each of them. Isabel could not rid herself of a suspicion that they were playing, somehow, at cross-purposes—that the simplicity of each of them had been entrapped. But this simplicity was none the less honourable on either side; it was as graceful on Henrietta's part to believe that Mr. Bantling took an interest in the diffusion of lively journalism and in consolidating the position of lady-correspondents, as it was on the part of her companion to suppose that the cause of the *Interviewer*—a periodical of which he never formed a very definite conception—was if subtly analysed (a task to which Mr. Bantling felt himself quite equal) but the cause of Miss Stackpole's coquetry. Each of these frank allies supplied at any rate a want of which the other was somewhat eagerly conscious. Mr. Bantling, who was of a rather slow and discursive habit, relished a prompt, keen, positive woman, who charmed him with the spectacle of a brilliant eye and a kind of bandbox neatness, and who kindled a perception of

raciness in a mind to which the usual fare of life seemed unsalted. Henrietta, on the other hand, enjoyed the society of a fresh-looking, professionless gentleman, whose leisured state, though generally indefensible, was a decided advantage to Miss Stackpole, and who was furnished with an easy, traditional, though by no means exhaustive, answer to almost any social or practical question that could come up. She often found Mr. Bantling's answers very convenient, and in the press of catching the American mail would make use of them in her correspondence. It was to be feared that she was indeed drifting toward those mysterious shallows as to which Isabel, wishing for a good-humoured retort, had warned her. There might be danger in store for Isabel; but it was scarcely to be hoped that Miss Stackpole, on her side, would find permanent safety in the adoption of second-hand views. Isabel continued to warn her, good-humouredly; Lady Pensil's obliging brother was sometimes, on our heroine's lips, an object of irreverent and facetious allusion. Nothing, however, could exceed Henrietta's amiability on this point; she used to abound in the sense of Isabel's irony and to enumerate with elation the hours she had spent with the good Mr. Bantling. Then, a few moments later, she would forget that they had been talking jocosely, and would mention with impulsive earnestness some expedition she had made in the company of the gallant ex-guardsmen. She would say—"Oh, I know all about Versailles; I went there with Mr. Bantling. I was bound to see it thoroughly—I warned him when we went out there that I was thorough; so we spent three days at the hotel and wandered all over the place. It was lovely weather—a kind of Indian summer, only not so good. We just lived in that park. Oh yes; you can't tell me anything about Versailles." Henrietta appeared to have made arrangements to meet Mr. Bantling in the spring, in Italy.

Mrs. Touchett, before arriving in Paris, had fixed a day for her departure; and by the middle of February she had begun to travel southward. She did not go directly to Florence, but interrupted her journey to pay a visit to her son, who at San Remo, on the Italian shore of the Mediterranean, had been spending a dull, bright winter, under a white umbrella. Isabel went with her aunt, as a matter of course, though Mrs. Touchett, with her usual homely logic, had laid before her a pair of alternatives.

"Now, of course, you are completely your own mistress," she said. "Excuse me; I don't mean that you were not so before. But you are on a different footing — property erects a kind of barrier. You can do a great many things if you are rich, which would be severely criticised if you were poor. You can go and come, you can travel alone, you can have your own establishment—I mean of course if you will take a companion—some decayed gentlewoman with dyed hair, who paints on velvet. You don't think you would like that? Of course you can do as you please; I only want you to understand that you are at liberty. You might take Miss Stackpole as your *dame de compagnie*; she would keep people off very well. I think, however, that it is a great deal better you should remain with me, in spite of there being no obligation. It's better for several reasons, quite apart from your liking it. I shouldn't think you would like it, but I recommend you to make the sacrifice. Of course, whatever novelty there may have been at first in my society has quite passed away, and you see me as I am—a dull, obstinate, narrow-minded old woman."

"I don't think you are at all dull," Isabel had replied to this.

"But you do think I am obstinate and narrow-minded? I told you so!" said Mrs. Touchett, with much elation at being justified.

Isabel remained for the present with her aunt, because, in spite of eccentric

impulses, she had a great regard for what was usually deemed decent, and a young gentlewoman without visible relations, had always struck her as a flower without foliage. It was true that Mrs. Touchett's conversation had never again appeared so brilliant as that first afternoon in Albany, when she sat in her damp waterproof and sketched the opportunities that Europe would offer to a young person of taste. This, however, was in a great measure the girl's own fault; she had got a glimpse of her aunt's experience, and her imagination constantly anticipated the judgments and emotions of a woman who had very little of the same faculty. Apart from this, Mrs. Touchett had a great merit; she was as honest as a pair of compasses. There was a comfort in her stiffness and firmness; you knew exactly where to find her, and were never liable to chance encounters with her. On her own ground she was always to be found; but she was never over-inquisitive as regards the territory of her neighbour. Isabel came at last to have a kind of undemonstrable pity for her; there seemed something so dreary in the condition of a person whose nature had, as it were, so little surface—offered so limited a face to the accretions of human contact. Nothing tender, nothing sympathetic, had ever had a chance to fasten upon it—no wind-sown blossom, no familiar moss. Her passive extent, in other words, was about that of a knife-edge. Isabel had reason to believe, however, that as she advanced in life she grew more disposed to confer those sentimental favours which she was still unable to accept—to sacrifice consistency to considerations of that inferior order for which the excuse must be found in the particular case. It was not to the credit of her absolute rectitude that she should have gone the longest way round to Florence, in order to spend a few weeks with her invalid son; for in former years it had been one of her most definite convictions that when Ralph wished to see her he was at

liberty to remember that the Palazzo Crescentini contained a spacious apartment which was known as the room of the signorino.

"I want to ask you something," Isabel said to this young man, the day after her arrival at San Remo—"something that I have thought more than once of asking you by letter, but that I have hesitated on the whole to write about. Face to face, nevertheless, my question seems easy enough. Did you know that your father intended to leave me so much money?"

Ralph stretched his legs a little further than usual, and gazed a little more fixedly at the Mediterranean. "What does it matter, my dear Isabel, whether I knew? My father was very obstinate."

"So," said the girl, "you did know."

"Yes; he told me. We even talked it over a little."

"What did he do it for?" asked Isabel, abruptly.

"Why, as a kind of souvenir."

"He liked me too much," said Isabel.

"That's a way we all have."

"If I believed that I should be very unhappy. Fortunately I don't believe it. I want to be treated with justice; I want nothing but that."

"Very good. But you must remember that justice to a lovely being is after all a florid sort of sentiment."

"I am not a lovely being. How can you say that at the very moment when I am asking such odious questions? I must seem to you delicate!"

"You seem to me troubled," said Ralph.

"I am troubled."

"About what?"

For a moment she answered nothing; then she broke out—

"Do you think it good for me suddenly to be made so rich? Henrietta doesn't."

"Oh, hang Henrietta!" said Ralph, coarsely. "If you ask me, I am delighted at it."

"Is that why your father did it—for your amusement?"

"I differ with Miss Stackpole," Ralph said, more gravely. "I think it's very good for you to have means."

Isabel looked at him a moment with serious eyes. "I wonder whether you know what is good for me—or whether you care."

"If I know, depend upon it I care. Shall I tell you what it is? Not to torment yourself."

"Not to torment you, I suppose you mean."

"You can't do that; I am proof. Take things more easily. Don't ask yourself so much whether this or that is good for you. Don't question your conscience so much—it will get out of tune, like a strummed piano. Keep it for great occasions. Don't try so much to form your character—it's like trying to pull open a rosebud. Live as you like best, and your character will form itself. Most things are good for you; the exceptions are very rare, and a comfortable income is not one of them." Ralph paused, smiling; Isabel had listened quickly. "You have too much conscience," Ralph added. "It's out of all reason, the number of things you think wrong. Spread your wings; rise above the ground. It's never wrong to do that."

She had listened eagerly, as I say; and it was her nature to understand quickly.

"I wonder if you appreciate what you say. If you do, you take a great responsibility."

"You frighten me a little, but I think I am right," said Ralph, continuing to smile.

"All the same, what you say is very true," Isabel went on. "You could say nothing more true. I am absorbed in myself—I look at life too much as a doctor's prescription. Why, indeed, should we perpetually be thinking whether things are good for us, as if we were patients lying in a hospital? Why should I be so afraid of not doing right? As if it mattered to the world whether I do right or wrong!"

"You are a capital person to advise," said Ralph; "you take the wind out of *my* sails!"

She looked at him as if she had not heard him—though she was following out the train of reflection which he himself had kindled. "I try to care more about the world than about myself—but I always come back to myself. It's because I am afraid." She stopped; her voice had trembled a little. "Yes, I am afraid; I can't tell you. A large fortune means freedom, and I am afraid of that. It's such a fine thing, and one should make such a good use of it. If one shouldn't, one would be ashamed. And one must always be thinking—it's a constant effort. I am not sure that it's not a greater happiness to be powerless."

"For weak people I have no doubt it's a greater happiness. For weak people the effort not to be contemptible must be great."

"And how do you know I am not weak?" Isabel asked.

"Ah," Ralph answered, with a blush which the girl noticed, "if you are, I am awfully sold!"

The charm of the Mediterranean coast only deepened for our heroine on acquaintance; for it was the threshold of Italy—the gate of admirations. Italy, as yet imperfectly seen and felt, stretched before her as a land of promise, a land in which a love of the beautiful might be comforted by endless knowledge. Whenever she strolled upon the shore with her cousin—and she was the companion of his daily walk—she looked a while across the sea, with longing eyes, to where she knew that Genoa lay. She was glad to pause, however, on the edge of this larger knowledge; the stillness of these soft weeks seemed good to her. They were a peaceful interlude in a career which she had little warrant as yet for regarding as agitated, but which nevertheless she was constantly picturing to herself by the light of her hopes, her fears, her fancies, her ambitions, her predilections, and which reflected these sub-

jective accidents in a manner sufficiently dramatic. Madame Merle had predicted to Mrs. Touchett that after Isabel had put her hand into her pocket half-a-dozen times she would be reconciled to the idea that it had been filled by a munificent uncle; and the event justified, as it had so often justified before, Madame Merle's perspicacity. Ralph Touchett had praised his cousin for being morally inflammable; that is, for being quick to take a hint that was meant as good advice. His advice had perhaps helped the matter; at any rate before she left San Remo she had grown used to feeling rich. The consciousness found a place in rather a dense little group of ideas that she had about her herself, and often it was by no means the least agreeable. It was a perpetual implication of good intentions. She lost herself in a maze of visions; the fine things a rich, independent, generous girl, who took a large, human view of her opportunities and obligations, might do, were really innumerable. Her fortune therefore became to her mind a part of her better self; it gave her importance, gave her even, to her own imagination, a certain ideal beauty. What it did for her in the imagination of others is another affair, and on this point we must also touch in time. The visions I have just spoken of were intermingled with other reveries. Isabel liked better to think of the future than of the past; but at times, as she listened to the murmur of the Mediterranean waves, her glance took a backward flight. It rested upon two figures which, in spite of increasing distance, were still sufficiently salient; they were recognisable without difficulty as those of Caspar Goodwood and Lord Warburton. It was strange how quickly these gentlemen had fallen into the background of our young lady's life. It was in her disposition at all times to lose faith in the reality of absent things; she could summon back her faith, in case of need, with an effort, but the effort was often painful, even when the

reality had been pleasant. The past was apt to look dead, and its revival to wear the supernatural aspect of a resurrection. Isabel moreover was not prone to take for granted that she herself lived in the mind of others—she had not the fatuity to believe that she left indelible traces. She was capable of being wounded by the discovery that she had been forgotten; and yet, of all liberties, the one she herself found sweetest was the liberty to forget. She had not given her last shilling, sentimentally speaking, either to Caspar Goodwood or to Lord Warburton, and yet she did not regard them as appreciably in her debt. She had, of course, reminded herself that she was to hear from Mr. Goodwood again; but this was not to be for another year and a half, and in that time a great many things might happen. Isabel did not say to herself that her American suitor might find some other girl more comfortable to woo; because, though it was certain that many other girls would prove so, she had not the smallest belief that this merit would attract him. But she reflected that she herself might change her humour—might weary of those things that were not Caspar (and there were so many things that were not Caspar!), and might find satisfaction in the very qualities which struck her to-day as his limitations. It was conceivable that his limitations should some day prove a sort of blessing in disguise—a clear and quiet

harbour, inclosed by a fine granite breakwater. But that day could only come in its order, and she could not wait for it with folded hands. That Lord Warburton should continue to cherish her image seemed to her more than modesty should not only expect, but even desire. She had so definitely undertaken to forget him, as a lover, that a corresponding effort on his own part would be eminently proper. This was not, as it may seem, merely a theory tinged with sarcasm. Isabel really believed that his lordship would, in the usual phrase, get over his feeling. It had evidently been strong—this she believed, and she was still capable of deriving pleasure from the belief; but it was absurd that a man so completely absolved from fidelity should stiffen himself in an attitude it would be more graceful to discontinue. Englishmen liked to be comfortable, said Isabel, and there could be little comfort for Lord Warburton, in the long run, in thinking of a self-sufficient American girl who had been but a casual acquaintance. Isabel flattered herself that should she hear, from one day to another, that he had married some young lady of his own country who had done more to deserve him, she should receive the news without an impulse of jealousy. It would have proved that he believed she was firm—which was what she wished to seem to him; and this was grateful to her pride.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

(To be continued.)

ETIENNE DOLET.

"THE name of Etienne Dolet," Mr. Christie observes in the preface of his remarkable book¹ on the subject of the Lyonnese printer, "is all but unknown in this country." As far as the general reader goes he is undoubtedly right. Even if the general reader be sifted down until only the particular reader, who knows something of French literature in the sixteenth century, be left, the amount of knowledge of Dolet to be found in this remnant would probably not be very imposing. That he was a scholar and printer of the early part of the sixteenth century; that he was the friend of many of the men of letters of whom Rabelais was the great representative in prose, and Marot the great representative in verse; that he not only wrote books, but printed them, and that he was finally executed on a charge which had something or other to do with religion, may be said to sum up the general knowledge, even of the elect, in this matter. About this shadowy personage Mr. Christie has managed to write a book of nearly six hundred well-filled pages in such wise that every page almost is full of instruction and amusement to the student of literature, and that however well informed that student may have been when he sat down, he is quite certain to be better informed still when he rises up. The book is indeed (if we may be allowed to except some few defects of style and an insufficient attention on the author's part to the correction of the press) a model monograph. The patient care with which every fact bearing on the subject has been investigated, with which references, and, if the phrase may pass, even the references of references have been hunted up and verified, which to all appearance

takes nothing at second-hand that could by any possibility be got at first-hand, has rarely found fuller exemplification. In these days, when authors of repute calmly undertake to introduce their readers to other authors whom they have not read, or cannot even read in the original, honest work of this kind cannot be too much or too often praised.

There is another point in which Mr. Christie's management of his theme is particularly good. He had to deal, not only, as he says, with an almost unknown hero, but with a hero, large numbers of whose associates and correspondents were even more unknown to the general reader than himself. Now it is a very well-known part of the art of the bookmaking biographer to fill out his book by bringing in notices of all sorts of well-known events, circumstances, places, and persons with which his hero may or may not have had anything to do. Mr. Christie's method is exactly the reverse of this. With well-known names which he has to mention, even when they are the most tempting, such as the names of Marot and Rabelais, even with such less well-known, and therefore even more tempting names as those of Bonaventure des Periers and Hugues Salel, he makes short work, while he gives complete accounts of the unknowns with whom his own particular unknown had to do. Thus the reader, unless he be a person so little skilled in letters that he can hardly be supposed likely to take any interest in such a book as this, has no unnecessary information vouchsafed, and is left with no absolutely unknown quantities to puzzle him. But these two good gifts, accuracy and fulness, though sufficient of themselves to stamp Mr. Christie's book as worthy the notice of the scholar, might not be sufficient to give a claim to the attention of the class—

¹ *Etienne Dolet, the Martyr of the Renaissance*. By Richard Copley Christie, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co., 1880.

now rather a numerous one—which lies between that of scholars proper and of mere general readers, who read for pastime's sake. For this middle class a certain interest, not to say importance, of subject is required; and we think Dolet unquestionably has that interest and importance, and that no one who reads Mr. Christie's book attentively, will feel disposed to question the fact. He is here put before us on the title-page (though by no means exclusively in the book) as the Martyr of the Renaissance, and a good many people just now are interested in the Renaissance. He was personally a typical example of a very curious and characteristic class. He was moreover, as it seems to me more especially, a worker in a movement the literary importance of which it is nearly impossible to over-estimate. Any one of these three claims would be a sufficient title to remembrance: all three united unquestionably make the claim indisputable and indefeasible.

Etienne Dolet was born at Orleans on the 3rd of August, 1509, and was hanged and burnt on the Place Maubert, at Paris, on the same day of the same month in the year 1546. Nothing is known of his birth and parentage, which he himself declares to have been respectable, while his enemies, as usual at the time, declare it to have been the reverse. An absurd fable about his being a natural son of Francis the First, would not be worth noticing, were it not rather characteristic of the time. The births of the Humanists and the deaths of the *Philosophes* have been almost equally favourite subjects for fiction. When he was twelve years old he went to Paris, when he was seventeen, to Padua. At the former place he imbibed, and at the latter confirmed himself, in the faith of the Ciceronians. Everybody must laugh nowadays at this Ciceronianism, which is perhaps the most absurd creed that ever has enrolled a considerable number of learned, and in some respects not foolish, men as its disciples. But perhaps any one who has at, or about, the age of sixteen made his first acquaintance with ancient philosophy in the pages of the

Tusculans, will not feel inclined to laugh otherwise than kindly. In a year or two comes Plato, and in a year or two more Descartes and Spinoza and Berkeley, and then Cicero begins to look very small indeed. But while he holds his monopoly, no one who cares at all for philosophical ideas and literary style combined can resist a certain impression. Mr. Christie has very well pointed out how it was that this impression lasted with no few of Dolet's contemporaries, and with Dolet himself. It was in some ways a fortunate influence, because it opened to him the favour of the learned: it was unfortunate because it made him fall foul of Erasmus, the greatest of all his contemporaries save Rabelais, because it taught him to Ciceronianise in epistles of mock quarrelsomeness and mock exaggeration, and because it induced him beyond doubt to repeat the mild and rather commonplace scepticism of his idol in a manner which ultimately gave his wrathful enemies a fatal hold on him. Of his stay at Padua, however, Mr. Christie gives a pleasant picture, as well as of his especial master, Simon Villanovanus, whom La Monnoye and Mr. Christie between them sufficiently identify with the person celebrated by Rabelais, as one who never dreamed. The death of Villanovanus cut Dolet adrift, and he became secretary to a French ambassador at Venice, Jean de Langeac, Bishop of Limoges. Langeac, however, seems to have had more good will than power to further his fortunes, and after a year's attachment to the embassy, Dolet went to Toulouse to take up the study of law. Unluckily for him, Toulouse was about the worst place in France—though it hardly would have admitted itself to be in France—for a young man of his temper and antecedents. He had thoroughly imbibed the semi-Paganism of the Italian Renaissance, and Toulouse was the most orthodox of French cities. About the time of Dolet's residence, two men of great note, Jean de Caturece and Jean de Boyssone, the latter a friend and corre-

spondent of Dolet for years afterwards, were accused of heresy. Caturce was burnt, and Boyssone condemned to make a humiliating recantation. Now Dolet had not the least inclination towards the Lutheranism of which both these persons were accused, but he regarded their cause as the cause of light against darkness, and took it up in the intemperate fashion of a youthful partisan. Availing himself of a difference between the "nations" of French and Gascon students, he delivered two orations in *Iholosam*, which the mildest of communities might well have resented. His enemies, of whom the chief were the Gascon-student leader, Pinache, and Gratien-du Pont, Sieur de Drusac—an odd person known to students of French literature as having summed up the favourite mediæval and fifteenth century calumnies against the female sex in a book called *Controverse du Sexe Masculin et du Sexe Féminin*—stirred up the Parliament against him, and he had to fly to Lyons. Even before this he had to undergo a short imprisonment, from which the influence of some friends, notably the Bishop of Rieux, freed him. His final departure, under dread of a second arrest, took place in 1534, when he was not quite five-and-twenty. His goal was Italy, but he halted at Lyons in order to get his orations, his Latin poems, and some Latin correspondence printed, and the place pleased him well enough for him to make it his residence for the rest of his life. Lyons was indeed as well suited to him as Toulouse had been ill-suited. It was the great centre of learning in the south of France; its printing presses, both for classical and vernacular works, were famous, and besides a considerable resident body of men and women of letters, others constantly visited it for longer or shorter periods. It is therefore not surprising that Dolet should settle there, especially as his return to Toulouse was shortly barred by a formal sentence of banishment. He seems to have been very soon engaged as a reader by the printer, Sebastian Gryphius; and it was at this press that Dolet's first volume

was printed. Unluckily the circumstances of its publication have about them a good deal of the bad faith which was characteristic of the time, and which afterwards reached its climax in Dolet's own piratical publication of Rabelais' works in a manner calculated to do the latter serious damage. Although he had made no secret of his purpose in visiting Lyons, and although Gryphius was his intimate friend, the book purported to be printed without the knowledge of the author. This might be set down as a harmless *supercherie*. Not so the printing of some letters which were certain, or very likely, to compromise the writers, some of whom, at least, had expressly requested that Dolet would destroy them as soon as read. However, though the book was certain to exasperate his enemies, and might well have offended his friends, it gave him some reputation as a Latinist, and made him more than ever free of the literary society of Lyons, now including no less a person than Rabelais himself, who, like Dolet, worked for Gryphius, while practising medicine and surgery. Dolet's next published work added its tale to the number of his foes. It was a dialogue, *De Imitatione Ciceroniana*, directed against Erasmus and his *Ciceronianus*, which had practically extinguished the Ciceronians, though, like a later character of eminence, they went on persisting that they were not dead. The *Ciceronianus* had been published for some years, and Scaliger had answered it. Dolet's subsequent answer was of course taken as an insult and an insinuation of incompleteness of his own work by that irritable person; while though Erasmus was indifferent enough to the onslaught, many of his admirers were justly and deeply offended at the scurrility with which an almost unknown youngster attacked the first man of letters then living. However, the book, Mr. Christie thinks, from its wider and more general interest, did more to advance Dolet's reputation than his first volume.

Dolet's third work was one of far greater importance than either of those

which preceded it. He had, even when he was at Padua, projected certain *Commentaries on the Latin Tongue*, a kind of methodical dictionary. He had collected most of the materials, and he now at last had time and opportunity to get them into shape. He regarded the proceeding as of sufficient importance to justify or require a special royal license, and this he obtained by a journey to Paris, and a personal application in the autumn of 1535. Dolet, however, was born to trouble. Before the second volume of the *Commentaries* appeared, he had again exposed himself to the grip of the law for no small cause. He had killed a painter named Compaing in the streets of Lyons (he says in self-defence), and he had to fly from the town in mid winter, being nearly ice-bound on the Allier on his way. He reached Paris, and by the exertions of his friends (exertions for which he showed very small thankfulness) he obtained a royal pardon; and it was at this time that his associates, Marot and Rabelais among them, gave him a banquet to celebrate his deliverance. There was, however, some difficulty about the registration of the pardon at Lyons, and for a long time this difficulty kept the Compaing matter hanging over his head. Still he was able to resume his literary occupations, and in 1538 brought out the second volume of his *Commentaries*, which, like all his other publications, wrought him woe. An ungrateful and vain-glorious assertion of his having got himself out of his difficulties unassisted alienated his friends, and his foes set up the charge of plagiarism, a charge which Mr. Christie has laboriously investigated, and has, on the whole, refuted. In other ways, however, 1538 was an important one to Dolet. In the spring, it seems, he married, and in the spring also he was presented to the king, offered him a copy of the *Commentaries*, and received the necessary privilege to enable him to set up independently as a printer. Thenceforward, or as soon as he could establish a press, he began to issue

works on his own account. The next year a son was born to him, and he wrote for the child's future guidance a Latin poem, entitled *Genethliacum*, which was shortly after translated into French, by himself, according to Mr. Christie's opinion. He also soon embarked on a course of translating into the vulgar tongue, and of composing treatises on the proper manner of writing it. Three tracts on translating the classics into French, on punctuation, and on accents, had a considerable vogue; and his translation of Cicero's letters, which followed, became extremely popular. Besides these works, he began some historical studies, and attempted other things too many to mention. He had but four years of uninterrupted work, and he did a good deal in them, printing, among other things, two authorised editions of Marot, and an edition, unluckily unauthorised, of Rabelais. We must refer readers to Mr. Christie for the story of this piracy, which would be altogether to be regretted if it had not preserved a rather better text than is elsewhere to be found.

Of the remainder of his life, and of its pitiful end, no detailed account can here be given. Exposed at once to the professional jealousy of the Lyons printers, to the undying animosity of the enemies he had stirred up at Toulouse, to the inherited and interested enmity of the heirs of Compaing, and, worst of all, to the vigilant tyranny of the extreme partisans of orthodoxy to whom his imprudence and carelessness had given handles, Dolet in this period of danger for all partisans of the German heresy had everything to fear and little to hope. Most of his earlier literary allies he had disgusted in one way or another. Still he was not without friends. The influence of these at one time, an adroit use of the facilities provided by the construction of Lyonnese houses at another, saved him from the clutches of the law. He fled to Piedmont, and there was for a time safe. But two long imprisonments fell to his lot, and from the second he only escaped by the

last door open to any man—the door of death. Accused of blasphemy, sedition, and minor offences more than one, he was condemned to be hanged and burned on the Place Maubert, the preliminary and mitigating process being conditional on the pronouncement of a formal act of faith to the Virgin and to St. Stephen, whose name he bore; and on the festival of whose “invention” in August, not the greater festival of the saint's martyrdom in December, he suffered. Obeying the command to declare his faith, he was first hanged, and then his body, with the books which had brought him at least partially into these straits, was consumed in the pyre which would have received him alive had he been more obstinate or more devoted to any definite form of anti-Catholic belief. The day of his death was, as has been said, the day of his birth, the 3rd of August, and an epitaph in French, not without nobility of expression, records his fate.

C'est ainsi que finit Étur de Guadassé.

Mr. Christie presents Dolet to us as his latest biographer before Mr. Christie had presented him, as the Martyr of the Renaissance. The question how far he deserved this title is no doubt a very interesting one, and it assumes a much more interesting complexion presented as it is soberly, and, on the whole, dispassionately, by Mr. Christie, than in M. Boulmier's somewhat inflated pages. With a sufficiently generous construing of the term martyr, there can hardly be a doubt of Dolet's title to it. Mr. Christie with his usual fairness has given us the judgment of a distinguished French lawyer who has devoted a great deal of study to the particular matter. M. Baudrier, the authority in question, has been a special student, not merely of Dolet, but of all his kin, the printer-students of the Lyonnese *côterie*, and he possesses, of course, a certain expert point of view in reference to legal matters, to which the mere literary critic has few opportunities of access. M. Baudrier thinks that Dolet simply drank as he had brewed. He set himself against the

law with the characteristic petulant masterfulness of the men of the Renaissance, to whom all forbidden things and doctrines presented themselves in an appetising light. Every true-born son of the Renaissance was an Ishmaelite, unless, like Erasmus and Rabelais, he had sufficient wit and sufficient consciousness of the certainty of his cause in the long run, to be able to construe the verb *συντέλλειν* in time of need. But Dolet, as M. Baudrier has it, was a wrong-headed and bad-hearted man, and he played into the hands of his adversaries. Most of those adversaries were of his own making. The disturbance at Toulouse began the mischief. His attacks on Erasmus continued it. His repeated breaches of the press laws, and his discreditable brawl with Compaign, made it worse. His want of common prudence in the phraseology of his *Aciochus* finished it. No doubt the laws were harsh, but the first duty of governments is to execute the law, and Dolet certainly could not urge *primum tempus* for the misdeed that finally handed him over to the claws of the *chats fourrés*. We cannot, for our own part, go quite so far as this. The laws of that time were certainly harsh, but they were curiously placable when the culprit was not obnoxious to ecclesiastical as well as to purely legal wrath. It is scarcely doubtful, or rather it is not doubtful at all, that Dolet might have broken the heads of many Compaigns and the clauses of many press laws, if he had not become a suspected person in matters theological. What ground there was for that suspicion is a different question. No one who has examined the facts can resist Mr. Christie's conclusion that nothing was further from Dolet's wish than to break openly with the Church. He was the very ideal of a Gallio in such matters, except that as he was scarcely in Gallio's position, he was inclined rather to a formal compliance than to open flouting. But as there could be no possible reason why he should not have made the same recantation which saved his friend Boyssone

at Toulouse, and which would have saved Caturece; so there can be no explanation of his fate except that it was hastened by his personal obnoxiousness. Of this last there can be no doubt. All the men of the Renaissance, except a few of the leaders, took the fretful porcupine for their emblem, and Dolet more than almost any of them. Perhaps there never was a literary person who was so perpetually in hot water. He quarrelled with nearly every friend (not protected from his petulance by high station) that he ever made, and he gave fair occasions of quarrel to the few who were too amiable or too magnanimous to avail themselves of the chance.

A man of this sort can hardly be called a martyr unless a very wide meaning be attached to the term. But when Dolet's unfortunate quarrelsomeness (arising in part no doubt from a corrupt following of his ideals and models) has been put out of the question, few charges remain that can really be substantiated against him. He was certainly not an atheist—whatever may be thought to be the proper punishment for the fault or misfortune of atheism—and if his judges had only had the wit, they might have encountered him on this point with citations from his favourite Plato in a sufficiently victorious manner. There is no evidence that he contemplated or favoured any attempts against the existing political order in France. He was an ardent student, a man of regular life and conversation—at least the stock charges to the contrary to which every man of the time was subjected, are absolutely without corroboration—a diligent member of a very useful profession. In so far as some of these things may have contributed to the severity with which his judges regarded him, he certainly deserves the title of martyr, and in so far as some, if not most of these things, were characteristics of the Renaissance, he certainly deserves the title of Martyr of the Renaissance, though he deserves it much less than Bonaventure des Periers in his own day, or Bruno long

afterwards. Of the minor charges against him Mr. Christie has succeeded in disproving some, and has frankly enough admitted others. That he was a plagiarist in any bad sense is untrue, though perhaps he was not so careful in hunting up references as his biographer. His piracy of Rabelais—a piracy committed under peculiarly atrocious circumstances, inasmuch as the spurious edition retained many compromising words and passages at the very time when the author was busied in carrying out the before-mentioned manoeuvre of shortening sail in order to save himself from unpleasant consequences—is unforgivable, though only very extreme devotees of copyright will contend that hanging and burning were suitable punishments for it. His attacks on Erasmus probably proceeded from an incapacity to appreciate humour, and Erasmus himself treated them in the very best way they could be treated, by ignoring them altogether. On the other hand, the *Genethliacum* and the *Second Enfer* (a poem referring to his imprisonment) show us a man who needed nothing but happier circumstances and a less contentious *milieu* to have been a quiet man of letters of the most useful if not the most brilliant type, a man devoted to the appreciation of good things as far as he was able to appreciate them, one capable of all the domestic affections, possessed of a real though sometimes an over-sensitive feeling for justice and truth, and only desirous of communicating to his fellow men such knowledge of both as his position enabled him to impart. For this person because, as a real cause, he had a violent temper and a sharp tongue, and because as an occasional cause he had offended against certain formal prohibitions of the law, France had at the time nothing but the gallows and the stake. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum* in such a case, and the tears are not lessened by the remembrance that the man was at any rate honest and fearless to a fault; that except in his trade piracies (and even here there is the excuse that he may have thought the

books valuable to the cause of learning and freedom of thought) there is no evidence to show that he was not wholly disinterested; that he spent the whole of his short life either in prison or in hard literary work; and that his rewards were of the very smallest. His business in short was in the study and the composing room; on the Place Maubert he had no business whatever.

His works fall naturally into the division of Latin and French. Rare as they are, we are rather sorry that Mr. Christie did not find space in his book for a few more extracts, which might have enabled those who have no access to the originals to form an opinion of his literary powers. On the whole, those powers have been somewhat under-rated. In his first volume, the *Orationes*, with their supplementary epistles and verses, little but sterile imitation of classical models shows itself. The *Orations* are centos of Ciceronian abuse, the *Epistles* centos of the same, or else of Ciceronian flattery and commonplace. The dialogue *De Imitatione Ciceroniana* is open to very much the same censure, though its setting is not without interest. In the epigrams which Dolet subsequently published, little true salt can be discerned. The following certainly shows the dictionary-maker, though perhaps impartial critics may think that in the words applied by the devoted M. Boulmier to his enemies, "ça ressemble à des epigrammes comme des massues ressemblent à des flèches":—

"Quis Floridus? Comedo, helluo, lurco, venter.

Ganeo, gerro, invidia, maledictum, iners, bardus,

Terræ pondus inutile, dolus, scelus, pestis."

But the *Commentaries* are of very different value. Arranged not in alphabetical array, but in a kind of rational order made easy of reference by indices, they contain a really remarkable corpus of explanatory quotations with interspersed comments which are almost always luminous and not seldom acute. Moreover, the *Genethliacum*, of all Dolet's works the one written under

happiest circumstances, contains much excellent verse and sentiments which Mr. Christie assuredly does not too flatteringly describe when he calls them "the purest and most elevated sentiments of religion and morality." Here only perhaps, and in a very few of his miscellaneous Latin poems, can a faculty for composition of a kind different from that which distinguishes a clever and diligent schoolboy be honestly recognised. With his French works it is otherwise. We are rather inclined to side with M. Boulmier than with Mr. Christie in valuing the formal excellence of the *Gestes de François de Valois*, Dolet's one original contribution of importance to French prose. We should imagine that Mr. Christie is not quite so much at home with the French authors of the time immediately preceding as with the Latin, and that he has thus been led to attribute to Dolet faults which are common to most of his contemporaries, and which only cease to be observable when the sixteenth century had produced, for the most part long after Dolet's death, its crop of consummate prose writers. The poems of the *Second Enfer*, written during or after the first of the long imprisonments which preceded his death, are of a much higher kind. They have a certain stiffness observable in much contemporary poetry, and resulting in great part from the use of the decasyllable with a rigid caesura at the second foot. Sometimes, too, their import is prosaic or lamely expressed. But the final epistle to his friends with which this *Second Enfer*—Marot it should be said had set the example of thus entitling a poem describing an imprisonment—concludes, and which Mr. Christie quotes, shows all the strength and little of the weakness of the day. The lines beginning—

"Bon cœur! bon cœur! c'est à ce coup"—

resume the indomitable self-reliance of the time as well as any others with which we are acquainted; and there is in them much of the sombre music of

which the century had the secret. This is heard also in some beautiful stanzas written still later, and also quoted by Mr. Christie, which anticipate in tone as well as metre the noble choruses with which Garnier and Montchrestien adorned their dramas afterwards.

There is however more to be said than this about Dolet, and fortunately it does not trench upon any contentious matter. The good or the harm which the Renaissance did in overturning mediævalism, in ushering in modern ways of thought, in provoking religious and political changes, must always be differently estimated, rather in consequence of the deep-seated and ineradicable prejudices which affect every man's view of such subjects, than in consequence of any difficulty in ascertaining the facts. But there is at least one effect of the Renaissance which some of us perhaps may think of not less importance than these more debateable effects, and which is itself not debateable at all. The Renaissance, taking it in its widest sense, was unquestionably a schoolmaster to bring the languages of Europe to full literary perfection. Its devotion to the classics seemed at first sight likely to lead to the neglect of the modern tongues; in reality it only led to their improvement. Had the knowledge of Greek been the chief subject of this devotion, the effect might have been more doubtful; for here with all the perfection of form which the vernacular tongues lacked was a wealth of beauties of every kind to few of which they could pretend, and still fewer of which they could hope to surpass. But luckily the main strength of the new learning devoted itself to Latin, the characteristics of which were exactly what was needed to supply the defects of the vernacular, while the matter of the literature and all its characteristics, not purely formal, could not come into competition for a moment with that which already existed at least in French and in Italian. With no prose fiction, and little prose of the lighter kind at all,

with a scanty drama, much of it not too strong, with poetry limited in style and more limited in subject, Latin might for a time fascinate, but could not long detain men who had in their own tongues the infinite wealth of the mediæval romances, the rich and varied if rough and uncouth vigour of the mediæval drama, the endless variety and exquisite sentiment of mediæval poetry. They turned therefore—at least such of them as took their lesson aright—after a time from Latin, carrying with them however the lessons which they had learnt from it.

In only two European countries was the process fully and fairly carried out. Italy had taken her lessons too soon: in this respect Petrarch and Dante and Boccaccio, not the Humanists of the fifteenth century, represent the Italian Renaissance. Spain never took it at all, owing to external circumstances, and Germany took it too late; so that at the present day German language and German literature, despite the great names which adorn it here and there, show signs of having been “robbed of their education.” But France and England felt the influence fully; and in France in particular its stages were thoroughly exemplified. The merely Humanist period—taking that word in its lower sense of devotion to classical rhetoric—lasted but a very short time. The school of the very numerous and very bad prose-writers and poets who, from a chance phrase of Coquillart's, have been nicknamed in history the *Grands Rhétoriciens*, despite its classical tinge, was, in point of literary performance, a vernacular school, and it flourished till the first quarter of the sixteenth century was passed. Before the third quarter began the *Pleiade* was in full splendour, and the tradition of scholarly French was founded never afterwards to become obsolete. The great men of letters who formed this latter movement took their bath of classicism gladly, and were deeply imbued by it; but they emerged from it to plunge at once into the living waters of their own native tongue—dyeing them

a little, it is true, in the process. After 1550, to go no earlier, it is difficult to think of a single man of letters of French birth, and possessed of tolerable ability, who did not adopt, either wholly or as the most frequent alternative, the vernacular as his literary instrument. Now, Dolet was a notable, and, what is more, an early illustration of this remarkable and most healthy tendency. He was brought up in societies where Latin was the only language thought worthy to rank as literature; he gained his own reputation by Latin writings, and he was evidently devoted to the swelling phrases, the abundant superlatives, the constant and facile *clichés* of diction which characterise Ciceronian prose, and which make so poor a show when translated into even the most artificial of our downright modern tongues. Nevertheless, he was no sooner completely his own master, able to write what he liked, with the certainty of getting it printed, than he took to writing French, and to studying French with the definite object of refining it, strengthening it, and enlarging its range of operation. More than two years had passed after Dolet's ashes, and those of his books, mingled in the Place Maubert, before the famous *Déffense et Illustration de la Langue Française* sounded the birth-note of modern French, and Dolet had thus the start of the *Pléiade* by a very considerable interval. He was not indeed in purely literary talent the equal even of the least distinguished of The Seven. His long apprenticeship to the mosaic in prose and verse, which Humanists of his type mistook for literature, could not but exercise a cramping effect upon him; but, as we have pointed out, his actual poetical faculty was greater than it has generally been allowed to be, though it had, it must be admitted, but few opportunities of showing itself. But had he lived, his real value would have been that of a pedagogue, not of a producer. He was probably a sounder Latin scholar than any member of the *Pléiade* itself, though, in respect of Greek,

he was inferior in range to most of them, especially to Daurat. He would probably have been able to exercise a satisfactory influence on some of the vagaries of the school, such as the famous double-compound mania; and he would also certainly have anticipated—indeed even as it was it may be said that he did anticipate—Henri Estienne and Vauquelin de la Fresnaye in treating the subject of French style and grammar scientifically, and with a due regard at once to the spirit of the language and of the improvements of which it was susceptible by recurrence to the examples of the mother tongue and of Greek. Considering his date, and the shortness of his life, this rapid passing through of the stages which all the greatest men of letters in his country, and with them that country's literature itself, was shortly to traverse, must be allowed, we think, to be a sign of considerable intellectual distinction. Fortunately there can be no two opinions whether the side which Dolet thus took was the right side. He might have adopted, and what is more, he might have been expected to adopt, the attitude of his old friend and employer, Sebastian Gryphius, who, as Mr. Christie puts it, looked down, "if not with contempt, at least as from a lofty eminence, and with a consciousness of superiority, upon the Justes, the Nourrys, and the Arnollets, who printed in the vernacular the light and popular literature of the day." He did not; and if any one relying on the too famous instance of his piracy of Rabelais thinks that his condescension was simply a matter of trade prudence, the reproach is sufficiently rebutted by Dolet's own laborious work in the same language. He thus deserves an honourable place in the story of sixteenth century French literature. It was to men like Dolet, who, whether they were his inferiors in pure literary merit, like Vauquelin de la Fresnaye, or his equals, like Henri Estienne (whose literary gifts, as contradistinguished from his mere scholarship, Mr. Christie seems to me a little to

exaggerate), or his superiors immeasurably, like Du Bellay, and Ronsard himself, strove to unite the vigour and variety of mediæval French with the precision and shapely elegance of the classics, that France owes the admirable contributions she has since made to European literature. As to this fact we do not think there can be much controversy among those who have thoroughly examined the subject, and as to the value of it there can be none, either among experts or laymen. Somebody has called French literature the literary playground of Europe. Its attractions are owing to peculiarities of national character in the first place, certainly; but in the second, to the work of those who fashioned the necessary implements so early and so well. To claim distinction for a man because he was on this side or that in political or religious struggles is always perilous, because the preference for privilege or equality, for naturalism or supernaturalism, rests undoubtedly (though men are singularly slow to recognise the

fact), in the last resort, on idiosyncracies of taste and disposition, which do not admit of argument. But to claim credit for him because he helped to make an enormous amount of otherwise unattainable pleasure possible to mankind, and to enable many great men to manifest their greatness better than they could otherwise have done, this is scarcely a preposterous claim, or one which has to be supported by laborious argument. Now Dolet did this, and, considering his circumstances, he did it in some very considerable measure. He is a kind of shareholder in Montaigne and in Corneille, in Molière and in La Rochefoucauld, in Voltaire and in Rousseau, in Hugo and in Balzac. He helped to fit them out and to furnish them with capital. Doubtless his part in them is not a very large part, but it exists, and it entitles him to the shrine in the history of literature in which Mr. Christie has at last solidly established him.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

ATHLETICS AND EDUCATION.

ABOUT a year ago a well-known cricketer and schoolmaster exposed several of the evils attending the excessive pursuit of athletics at our public schools. His article contained many valuable cautions and suggestions. But it is surely impossible to get to the root of these evils, and to point out their remedy, without entering upon a much wider question, viz. what is the proper place of athletics in life, and especially in education.

Boys and men who do not live by hard manual labour require a large amount of exercise in pure air in order to keep them in the highest possible state of health and vigour. This exercise ought to be of a kind both to ensure the perfect development of every muscle and organ of the body, and also to call into active play the mental faculties, and to exhilarate the animal spirits. Generally speaking, under the conditions of civilisation as it exists in modern Europe, most men and many boys get nothing of the kind. The tendency of the population to congregate in large towns, the multiplication of artificial means of transit, the increased strain and competition of modern life, the calamitous change, by which business hours have begun and ended later, till crowds of sallow clerks are now released from offices *after* the expiry of daylight for many months in the year, are all causes antagonistic to this prime necessity of a nation which is to be long vigorous. It is true that, owing to improved drainage and purer water, to better food and ventilation, and to increased knowledge of medicine, the average length of human life has risen. But not only would it rise still more, but other blessings, as important as mere length of life, would result from the wide diffusion of those active

personal habits which impart quicker circulation to the blood, bloom to the cheek, buoyancy to the step, and elasticity to the mind.

Fortunately for England there is a traditional feeling in favour of athletic exercises. Its youth has still that sure sign of vitality, that it instinctively delights in the active use of limb and muscle in the open air. This instinctive feeling, if duly trained and guided, is an essential element of national greatness, and the athletic movement is the outcome of this feeling. But it has not been duly trained and guided. On the one hand it has been repressed, though fortunately not crushed. Juvenile merit has, by an overdone system of examinations, been made, so far as substantial recognition of it is concerned, synonymous with excellence in paper work. School hours have often been unduly lengthened, and many tutors' establishments have been conducted under circumstances which make proper exercise impossible. On the other hand, athletics have been regarded too much as an amusement, too little as a means of training mind and body for the battle of life; the proficiency of the few has been considered more than the advantage of the mass of the boy community, and the fashion and extravagance of the day have extended their pestilential patronage to our athletes in various objectionable forms.

Whose fault are these opposite, but, I think, closely connected evils?

They seem to me to be due to its not being generally recognised, by either parents or schoolmasters, that physical education is a thing which ought to be as scientifically studied, and as carefully managed, as intellectual education. If some of our most highly gifted youths are growing up

with narrow chests, sallow cheeks, and general lack of vital energy, and if, among others, competition in games, like competition in everything else, is running to fever heat, it is surely the duty of all concerned, not to apply empirical or casual palliatives, but to investigate the subject from its first principles.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his admirable essay on *Physical Education*, has shown how absurd it is to make a science of the physical perfection of horses, and to let the physical training of boys and girls manage itself; and he has exhorted parents and schoolmasters to collect observations on the subject, and to draw careful conclusions from them. Mr. Maclaren in his book on *Training and Gymnastics* has given us a number of valuable facts and reasonings; but how many people who have the charge of boys (I shall say nothing here about girls) have pursued the subject with any kind of steady aim, or done more than occasionally regret cases of breakdown from "overwork," or of "games being carried too far?"

There are few, I think, who will not, in the abstract, admit the postulate that all the arrangements of school life ought to be in accordance with known physiological laws, and, further, that boys ought to be constantly taught these laws, and the duty of being guided by them, and should be made to understand their connection with the arrangements of their daily life, and with their own future well-being and happiness. By this I mean that the diet, the hours of meals, the temperature and ventilation of rooms, the intervals between meals and work on the one hand, and hard exercise on the other, the length of hours in school, both for the whole day and for each school time, the maximum and minimum amount of daily exercise, both in the gymnasium and in the open air, the dress worn, especially during exercise, the times of exercise and of "lock-up" both in summer and winter, and the nature

of the games encouraged—should be matters not of tradition or custom, but of careful and loyal subordination to health requirements; and that the resulting regulations should not be forced down boys' throats as arbitrary rules, but taught to them as deductions from the most important of all sciences—the science of health.

Now I have a strong suspicion that where the evils of athletics are very prominent, these things are *not* being done. The physical training received by a large number of boys at school is no doubt not as good as it should be, but still very good. But this is due, and is felt by the boys to be due, to the system of games enforced both by the public opinion and by the *boy* authorities of the school. In fact boys feel that they are getting more good from what masters call their "play," than from what they call their "work"—words often used in most unfortunate antithesis! And again, their physical training and well-being are often treated as quite a secondary matter, both by lesson hours, roll calls, and meal times, being arranged so as unnecessarily to break up games, and by the cruel and ignorant practice of depriving boys of necessary exercise by impositions and detentions.

And, especially since games have become more organised and competitive, health is in a rough kind of way, and simply as a means of success in games, considered in the rules laid down by boy captains of eights, fifteens, and (if they knew their business) of elevens also; whereas it ought to be avowedly and primarily considered by the masters.

I do not believe with Mr. Lyttelton that the *nature* of the school work done by boys has much to do with anything false in the position of outdoor sports. Boys may say that they like chemistry or French, when their idea of the former is a succession of explosions, and of the latter playing tricks on a foreigner; but they dislike genuine hard work at one language as much as at another, and at a science as much as at a language.

But I agree with him in thinking that all sorts of pursuits—playing on various instruments, choral singing, drawing, collecting objects of natural history, carpentry, gardening, etc.—should be encouraged, so long as they do not interfere with a sound intellectual and physical culture. Resources are valuable for all life, and especially for the leisured life when worldly success has been won. And the greater variety of the pursuits in which a school excels, the less danger is there of an over-estimate of purely athletic excellence.

Prevalent errors, however, upon which Mr. Lyttelton did not touch with regard to the spirit and surroundings of school work, seem to me to be productive of much evil. School work is often excessive in amount. What that amount ought to be at different ages is doubtless a question very difficult to answer, because it has neither been made the subject of inductive inquiry, which is almost impossible, nor of careful discussion at head-masters' meetings. It was, however, conclusively shown in one of Mr. Edwin Chadwick's reports, that at elementary schools the results obtained from half-timers bore a favourable comparison with those obtained from full-timers; and there are many considerations pointing in the same direction, viz., that more work in proportion is gained from those who work short hours than from those who work long hours. Certainly at the period of rapid growth, that is, roughly speaking, from fourteen to seventeen, long hours of brain work are unnatural and injurious. I think that any physiologist would agree with me in saying, that to assign more than seven hours to any school day, of any kind of compulsory, sedentary work, is an error on the side of excess, and will bring its own punishment with it. Now, if the vital energy is being taken up in an undue degree by brain processes, the brain is either unduly stimulated, and suffers in later life, or, more commonly, brain work is associated with pain,

and becomes, perhaps, permanently odious. Nature resents all attempts to violate her laws. It is precisely the same in athletics. Cricket and football are disliked by most boys if they are overdone.

Again, school work is often ill-timed. I cannot believe that, for most boys, work before breakfast, except in summer to a limited extent, is a good thing. The practice of schools on this point seems to vary greatly. It is impossible either that all can be right, or that the point is immaterial. That work so timed, is, for most boys, of permanent intellectual good, is at least doubtful; that it does physiological harm to many seems pretty certain; but that it is eminently odious is, I think, unquestionable.

But the most ill-timed of all school work appears to me to be that done in the afternoon after an early dinner. It is a very good thing to have an hour, at the outside, of the afternoon, occupied with drawing, singing, English reading and recitation, science lectures, lessons on musical instruments, etc., which cannot be better timed, and which serve purposes of preventing active games from beginning too soon after a hearty meal. But if it is true, and I hear that it is true, that at some schools, on some days of the week, three out of the four hours immediately succeeding dinner are taken up with lessons, which involve serious brain-work, it is little wonder that work is unpopular. That arrangements should exist at any school which must have the effect of forcing the blood to the brain, when it ought to be doing its work in the process of digestion, is of itself enough to prove that the elementary laws of physiology, in their application to daily life, are not yet realised by schoolmasters or by the public. Public opinion is sufficiently alive to the dangers of infection, or bad drains, or badly regulated diet, and yet in this after dinner work we have a cause, slowly, but surely and permanently, weakening both the digestion and the brain power of every

boy who tries to do his duty in school, and yet on this subject no note of warning is heard. But let us consider the effect of such an arrangement of hours, in the cricket season, from the point of view from which this paper is written. On half holidays boys escape from the drowsiness of hot school-rooms, from the struggle, against which nature rebels, between the work of digestion and sufficient work of the brain to escape punishment, from the unnecessary burden of dark cloth clothes, which seems to be considered necessary for all boys, as well as for all men, who are engaged in labours of the brain—into the glorious liberty of flannels, the free breath of heaven, and the instinctive joyousness caused by the harmonious action of all the vital functions. Can it then be wondered at that they should associate pain with their work, pleasure with their exercise? It may be said that this blunder of attempting to carry on brain work during digestion is not a new one, while the inordinate development of athletics is new. Perhaps so, but my contention is, that the athletic movement is an instinctive protest by the youth of a high-spirited nation against physiological blunders, and that, when, owing to the increased facilities of intercourse and the tendencies of the day towards competition and publicity, great personal prominence in athletics has become possible, they are sometimes made an antagonistic power to book work, by arrangements which make the latter odious, painful, and unnatural. The fact is sometimes lost sight of that boys always did hate, and will hate, excessive or ill-timed brain work. All that can now be said is, not that they hate such book work less, but that they love and exalt games more.

It may then be asked, When is the school work to be done? I answer that, to assign to work three and a half hours between breakfast and dinner, two and a half in the evening, and an hour or less of lighter school occupation in the afternoon, is by no means

an impossible arrangement. Deduct five hours weekly for half holidays (whole holidays are a sheer waste of time), and we have thirty-seven hours left, exclusive of divinity lessons on Sundays. This I contend is quite enough for young boys, or for growing boys. A sixth form may do more. In fact, unless sixth-form boys have to be restrained from doing too much, especially when near examination, there is probably something wrong in the extent, times, or manner in which work has been enforced upon them in their previous school life.

Another point worth remarking on is this, that a hard and fast line about bedtime, often drives willing boys to do work at a time when it should be absolutely forbidden, viz., in the hours after dinner. There is no reason in the world why well-grown boys between seventeen and nineteen should not work as late as 11 p.m., and occasionally perhaps as many as eight hours daily.

Circumstances ought, however, to modify school hours at different times of the year.

In summer boys do not need as much sleep as in winter, and school may well begin earlier, possibly even before breakfast, for a time not exceeding an hour. Again, during exceptionally hot weather, part of the evening work may well be thrown into the later afternoon, and part thrown later than usual, so that the main play may take place, not during the heat of the day, but in the delicious hours before sunset.

If on these and many other points of detail the hours and conditions of school work were so arranged as to be in harmony with the wants and feelings of growing boys, I am sure, from experience, that the dislike to book work, the depreciation of those who excel in it, and the undue exaltation of athletic prowess, would be greatly diminished. I am aware that many objections may be brought to such plans as I have sketched. One is, that arrangements which may be

physiologically best for boys, may not suit the convenience of masters. To this I have but one answer. There is no profession which enjoys such a long annual rest from all professional work as the scholastic. Thirteen or fourteen weeks of complete holiday, divided into three nearly equidistant periods, are a boon for which the clergyman, the lawyer, the doctor, or the merchant may sigh in vain. But during the intervening periods of thirteen weeks each, I hold that the schoolmaster is bound to make his convenience, his dinner hour, his social engagements, and his relaxation, absolutely subservient to the welfare of the schoolboy. He certainly ought not to be overworked. That he should be so is not for the interest of the schoolboy. The schoolmaster is often unduly jaded and worried, and the freshness and elasticity which are the essentials of success, both in throwing spirit into school work, and in exercising a wholesome influence over character, are often sadly impaired by overdone examinations, and by educational machinery in the shape of reports and tabular forms of various kinds. To do his work well a master should, during school term, have abundant relaxation. But this relaxation should be timed—as by persons of simple and unselfish habits it always can be timed—so as to render him available for school work at those hours which are best for the boys.

Of course all sorts of difficulties, great and small, can be raised against the application of my postulate to the arrangement of school hours; but they both can and will be surmounted whenever obedience to known physiological laws becomes recognised as a practical, nay, I would say, a religious, duty of paramount importance. It is evident that I am touching on a subject which has an infinitely wider range than school life, and the principles of which are at present in that transition stage, through which all the great elements of human progress have in turn to pass, viz., of

being theoretically admitted with a vague assent, but ignored when it comes to the point of carrying them out in detail. But the question is in the air, and though the most sanguine reformer cannot hope for the speedy eradication of the many physical sins of omission and commission sanctioned by the arrangements of nineteenth-century life, yet *schools* have certainly peculiar facilities for initiating many wholesome reforms. One effect of such reforms is the disappearance of that large portion of dislike to brain work which proceeds from its being excessive or ill timed. And this result will the more certainly follow, if boys are shown the *rationale* of all the arrangements about their work in life, and are convinced that their welfare is not sacrificed, either to the traditional errors of antiquated routine, the requirements of overdone examinations, or the personal tastes or convenience of their masters.

So far I have tried to show how distaste for school work, and a feeling of opposition between it and physical work, may be lessened. I shall now try to show how games may be so arranged and guided as to fulfil all the purposes of a sound physical education, and not to run riot in the extravagances of a preposterous athleticism.

Athletic games have two great advantages :

First, they supply that active *exercise*, which is quite as important a factor of vigorous health as either drainage, pure water, or pure air.

Secondly, they supply *recreation*, in a form which is neither unwholesome nor demoralising, and which need not, like many other forms of recreation, be associated with any surroundings which are so. It is evident that many recreations do not supply the first necessity, and that formal exercise, whether in the shape of gymnastics, or of a mile-measured walk, does not supply the second. But, it will be said, is not this necessity amply, and more than amply, provided for

at English schools? I answer that at many of the schools most distinguished in athletics, a large number of boys do not get nearly exercise enough, and that on some days few boys get enough. It is undoubtedly true that a great many boys do habitually occupy too much time in cricket, &c., and are thereby both physically tired and mentally indisposed for school work. And this has caused the other side of the question to be lost sight of, viz., that those boys who need exercise the most, often get the least, and that on many days, at many schools, no satisfactory exercise is got at all, except perhaps by a few ardent spirits who will not be balked of it by any circumstances or by any weather.

Leaving the last point for the present, there are two classes of boys who need exercise the most, and who get it the least.

The first class are those who come to a public school on the fair way to grow up very feeble men. At home they have been indulged, coddled, muffled, and greatcoated, allowed to eat almost what they like and when they like, and to lounge indoors in an overheated atmosphere, without ever having been taught that there is any connection between health and duty on the one hand, or between health and exercise and diet on the other. At many preparatory schools, though there are noble exceptions, such boys do not fare much better. Lavish pocket-money goes in lavish "grub," the contents of hampers from home and from shops take the place of plain food at breakfast and tea; the delicate boys, who should be as rare as black swans, are forbidden "violent exercise," are sent out in fine weather for a leisurely walk duly wrapped up; while all are kept indoors if it rains or looks like rain. True, athletics are sedulously cultivated, professionals are engaged, the turf is like a lawn, the "style" of the school is good, members of the eleven are little heroes, and certainly play uncommonly well for their age.

The heroes swagger, but the residuum, whose names are not written in the score-book, neither learn scientific cricket, nor get a proper amount of honest boyish play.

When they go to their public school things are certainly better. They must sometimes play football or fag out at cricket, and go on runs or paper chases, and some of them develop unsuspected aptitudes, and find that by virtue of a good pitch and a break back, or a cut behind point, they too may aspire to ride in the high places of the earth. But a large number, at many schools, play when they must, and loaf when they can. They read books by the fire in winter. They visit the "tuck" shop, and consume tarts or ices. In summer at intervals they lie on the grass, and watch with eager eyes the victories or defeats of their house or their school. And so the mass of this class are getting no physical training worth the name. They do not hear of it as a duty; but they become worshippers at a distance of an athletic prowess which they can never hope to emulate, and the really good element in which they are not trained to see. Their hero-worship proceeds partly from an unconscious, but wholesome, veneration for qualities which are *not* formally recognised by the authorities of the school, and partly from athleticism appearing to them as the strongest force arrayed in opposition to the restraints, often, as I have shown, made needlessly irksome, of school rules and school work.

The second class are the intellectual prodigies. A father of a growing boy, when expressing his desire that his son should not be overworked, said to me, "I have a house in my vinery in which I force young grapes; when the grapes are gathered, I pull up the plants—they are no more good." Such a forcing-house is many a preparatory school. Clever young boys by judicious forcing bear fruit early. They win public school scholarships, and are the delight of parents and masters.

They reach the fifth form young, and are then, perhaps, allowed exemption from football; they read in the afternoons. The breakdown comes at various ages. Perhaps they win college scholarships; perhaps they even last longer and stand high in Tripos or class lists. But how many break down even at school? How many at college? How many are hopelessly unfit either for hard, practical work in life, or for exercising any strong influence over the minds of others? And the mischief does not end with themselves. For not only are endowments, intended for the wholesome education of "poor scholars," being limited practically to those who can afford an expensive training, and, for them, perverted into an unhealthy stimulus, but the victims of the system, feeble in physique, nerveless in character, and incompetent as prefects, represent in the eyes of boys in general the outcome of that hard work which they are perpetually told ought to be the main object of their school life. May I not add that the surviving specimens too often blossom into the schoolmaster or the don who snub the exuberance of those high spirits with which they cannot sympathise, and who talk mournfully about the athletic "mania," without making the slightest effort to harmonise intellectual and physical work!

This hot-house culture is all the more to be regretted, because ultimate scholastic success is *not* incompatible with sounder training. The school-boy who is a distinguished member of the sixth, and who wins the great annual match, not only by his "innings," but by the vigour and the intelligence which he diffuses through the eleven which he captains; the first class man who bowls for the Gentlemen, or rows for the 'Varsity; the schoolmaster who—in spite of a system which does not recognise physical as the sister of intellectual education—heartily encourages games; the college don who makes the reading man row and the rowing man read,

are not unknown. But my contention is, that neither of the two classes I have named—the self-indulgent loungers, or the pale, narrow-chested, prematurely-forced scholar—should exist as a class at all, and, that with them would also tend to disappear the swaggering barbarian who represents the evil side of athleticism.

The remedy is simple. At every school in the country the elements of practical physiology should be intelligently taught, and *applied to daily life*.

Boys would then learn something,

First, about the air they breathe. They would be taught how it oxygenates the blood, how impurities in it vitiate the blood, and obstruct and injure the vital functions. The air would be analysed in their presence, and they would be shown how much purer the outside air is than that of even a well-aired room, and how filthy and unwholesome the air becomes in a schoolroom or a dormitory which has been occupied for several hours without proper ventilation. They would then be taught the duty of obeying rules founded upon this knowledge. They would, for instance, be obliged to pass some hours daily in the open air, more of course in fine weather than in wet, but some time even in the wettest weather; they would learn to expose all their night and bed-clothes to a free current of air before leaving their dormitories; they would learn to accustom themselves to sleep with their windows slightly open at the top, even in cold weather,¹ and wide open in warm weather; they would be forbidden to congregate in small studies; they would learn why their masters

¹ A piece of wood a couple of inches in breadth, tightly fitted into the bottom of the window frame, so that when the window is shut the sashes may overlap in the middle, and an upward current of fresh air into the room be formed, prevents the necessity for absolutely open windows in cold weather. By means of a concave groove along the bottom of the sash, and a corresponding protuberance along the piece of wood, any draught from a misfit, or from the wood swelling, can be prevented.

insisted on the schoolrooms being cleared of boys, and the air in them thoroughly renewed at least once in every hour and a half. The lounge and the bookish boy would thus gradually learn by experience the value of fresh air, and would acquire a life-long distaste for unwholesome atmospheres, and a life-long craving for exercise in the open air.

Secondly, they would learn something about their food and how it is digested. They would learn why hard work was not imposed in afternoons, and why hard games were forbidden directly after dinner; why the stomach requires rest, and why the system requires variety of food. The school dietary would, of course, satisfy in due proportion the natural craving of growing boys for sugar in various forms; nor, perhaps, is there any sound objection to boys spending part of their pocket-money on wholesome additions to the school fare at breakfast and tea. But "grubbing" between meals would be put, by the school rules, in the same category as smoking; and, I can answer for it, that the restriction is one which is approved of by the public opinion of properly taught and properly fed boys.

Invaluable habits would thus be formed, and many incidental evils of athletics would be eradicated. The sudden change of diet, now too common, both in going into and going out of "training," would be found to be as unnecessary as it is injurious. In fact, bodily training, like mental, ought rather to be a normal and constant, than an exceptional condition. Violent and sudden changes of ordinary habits, either for examinations or for feats of physical prowess, are in themselves injurious. And just as mental culture, and not examinations, ought to be held up as the chief end of intellectual education, so a condition of body, not only free from disease, but full of vigour and high spirits, ought to be the goal of a rational physical training. Athleticism from this point of view ought to

be a valuable ally in promoting habits of temperance and sobriety. And each school in which such habits are sensibly taught, and the resulting blessings realised, will have its reward, not only in success in games, and in buoyant health, but by having its share in leavening, with greater simplicity of life, a too luxurious society.

They would learn something, thirdly, about the clothes they wear. This is the least important of my four heads, and I am reluctant to say much about it, because dress is the greatest stronghold of custom—that arch enemy of true progress—and one from which it can most effectively bring to bear its powerful artillery of ridicule. The assertions that clothing in which either exercise is taken or work is done ought to be loose and of open texture, and not, from any ideas of discipline or appearance, excessive in amount; that boots and shoes ought to be of the shape of the feet, and not of the shape into which fashion endeavours to distort them, to the injury of feet, legs, and spine; that the throat, chest, and ribs ought to be allowed the most absolutely free play, unencumbered by close-fitting collars or waistcoats—may possibly appear absurd to others beside incorrigible martinets. I would like, in revenge, to be present in the spirit when a nineteenth century fashionable boot, male or female, is exhibited to an audience of the twenty-first century. The convention of one generation is the laughing-stock of the next, and the conventions of all generations, so far as they are not in harmony with the true well-being of man, are doomed ultimately to repose in the same limbo as all the other idols of prejudice and superstition. The conventions of dress appear to some a small matter, but I am persuaded that the harm they do is not small; that school is an admirable vantage-ground from which to attack them; and that when violation of them is a matter, not of license or eccentricity, but of principle, no harm

is done to discipline, and certainly good is done to school work, even by such departures from conventionalism as introducing the sensible dress of the cricket-field into the schoolroom in summer weather, and abjuring everything which is formal or restraining in the working dress at all times. It is hard to see why school-work should be handicapped as it is by the rules of most schools with respect to dress.

They would learn something, lastly, about the exercise they take. The functions of exercise in removing effete matter from the system, in promoting vigorous and healthy growth, in giving comparative immunity from various diseases, should be taught to boys not so much as a lesson to be learned, as a lesson to be practised; they should learn that a man ought to have the equivalent of something like ten miles walking exercise per diem in some form or other, and that a great deal of this ought to be of a kind to give work to the upper limbs; and that, although some persons can, in spite of a sedentary life, maintain fair health to an extreme old age, yet that the vitality of each generation leading such a life is diminished; they should be taught to contemplate the necessity, for a population more and more gathered into great towns, of abundant facilities for exercise—a necessity which must some day be recognised, even if the recognition implies a revolution in many of the institutions of society. The time has, I fear, not come for demanding that the hours of business shall be so arranged, and that our cities shall be so crowded with gymnasia, swimming baths, fives courts, that every clerk shall have some hard exercise available besides his measured walk; but if boys are to be practically taught the truths of physiology, and the duty of carrying them out into life, it is time that schools should recognise all the arrangements affecting exercise, as a part of their *business*, and not merely of their *amusement*.

Every boy ought to have regular instruction in gymnastics, drill, and sparring. I am in a position to prove, by registers kept for many years, that by a proper system of gymnastics and outdoor exercise combined, the chest girth at seventeen or eighteen ought to be far greater than it usually is. And it need hardly be said that a generally raised average of chest girth throughout the country would imply increased vigour of constitution and decreased liability to many diseases. It may be added that military measurements would be better than they are, were it not for the unscientific nature of soldiers' clothing, and many unfavourable circumstances in their lives.

But, besides such systematic training, abundant exercise in the fresh air is required to purify the blood and to excite a pleasurable and healthy flow of animal spirits. No artificial impediment should be placed in the way of a sufficiency of such an important factor in a boy's present and future well-being. To deprive him of it by way of punishment is as monstrous as to deprive him of sufficient food or sleep; and no objections which have been brought against corporal punishment, appear to take into account the evils of detentions and impositions during any considerable part of the hours of outdoor play. Neither should boys be allowed to deprive themselves of such exercise. Every one admits that school is the place, and boyhood the time, for the formation of all good habits, and that regular daily exercise, and not merely occasional bursts of it, is a very valuable habit, and one very difficult to acquire in later life. Why should we not, then, insist that every boy shall acquire the habit, just as we oblige him to acquire habits of punctuality and order? It is no doubt true that at all public schools most boys must take a certain amount of exercise on some days, though upper boys of sedentary tastes are sometimes exempted from this; but I fear that at most schools boys may spend many

afternoons, if they please, by the fire-side or in aimless lounging. And, as I have shown before, the boys who are so disposed—viz., the physically indolent and the bookish boys—are those who are in the most urgent need of regular exercise. Every school ought to regard it as part of its duty and mission to rid itself almost entirely of delicate complexions, narrow chests, and feeble limbs; and I am sure that this can be done if, in addition to work in the gymnasium, every boy able for it is compelled to be out of doors taking active exercise for an average time of two or three hours daily. Very wet days of course form an exception, but even on these the languor and restlessness observable in boys who have been all day within doors will be removed by a five or six mile run. The habit of facing all weathers possible in this climate, should be formed in every boy and clung to by every man. Such habits will become part of the tradition of every school where the masters set a good example in their own persons, and where the prefects regard the enforcement of wholesome habits as one of the main duties of their office.

But the centre and mainspring of physical education in our public schools must continue to be those great games—the organised growth of centuries—which not only supply to most the prime necessities of exercise and recreation, but promote many desirable qualities of character. And if they are put on their right footing, if their flourishing existence is treated as the outcome of principles which pervade the entire school life, if they are not snubbed and ignored as tolerated outsiders, but cordially recognised as co-ordinate in the school system with the studies of the school-room, it will be easy to repress their wayward excrescences, and to put an end to the disastrous contest between “work” and “games.”

Let us briefly try to assign their true place to the two great games. Football, more than any other game,

develops qualities which are in the highest degree useful in life—courage, coolness, unselfishness, and presence of mind. There is more headwork in it than is often supposed. And I am sure that if masters held it up as just as much a boy's duty to keep on the ball, to play an unselfish game, and not to show the white feather, as to do his best in the school-room, the same boy would very generally come to the front in both field and school. An eminent young surgeon observed to me, and his observation accords with my experience, that the football players of his day are succeeding in life better than the school prizemen. If the latter had all been treated as beings with lungs and hearts and limbs, and not simply with brains, the assertion would have been absurd. Of the two forms of football, the Rugby game seems to me preferable, because it brings every muscle into use, and not those of the legs alone. Indeed, I know of no game so well fitted at once to cultivate courage, and to fortify the constitution against disease. The danger of serious accidents,¹ to boys at least, is no great; and even if, like any hard sport, it gives some work to the surgeon, it certainly takes away much more from the physician. And again football is free from many of the evils of other forms of athletics. There are neither luxurious lunches, nor expensive surroundings, nor absurd crowds applauding gallery hits, nor inordinate demands upon time.

Every boy ought to play football who is fit for it, and though some, who have been delicately brought up, do not like it at first, almost every boy with an atom of spirit in him like it in the end. But some boys are not fit for it. Those who have any chronic or recent sprain, any spinal weakness, or any heart irregularity, should not play. Such boys ought to be the special care of any housemaster who

¹ The game has often been brought into disrepute by reckless players in country clubs disregarding the cry of “Man down.”

knows his business. If something is not found for them to do, they get, at best, into loafing habits, and not only grow up feeble men, but are a perpetual source of danger to a school from their liability to take infectious disorders. I do not imply anything approaching to the playground supervision of the usher system, which is enough to destroy all independence of character, and which would be subversive of the public school system. But that boy is a rare and strange creature who will not act upon advice, given for no conceivable motive but his good, by a man who lives among boys and for boys, and who recognises physical training as an essential part of his profession.

It is unnecessary to dilate on the acknowledged excellence of cricket as a game, a training, and a fine art. But there are some serious abuses connected with it. Too much time is often given to practice. I believe that twenty minutes' batting practice, and that not every day, is enough to form the best batsmen. And too much time for some means too little time for others. Except during great matches, every boy should be *playing*, unless he is engaged in some other outdoor pursuit, and perhaps no boy should be allowed to give up cricket at all, until he is up to a pretty fair standard in fielding.

Again, good things as matches during school term are, especially between schools, holiday matches in London and other towns should be put an end to. On these occasions not only has the vicious boy his swing, but the swaggering boy shows off by aping vice. The expense is a serious tax on parents, who don't like to make their boy singular, and the cricket is certainly injured by a week in town. Lastly, let schools play one another with enthusiasm, but let there be an end to all the extravagance and display which accompany some matches. Sport of any kind is in its decadence when its surroundings lose their natural simplicity.

These dangers, however, affect only

the few. A greater danger appears to me to lie, especially for schools which have no available boating, in what I may call the interregnum between the two great games. If boys, usually accustomed to having their playhours fully occupied, are suddenly left without a definite pursuit, the evil, not only to their physical training, but to the tone of a school, is great. The very excellence of football and cricket involves the drawback of taking away the relish from inferior games. Fives, rackets, and lawn-tennis are, it is true, admirable and popular games; but it would require a very rich school to provide these for the whole of its boys, and I doubt if any school does this. What is required is some common game in which the great mass of a school can join, and in which all *must* join, if they have no other active pursuit to occupy and train them.

Hockey appears to me to be exactly adapted for this purpose during the autumn. Football usually both begins and ends too soon, and any football captain will find by experience that hockey is a capital training for the greater game. It is also a good game for days when there is too much frost for football and too little for skating. The school which has no skating available is to be pitied; but I may say in passing that of all provisions for preventing colds and listlessness in frosty weather, the most important is that of a pond or shallow ditches for sliding. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that cold weather, without abundant means of popular exercise to occupy the time and quicken the circulation, is one of the most serious dangers to which a school can be subject. Physical indolence not only predisposes to various ailments, but is the destruction of healthy tone.

Athletics, properly so called, *i.e.*, running, jumping, and hurdle racing, are simply a nuisance if they are the speciality of a few who are stared at by the rest, and who compete

for prizes of preposterous value. But they are an almost unmixed blessing to a school if every boy joins in them. I can bear witness to the great popularity of a system in which every boy has his performances registered; and such a system, if once started and organised, is easily kept up by school prefects. Athletics, so conducted, wholesomely occupy a considerable part of the spring, and there are, of course, prize competitions at the end. It is much better that these competitions should be opened to several schools, than confined to one. Competition for prizes between individual boys is generally to be deprecated, but I can see nothing but good in competition between boys who are representatives of different schools. Great mischief is sometimes done by the training for the longer races. Many boys should never run such races at all, and for all boys sudden or great changes of diet, or violent training of any kind, should be prevented. If boys and men live as they should do, and keep constantly in good condition, they do not require any training of this kind, but will run better and jump better without it. There are many other games, including, I believe, la crosse and base ball, which might easily be naturalised and become popular. Paper chases and measured

runs fill up odd days, but they cannot take the place of regular games. There should not be a day in the school year in which the mass of the boys are lounging about, doing nothing in particular. I am, of course, not wishing to imply that regular games should fill up anything like the whole of play hours. It would be a great evil if they did. And if there is no swagger, or affectation of manishness, about a school, there will be plenty of minor active games going on at odd times.

On the numerous points of detail entered upon in this paper opinions will of course differ, nor is it possible that any two men should have had all the circumstances presented to them from such similar points of view as to agree upon all of them. The main object of this paper is to show how the postulate with which I started may be carried out more or less perfectly. On its being carried out by some means or other, the right position of athletics in school, university, and general life, depends; and on that right position depends in turn the future maintenance of the physical vigour of our imperial race, on which as has been truly said, even our commercial supremacy ultimately rests.

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CHRISTMAS AND ANCESTOR WORSHIP IN THE BLACK MOUNTAIN.

II.

ACCORDING to the generally received account, the early Christians, at a time when Christendom and the Roman Empire were fast becoming synonymous, adopted for the day of their Christmas festival the birthday of Mithra, "the Unconquered Sun"—*Dies Natalis Solis Invicti*. This was the Roman festival of the winter solstice, as, from about the time of Aurelian onwards, it had begun to be celebrated with special rites in honour of the spiritual Persian divinity. The statement is perhaps credible. The Church, which had won more victories by compromise than by martyrdom, may well have discovered certain common grounds of ritual and belief in a religion that had been at once its rival and ally in the struggle against the grosser gods of Olympus; and could hardly fail to have noticed the striking resemblances that some of the most sacred rites of Mithraism presented to its own mysteries. Bearing in mind, however, the fact that long before the Christian era Buddhism had already familiarised the East with the idea of a miraculous incarnation from a Virgin Mother at this very season of the winter solstice, it would, on the whole, seem preferable to believe that the Christian Nativity had been connected with the time of the sun's annual re-birth at an earlier stage of the Church's history.

So much is certain, that, whether owing to the influence of Mithraism or not, the great Christian festival was already celebrated at its present mid-winter date before Christianity won its conquests over the barbarian world. And this being so, it has been

somewhat hastily assumed that the Church found among Teutons, Celts, and Slavs, a great sun festival of the winter solstice, the rites of which it could modify and convert for its own feast of the Nativity; and that, therefore, the heathen usages which undoubtedly peep out among the Christmas ceremonies of all these peoples have sprung from the same solar source as the original Roman festival.

This explanation of the origin of the yule customs has been generally accepted, even by such acute critics as Mr. Tylor; and it may be frankly admitted that the theory at first blush is not without an aspect of plausibility. The yule rites are obviously connected with the New Year; they represent fire-worship in some form, and they are in some cases connected with symbols believed to be of solar origin. I propose to show that the fact that they are essentially New Year's ceremonies, tells, curiously enough, against their connexion with the winter solstice, and that the symbols and the fire-worship alike belong to a cult earlier than that of the sun.

In following the primitive Serbian customs regarding Christmas, some account of which I have given in my former article, the reader will at once be struck by their general resemblance to the yule festivities of "merry England." A knowledge of the Christmas practices of Germany, the Netherlands, and the Norse countries will enable him to extend this comparison to the whole Teutonic race; and the yule customs of Celtic races betray an equally close correspondence. The bringing in and kindling of the yule log, the cake or plum-pudding with the evergreen spray rising from its centre;

the Christmas-tree itself, the wheel ornament, as seen in the Frisian Wêpelrôs; the wax-tapers, the roast pig, the wassail bowl and toasting, the Christmas carols, the charms and spells for the New Year—not one of the main features is wanting. In the charms and spells there are resemblances so close that they cannot be the result of accident. In Sweden, as in Serbia, the “yule-straw” is scattered over the fields to make them fruitful; in North Germany and in England, Christmas fruits, or bits of the Christmas log, are placed in the fork of a rotten fruit-tree to make it bear, just as in the Bosnian homesteads. The “Polaznik,” or Christmas guest, reappears in Germany disguised as a bearded man—Knecht Ruprecht, De Hêle Christ, Ru Cläs,¹ Santa Claus—who, on Christmas Eve, knocks at the door of the North German cottage, bringing with him apples and gingerbread—just as our Crivoscian brought his orange—and beating children who don't know how to pray with a bag of ashes. In the house ritual connected with the yule-log itself our Old English customs present some remarkable parallels with those of our Serbian kinsmen. In the Black Mountain it is usual to set aside a part of the log to burn on the last day of the Christmas feast; there, too, we have seen a part of the burnt log placed in a cranny of the house wall as a charm against Vieshtitzas and evil spirits; and the house-father, when he stirs the fire on Christmas morning, uses a burnt end of the log itself to rake together the embers. Compare all this with Herrick's² account of the proper ceremonies for Candlemas Day, the last day of the Old English Christmas festival:—

“Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn;
Which quencht, then lay it up agen
Till Christmas next return.
Part must be kept wherewith to teend
The Christmas log next year;
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.”

When we find such perfect agreement as this existing even in the details of this old yule ritual among Teutons, Celts, and Slavs, we are justified in concluding that the non-Christian part of Christmas observances, so faithfully preserved by all these Aryan peoples, once formed part of a great heathen festival, celebrated, before the days of their separation, by their common ancestors. And the peculiar value of the study of the yule rites, as I have described them in the Serbian homestead, is, that it enables us to trace the Teutonic and Celtic customs, with which we are familiar, a step backward, and throws, in many instances, a clear light on the origin of our own Christmas usages, such as we ourselves and our immediate kinsmen could not supply.

This will be readily understood when it is remembered that a large part of the Slavonic race, including the Serbian branch, is still in that communistic stage of social development out of which the Teutonic tribes were already emerging in the days of Cæsar and Tacitus. With us the family has long been individualised, and property is property in the etymological sense of *propriety*. With the communities whose Christmas customs I have been describing, the family is rather a group of families, living together under an elective house-elder, and holding house and land, goods and chattels in common. With the Serbs, therefore, who have preserved to the present day a form of family life which is essentially that of our remote Aryan ancestors, it is natural that the old customs originally bound up with this archaic household arrangement should have survived in a more perfect form than among races like our own, where this primitive communism has yielded to individual ownership. The survival of the old family organisation among the Serbs and other Slavs is in itself a proof of their strong conservative instincts touching all domestic usages, and he who would discover living traces of that religion of the hearth

¹ See Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, p. 142.

² Herrick, *Hesperides*, liv.

that once knit together the Aryan household will search with greater probabilities of success in the straggling, chimneyless Zadruga than beneath trim Teutonic gables.

The old yule ritual survives among Teutonic peoples, but it survives in a more disguised or fragmentary form. So we see the Christmas guest become a mere mummer in parts of Germany; the bag of ashes with which he beats the children who don't know how to pray seems a meaningless property, and might be interpreted half-a-dozen different ways. But turn to our Crivoscian homestead. There the Polaznik on his arrival goes straight to the hearth, strikes sparks from the log, and as they fly again utters the spell and prayer which shall ensure luck and increase on the household and its belongings during the ensuing year. The goodly youth who acts as the Christmas dropper-in is himself chosen by the family that they may have a good omen for the coming year, just as the Lapps draw a New Year's omen from the first animal seen on Christmas morning. But in the ritual still performed beside the Serbian hearth we see traces of a time when the New Year's guest was regarded as something more than an omen. His close connexion with the yule-fire, which explains the ash-bag of his German representative, was probably at one time even closer than it is now; and in the offering that he lays on the log we may see an illustration of that well-established law of sacrificial evolution, by which a part is substituted for the devoted whole.¹ Doubtless there was a time when the yule guest himself was devoured by the too hospitable² divinity of the hearth—a time when the divine ancestor of the community claimed his annual human sacrifice, as, even within historic memory, the immediate ancestor, the departed head of the Slav and Scandinavian households claimed a

human victim for his pyre.³ The "Christmas roast" of that period was "long pig."

In England, where romance and ecclesiastical influences have been at work to travesty the primitive yule feast with reminiscences of the Roman Saturnalia, the Christmas guest appears in the scarcely recognisable form of mummers and wassailers, who go from house to house offering their bowl to master and mistress with wishes of luck and long life. With us indeed the whole character of the feast has changed, and the reception of the ceremonial dropper-in has developed into the practice of universal hospitality at Christmas time. Among the more primitive Serb communities the festival still retains what beyond doubt was its original character—that of a purely domestic celebration; so much so that in districts where strict rites are observed no one except the chosen guest may visit the family on Christmas Day.

Even with ourselves, indeed, in spite of the more unrestricted hospitality that goes with it, yule tide is still the season of all others for the family gathering. But the English paterfamilias, unlike the Serbian *domachin*, no longer hews and carries in his log; he no longer "teends" the yule-fire, or pours libations on its flame; he has ceased to perform his midnight lustrations, or to prepare with his own hands the sacrificial roast; he wassails not the divine name-giver of his race, he has forgotten his hearth-side prayers—in a word he has altogether degenerated from his old position of domestic priest.

³ Extraordinary accounts of human funeral sacrifice among the Slavs and Norse "Old Russians" will be found in the works of the Arabian travellers, Ibn Dasta and Ibn Foslan. It is also mentioned by Thietmar and the Emperor Maurice. For the Aryan character of the practice see Tylor, *op. cit.* vol. i. p. 419. For the religious character of hospitality among the Slavs see Helmhold, *Chron. Slav.* i. c. 82. With the Bulgarians the suggestive practice survives of occasionally burying a stranger in the family vault.

¹ See, on this law, Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. ii. p. 362.

² Cf. Jupiter, *Hospitalis*; Zeus, *Xenios*.

Nay, worse, he is absolutely sacrilegious. He pokes the fire with an iron poker. In the Serbian cottage, as we have seen, not only all fire-irons, but all stools, benches, and tables, must be hidden away from the sight of the yule-fire, and the family eats and sleeps on the straw. The explanation that I have given of this usage, will probably commend itself to all students of superstition. Furniture and fire-irons are this day removed from the neighbourhood of the hearth because the yule ritual dates back to times when iron was unknown, and men were content to squat around the fire on the straw-strewn hearth; and the religion of the hearth has served to keep alive the ancient usage as a ceremonial form. This custom is almost universal among the Serbs, but with the Teutonic peoples it is only, as far as I am aware, to be found surviving in a fragmentary or disguised shape and in isolated localities. In Caithness¹ when the "need-fire"—of the affinities of which to the yule-fire I shall have something to say—is kindled by the ancient process of wood-friction, the operator, before endeavouring to obtain his light, first divests himself of all objects of metal that he may have about his person. On Christmas Eve, in parts of North Germany, great care is taken to keep the household utensils carefully stowed within doors. On no account must they be lent out, and so forth; and the reason given is that on this night they are liable to be bewitched. But this is a mere afterthought of superstition. Here again, as it seems to me, the Slav practice of stowing the household furniture out of sight of the yule-fire gives the real key to the riddle.

In order, then, to arrive at a knowledge of the true character and meaning of the original yule feast, we may turn with some confidence to the Christmas customs and folk-lore of

primitive Slav communities such as I have been describing. And from such a study we may easily arrive at two main conclusions. The yule-feast is intimately connected with the worship of ancestors, and as intimately with the worship of the fire on the hearth. The platters set out on the cottage-roof, the Unchristened Folk beneath the threshold who wait for waxlights and offerings of food; the belief that on this night Earth and Paradise are blended, and the Spirits walk the earth; the blessing invoked upon "the Absent Ones;"² the toast drunk, and the bread cake broken in honour of the Patron Namegiver, who is, in fact, the divine progenitor of heathen days—every one of these superstitions connects the Christmas festival with the worship of ancestral Spirits. Its further connexion with the cult of the fire on the hearth is so obvious that it need only be alluded to.

And this cult of the hearth and that of the ancestral spirits, the living memory of which at Christmas is kept up in this extraordinary way in the primitive Serbian household, are, in fact, parts of one and the same religion—a religion once common to the whole Aryan race. Ancestor worship is, in fact, identified with the worship of the Fire on the hearth. The idea that fire and the principle of life are identical is so natural, that we cannot be surprised at finding it generally adopted in very early times. To the savage and to the child all objects are in some way animate, but of all inanimate objects fire has been the most long-lived. Probably there is no more striking survival in ordinary language of what Mr. Tylor would call primitive "animism," than when we speak of "live coals." The latest Science has taught us that our whole existence

¹ Logan, *Scottish Gael; or, Celtic Manners as Preserved among the Highlanders*. London, 1831. Vol. ii. p. 64. Quoted by Grimm. *Deutsche Mythologie*, i. p. 574.

² We are curiously reminded of the invocation of Agni in the *Rig Veda* (Max Müller's translation, vol. i. p. 24), "Eat thou, O God, the proffered oblations! Our fathers that are here and those that are not here, our fathers whom we know and those whom we do not know, thou knowest how many they are."

is a prolonged combustion, and the analogies between fire and the life in the human frame could not escape the earliest philosophy. According to a Slav myth, the life of man is kindled in the human body by a spark from the thundercloud. So in the poetic language of the modern world, we are reminded that the soul is still a "vital spark of heavenly flame," and that "e'en in our ashes live their wonted fires." But the analogy did not end here. The mystery of the birth of man, and the mystery of the generation of fire from the arani, the wooden fire-churn of our remote ancestors, suggested striking parallels. By the Indians of the Vedas, to quote the words of M. Darmesteter,¹ the same formula is repeated, "Quand l'homme allume la flamme dans le sein de l'arani et la vie dans le sein de la femme." It is from such analogies that the Vedic Fire-god is not only the progenitor of the human race, he is also the god of Love. So the Genius of the Sleep of Death, as exquisitely portrayed on ancient monuments, is simply the love-god extinguishing his torch—and though under later influences Eros has made way for grinning skulls from the charnel house of mediæval horrors, the torch of Life and Love still burns in the poetic imagery of mankind.

The parallel between fire and life, and the further parallel between the generation of fire and the generation of man, sufficiently explains the fact that in the Vedas Agni, the fire, appears as the first man and forefather of the whole human race. The practice of intermural interment which made the family hearth almost literally a tombstone, further connected the ancestral fire with the spirits of the immediate forefathers of the household. Thus the worship of ancestors, the oldest religion, not of our Aryan family alone, but of the human race, was intimately connected with the worship of the fire on the hearth. Fire might be regarded as

the visible presence of the Old-father himself, or as the god which took the offerings to the Fathers,² and from this, probably the later conception, branches off the idea of Agni as simply carrying the sacrificial offerings to the gods, in days when, by "a disease of language," the Heavens had usurped the fatherhood of Fire. The Vedas show us the transition between the old and the new belief; between the religion of the hearth and the religion of the heavens. But a single word in modern English, *piety* (*pietas*), the cult of the Fathers, may serve to remind us that the earliest religion of our race was simply the awful appeasement of the manes of departed Ancestors. It may be that, at a stage of barbarism so low that the lowest of modern savages have advanced beyond it, when the use of fire itself was unknown to man, the departed to whom the domestic rites were due, lived on as their shadows, or crept into the form of whatever small animals, birds, or insects, anticipated the ancestral fire in devouring the crumbs of offering. It may be that the survival of a variety of such beliefs regarding ancestors, parallel with the belief in the direct connexion between the departed and the fire on the hearth, is due to a still earlier form of manes worship, that existed when fire itself had not become as it has in the Avesta, "the house-companion of living beings." It is sufficient for our purpose here, that a time did come, at least with the Aryan race, when the worship of fire and the worship of ancestors had become one and the same cult, and the flame on the hearth was actually regarded as the visible presence of the household spirit.

And Fire having been identified as the Ancestor, became as it were the ladder by which the human spirit ascended to a more celestial worship. The descent of fire to earth from the

² "Thou, O Agni Gâtavedas, hast carried, when implored, the offerings which thou hast rendered sweet. Thou hast given them to the fathers; they fed on their share."—Max Müller, *Rig Veda*, p. 24.

¹ *Ormuzd et Ahriman*, p. 186; and see Kuhn, *Die Herabkunft des Feuers*, p. 69.

thunder-cloud, dramatized by myth, gave a new extension to ancient belief, and Fire, the Ancestor of the human race, began to be regarded as himself son of the Heavens. That was a supreme moment in the religious development of our race when the hearth became an altar and piety—the worship due to the *manes* of the fathers—was carried on in the column of the sacrificial flame, to an All-father of the sky; when religion, fettered no longer to an earthly hearth, could soar upwards to the luminaries of heaven, and fix its dwelling amidst the stars; when in the all-embracing Sky, regarded as the Creator, the brotherhood of man was first established, and worship ceased to be a mere domestic cult of the *manes* of the individual household; when the shades of the departed beheld a rainbow bridge to lead them from their dark and joyless prison-house of clay to the star-fields of a more spiritual world. The transition to all this we begin to see in the Vedas. But Agni, as simply the ancestral Fire of the hearth, still shines fitfully through the clouds of mythic growth. The old priority of Fire is perpetually betraying itself. To Agni is addressed the first invocation of the Vedas; to Agni is still due the first offering; and when Agni shrouds himself in the darkness of the woods, the Vedic gods adore him trembling; the Heaven itself, and the Sun, and the storm Maruts, the echoes of the thunder sing their canticles to him, the original god of the hearth.¹

Agni in the Vedas is still at times a house-spirit, prayed to as the yule-fire in the Serbian cottage for plenty and long life, and the father of the family as there conducts the ceremony. The name of Agni as an Aryan inheritance, the Latin *Ignis*, the Russian *Ogon*, Serb *Ohun*, clings to the hearth, and is still concealed in the English *Oven*.² Hence we may infer

that at the time of the separation of the Aryan race, Agni was still the ancestral flame not yet clothed upon with celestial attributes. And nothing is more remarkable with regard to this old household cult than the manner in which it has been preserved in all its pristine purity by these Slav communities. When the Russian peasant changes his dwelling, he is careful to rake the embers from the stove, and transport them to his new abode, where he sets them ceremoniously on the hearth with the words, "Welcome, grandfather, to thy new home!" In the government of Nijegorod, the breaking up of the smouldering faggots on the hearth is strictly forbidden, as doing so might cause one's ancestors "to fall through into hell."³ Many of the Serbian yule-rites that I have described will be by this time understood in their true light; and the worship shown to the fire, and the offerings thrown to it, will be recognised as survivals of the old Aryan cult of the ancestral flame.

These Serbian rites indeed suggest curious parallels with the same hearth worship as practised in ancient Greece and Rome.⁴ There the Heroes and Daimones of the Greeks, the Lares and Penates of the Romans, were simply the ancestral spirits whose worship was identified with that of the domestic fire. The pure fire of the hearth grew by an accident of language into the goddess Vesta; but Ovid⁵ allows that it is only the "living flame." The fire on the hearth and the household Lar were used indifferently in ordinary language. The corn and wine, the first portion of the Christmas feast, is given to the yule-fire just as of old the Roman or the Greek gave the first portion of his meal to the fire on the hearth.⁶ The Serbian house-father

³ Ralston, *op. cit.* p. 120.

⁴ The ancestor worship and hearth ritual of Greece and Rome will be found described with great lucidity in M. Fustel de Coulanges' *Cité Antique*.

⁵ Nec tu aliud Vestam quam vivam intellige flamman.—*Ovid Fasti*, vi. 295.

⁶ Cf. Servius in *Æneida*, l. 730 (quoted in

¹ Darmesteter, *op. cit.* p. 186 (Muir, v. 215).

² *Oven* is compared by Grimm with *Agni*, *Ignis*, &c.

offers a prayer when he lays the log on the fire, just as a prayer was offered to the manes when the fire was laid in the Roman household¹. The spell addressed to the rising flame by the Ragusan peasant, as he pours the wine and scatters the corn over the kindling log, "goodly be thy birth," receives its appropriate commentary in classic literature. In the fourth Georgic,² we are told that before the feast the vestal flame was thrice sprinkled with flowing nectar, "thrice did the flame below light up the roof-tree with its blaze," where Servius informs us that the brilliant shooting up of the flame that followed on the libation was reckoned a good omen.

The prayer addressed to the yule-fire—for it is nothing less—for "health, peace, fruits of the earth, and increase of cattle, and all good luck," almost recalls the actual words of the old Orphic hymn in which the fire is invoked as the household god. The same care was taken by the ancients in choosing the proper woods for the sacred fire as is still taken by the Slav peasants, and the oak retains its holy character. The Roman ritual performed in honour of the god Terminus who is in fact the ancestral spirit in his character of guardian of fields and landmarks, presents some singular points of resemblance with Serbian yule customs. We are told that the father of the family himself cut up the logs and laid them on the rustic altar, that he himself kindled it with sacred fire from the hearth, that he sprinkled corn over the logs, that wine libations were poured, and that a lamb or sucking-pig was also offered up.³

de Coulanges, *op. cit.* p. 24), "Apud Romanos cæna edita silentium fieri solebat quoad ea quæ de cæna libata fuerant ad focum ferrentur et ignidarentur ac puer deos propitios nuntiasset." In Bohemia the superstition still survives of throwing a bit of every dish to the fire. Grelmann, *Aberglauben und Gebräuche aus Böhmen und Mähren*, s.v. Feuer.

¹ "His placabilis umbra est,
Adde preces positus et sua verba focis."

Ovid. Fasti, ii. v. 541.

² Virgil, *Georg.* iv. l. 384.

³ *Ovid. Fasti*, lib. ii. x. 61, *seqq.*

The careful ablutions, the removal of all objects improper to the ancient cult, the touching of the log with a gloved hand, all is entirely in keeping with the old hearth ritual as performed by Greek and Roman. The fire in ancient days was to be specially preserved from the contamination of any dirty object, and above all no one was to set his foot in it. We need not indeed go so far a-field as the Black Mountain to find parallels for all this. In olden times in England there was a special superstition against approaching the yule-fire with bare feet, and Herrick's⁴ advice to maids may yet be remembered with advantage—

"Wash your hands, or else the fire
Will not teend to your desire;
Unwashed hands, ye maidens, know,
Dead the fire though ye blow."

So truly in the old worship of the hearth was cleanliness next to godliness!

It will by this time perhaps be admitted that the yule ritual, as illustrated and interpreted by the usage of the primitive Serb households, connects itself in every way with the old Aryan worship of the ancestral Fire on the hearth. There are no doubt among the Slavs, as among the Teutons and Celts, still existing relics of heathen festivals connected with sun-worship. The flaming wheel, still rolled down from the hill-top to the stream below on St. John's Eve, and on other festivals of the pagan year which Christianity has adopted, no doubt belongs to this category. In England, indeed, in mediæval times, the connexion between this practice and an ancient rite of sun-worship was still remembered; and the blazing wheel rolled down the steep at the time of the summer solstice was still held to represent the descent of the sun's wheel from the summit of his yearly circle.⁵ But the more the character

⁴ *Hesperides*, lxxii.

⁵ This appears from a passage in the Harleian MS., quoted by Kemble, *Saxons in England*, i. 296. "... de rotâ quam faciunt volvi (in Vigilia Beati Johannis), quod cum

of the yule feast is compared with the St. John's Eve fires, and ceremonies of a like nature, the more patent it will appear that its essential attributes are very different. The yule rites, such as I have been describing, are before all things part of a private cult; they are celebrated by the father of the family with closed doors at his domestic hearth; the offerings are given to the household fire; the first toast is the patron namegiver of the household. How little is there here in common with those public open air ceremonies in which not the individual family alone, but the whole community, takes part! The one feast still retains its character of a purely household celebration, and derives its natural origin from a time when all religion was included in the family cult of its own departed forefathers. The other is as manifestly the outcome of a more advanced stage of mythic development and social

immunda [ceremant] hoc habent ex gentibus. Rota involvitur ad significandum quod sol tunc ascendit ad alciora sui circuli et statim regreditur." Cf. Kuhn, *op. cit.* p. 50.

organisation, in which a priestly caste is possible, in which the natural place of celebration is beneath the open canopy of heaven, or in some hypæthral temple of antiquity.

All this it is true does not exclude the possibility that the later mythic development of religion, of which sun worship is an offshoot, may have left its traces on what was originally a more primitive festival. The yule feast, as I shall proceed to show, was not originally celebrated at the time of the winter solstice, but having once been transferred to that date it may have received some solar touches. It might fairly be argued that the *Wepelrôt*, for instance, the Frisian wheel-staff carried round at this time, had reference to the cult of the sun. The *kolatch* or wheel-cake of the Serbian Christmas meal, might also be claimed for the luminous wheel of heaven. In a concluding paper I shall present some considerations which tend to show that the wheel itself, as a symbol, belonged to the ancestral Fire before it rolled in the chariot of Apollo.

ARTHUR J. EVANS.

(To be continued.)

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND.

EVENTS, in the present time, follow one another with such rapidity, and the favourites of society pass in such constant succession over the stage, that the most startling occurrences are only regarded as nine days' wonders; and men who have even filled a prominent place are almost forgotten before a monument is erected to their memory. Under such circumstances it may prove an almost hopeless task to recall attention to the character of a man who held only a comparatively subordinate official position, and who has left no first-rate work behind him to illustrate the achievements of a singularly ready pen. Yet Mr. Frank Buckland occupied so exceptional a position, and held it so long, that common justice requires that his memory should be preserved; and a short article on his doings, on his character, and even on the eccentricities which formed part of his character, may be welcome to hundreds of persons who knew and loved the man, and to thousands of other persons who did not know the man but loved his writings.

Francis Trevelyan Buckland was the eldest son of the Very Reverend William Buckland, the founder of the modern school of geology, the author of one of the best known of the *Bridgewater Treatises*, and Dean of Westminster. His mother—Miss Morland before her marriage—threw herself into the geological researches which made her husband famous, and frequently proved a ready assistant to the Dean. His father was probably one of the most popular lecturers ever known at Oxford. With the zeal of an enthusiast, he never confined his teachings to the lecture-room, but frequently organized parties to scour the neighbourhood of the university,

and explained the geology of the district standing on the very stones on which he was commenting. He had the rare art of throwing interest into the most abstruse subjects; and stories are still told of him, to illustrate his ready wit, which would enliven any article. In 1826, when his eldest son was born, he had already acquired a considerable reputation; and he chose as sponsors for his boy two men who both filled some position in the world—Sir Francis Chantrey, the sculptor, and Sir Walter Trevelyan, the apostle of temperance. The boy owed his two names, Francis Trevelyan, to his two godfathers. But these names are probably unfamiliar to the majority of the people who were afterwards acquainted with him; the future naturalist almost always signed himself, and friends and strangers always spoke of him as, Frank Buckland.

Dr. Buckland is said to have expected his son's birth with as much impatience as Mr. Shandy awaited the arrival of Tristram. When the nurse told him that the child was a boy, he declared that he should go at once and plant a birch, for he was determined that his son should be well brought up. The declaration proved a prophecy. Young Buckland was educated by his uncle, Dr. Buckland, of Laleham, the friend and kinsman of Dr. Arnold, but a most severe and even brutal pedagogue. He was subsequently sent to Winchester, and in due course passed on to Christchurch. At school he certainly received his share of chastisement, and within a year or two of his death he showed some of his friends scars on his hand which he said were his uncle's doing. He was probably a trying pupil to an impatient school-

master; yet he contrived to acquire a large share of classical knowledge. He had whole passages of Virgil at his fingers' ends. He used to say, when he could not understand an act of parliament, that he always turned it into Latin; and within a fortnight of his death he was discussing a passage of a Greek play with one of the accomplished medical men who attended him, interesting himself about the different pronunciation of ancient and modern Greek, and the merits of Greek accentuation. Mathematics were not supposed to form a necessary part of a boy's education forty years ago, and it may be doubted whether even his dread of his uncle's ferule or the discipline at Winchester could have induced him to make any progress in the study. To the end of his life he always regarded it as a providential circumstance that nature had given him eight fingers and two thumbs, as the arrangement had enabled him to count as far as ten. When he was engaged on long inspections, which involved the expenditure of a good deal of money, he always carried it in small paper parcels each containing ten sovereigns; and, though he was fond of quoting the figures which his secretary prepared for him in his reports, those who knew him best doubted whether they expressed any clear meaning to him. He liked, for instance, to state the number of eggs which various kinds of fish produced, but he never rounded off the calculations which his secretary made to enable him to do so. The unit at the end of the sum was, in his eyes, of equal importance to the figure, which represented millions, at the beginning of it.

Of Mr. Buckland's Christ Church days many good stories are told. Almost every one has heard of the bear which he kept at his rooms, of its misdemeanours, and of its rustication. Less familiar, perhaps, is the story of his first journey by the Great

Western. The dons, alarmed at the possible consequences of a railway to London, would not allow Brunel to bring the line nearer than Didcot. Dean Buckland in vain protested against the folly of this decision, and the line was kept out of harm's way at Didcot. But, the very day on which it was opened, Mr. Frank Buckland, with one or two other undergraduates, drove over to Didcot, travelled up to London, and returned in time to fulfil all the regulations of the university. The Dean, who was probably not altogether displeased at the joke, told the story to his friends who had prided themselves on keeping the line from Oxford. "Here," he said, "you have deprived us of the advantages of a railway, and my son has been up to London."

It was probably no easy task to select a profession for a young man who had already distinguished himself by an eccentric love for animals, which had induced him to keep a bear at Oxford and a vulture at the Deanery at Westminster. At his father's wish, Mr. Buckland decided on entering the medical profession. To qualify himself for his duties, he studied in Germany, at Paris, and at St. George's Hospital. While he was at Paris the cholera was raging, and the patients who died of it in hospital were allotted to the Anatomical School. Mr. Buckland, however, had the stoutest of nerves and the strongest of constitutions, and never contracted any illness during the year of sickness. He returned to London, and soon afterwards became house-surgeon at St. George's. He used to say that the cases which were brought into the accident ward grouped themselves into classes according to the hours of the day. The suicides came at an early hour of the morning; the scaffold accidents next, since a scaffold, if it gave way at all, gave way early in the day; the street accidents afterwards, and so on. At St. George's he collected a fund of good stories, with

which he used to amuse his friends to the last days of his life. One of the best of them told, as he never minded his stories telling, against himself. An old woman came to the hospital with a cough, which she declared nothing would alleviate except some sweet, luscious mixture which another out-patient, a friend of hers, had received. The old woman was given a bottleful of the mixture, and returned again and again for more, though her cough got little better. At last Mr. Buckland's suspicions were aroused, and he desired that his patient should be watched. She was watched, and was found outside Chelsea Hospital selling the mixture in halfpenny tarts.

In 1854, while he was still engaged at St. George's, he was offered and accepted the post of assistant-surgeon in the 2nd Life Guards. Perhaps no army surgeon ever enjoyed so much popularity among his brother-officers. The friends whom he made during his nine years with the regiment remained his friends to the day of his death; and, whenever any of them happened to meet him, Mr. Buckland had an endless store of anecdotes of his old Life Guards days. The nine years during which he served with the regiment were probably the happiest of his life. He left it on the surgeoncy falling vacant, and on finding that the rules of the service necessitated his own supercession by the transfer from another regiment of another surgeon. But during the nine years through which he had served his name had become famous. His contributions to the *Field* newspaper and his *Curiosities of Natural History* had made natural history popular in thousands of households; and the exertions which he had already commenced in the cause of fish-culture had marked him as a man with an idea. Thus he left the army a known man, and during the next few years relied on his pen. Unfortunately he was unable to continue contributing to the

paper which he had been instrumental in originating. Differences arose between himself and the conductors of the *Field*, and Mr. Buckland, separating himself from his fellow-labourers, founded *Land and Water*. It is not too much to say that the latter periodical was indebted to his pen for its existence and reputation.

A new sphere was, in the meanwhile, preparing for Mr. Buckland's energies. In 1861 Parliament had sanctioned the appointment of two Inspectors of Fisheries for England and Wales. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Eden, retired in broken health in 1867, and Mr. Buckland was chosen as his successor. He had hardly been appointed when his colleague, Mr. Ffennell, died; and another gentleman had to be chosen for the second inspectorship. The old traditions of the office were thus snapped at the period of Mr. Buckland's appointment, and the new inspectors, without the assistance of an experienced colleague, had to map out their own policy. This is not the place to describe the policy which they pursued, or the results which ensued from it. It is sufficient to say that no public officer ever threw himself so heartily into his work as Mr. Buckland. His zeal frequently led him into imprudences which would have told severely on a less robust constitution, and which perhaps had the effect of shortening his own life. He has been known to wade up to his neck in water, and change his clothes driving away from the river on the box of a fly. This was an exceptional case; but it was a common thing for him to sit for hours in wet boots. He rarely wore a great coat; he never owned a railway rug; he took a delight in cold, and frequently compared himself to a Polar bear, which languished in the heat and revived in the frost. The pleasure which Mr. Buckland derived from cold accounted for many of his eccentricities. Even in winter he wore the smallest amount of clothing; in summer he discarded almost all clothing.

The illustrated papers, which have published portraits of him at home, have given their readers a very inaccurate idea of his appearance at his house in Albany Street. Those were very rare occasions on which he wore a coat at home. His usual dress was a pair of trousers and a flannel shirt; he deferred putting on socks and boots till he was starting for his office. Even on inspections he generally appeared at breakfast in the same attire, and on one occasion, he left a large country house, in which he was staying, with no other garments on. While he was driving in a dogcart to the station he put on his boots, and as the train was drawing up to the station, at which a deputation of country gentlemen was awaiting him, he said with a sigh that he must begin to dress. Boots were in fact his special aversion. He lost no opportunity of kicking them off his feet. One one occasion, travelling alone in a railway carriage, he fell asleep with his feet resting on the window-sill. As usual he kicked off his boots and they fell outside the carriage on the line. When he reached his destination the boots could not, of course, be found, and he had to go without them to his hotel. The next morning a platelayer examining the permanent way, came upon the boots, and reported to the traffic manager that he had found a pair of gentleman's boots, but that he could not find the gentleman. Some one connected with the railway recollected that Mr. Buckland had been seen in the neighbourhood, and, knowing his eccentricities, inferred that the boots must belong to him. They were accordingly sent to the Home Office and were at once claimed.

We have said that he rarely wore a greatcoat, and when he did so it was apparently more for the value of the additional pockets it contained than for its warmth. One of his good stories turned on this. He had been in France, and was returning, *via* Southampton, with an overcoat stuffed with natural history specimens of all

sorts dead and alive. Among them was a monkey, which was domiciled in a large inside breast-pocket. As Buckland was taking his ticket, Jocko thrust up his head and attracted the attention of the booking-clerk, who immediately (and very properly) said, "You must take a ticket for that dog, if it's going with you." "Dog?" said Buckland; "it's no dog; it's a monkey." "It is a dog," replied the clerk. "It's a monkey," retorted Buckland, and proceeded to show the whole animal, but without convincing the clerk, who insisted on five shillings for the dog-ticket to London. Nettled at this, Buckland plunged his hand into another pocket and produced a tortoise, and laying it on the sill of the ticket window said, "Perhaps you'll call that a dog too." The clerk inspected the tortoise. "No," said he, "we make no charge for them—they're insects."

If a close observer were asked to mention the chief quality which Mr. Buckland developed as Inspector of Fisheries, he would probably reply a capacity for managing men. He had the happiest way of conciliating opposition and of carrying an even hostile audience with him. It frequently occurred that the fishermen, at the many inquiries which his colleague and he held, looked in the first instance with suspicion on the inspectors. They never looked with suspicion on them when they went away. The ice of reserve was thawed by the warmth of Mr. Buckland's genial manner; and the men who, for the first half-hour, shrank from imparting information, in the next three hours vied with one another in contributing it. Mr. Buckland was equally at ease with more educated audiences, though in their case he was perhaps less uniformly successful. If he had been a politician, he would have been a greater mob orator than Parliamentary debater. But the higher classes, like the lower classes, could not resist the warmth of his manner or the ring of

his laughter. He could not, in the most serious conversation, refrain from his joke; and some persons will recollect how on one occasion he was desecrating, at a formal meeting, on the advantages which would ensue from the formation of a fishery district. "You will be appointed a conservator, and then you will impose license duties, and the money—probably 300*l.*—will be paid to you." "And what shall I do then?" inquired his listener. "Why, then," replied Mr. Buckland, "you had better bolt with it."

His love of a joke distinguished him as a lecturer. He remembered his father's lectures, and always thought it his first duty to make his audience laugh; and he had a dozen stories ready to provoke laughter. The excuse of a milk-boy, on a fish being found in the milk—"Please, sir, mother forgot to strain the water"—was one of those which did frequent duty. The same love of a joke followed him on his official inquiries. He left on one occasion a parcel of stinking fish, which he had carried about with him, and forgotten, neatly done up in paper, in a fashionable thoroughfare in Scotland, and stood at the hotel window to watch the face of the first person who examined it. He amused himself, one Sunday evening, on another occasion, in making herring-roe out of tapioca pudding and whisky, to puzzle the witnesses whom he was to examine on the Monday; and he raised a laugh on a third occasion by telling a witness, who said he was a shoemaker, that to judge from the appearance of the children's feet, he should think he had a very poor trade. Throughout his journeys, specimens of every kind, living, dying, and dead, were thrown into his bag, possibly to keep company with his boots or his clothes. The odour of the bag usually increased with the length of the inspection, and on one occasion, when it was exceptionally offensive, he said to the boots of a very smart hotel, "I think you had better

put this bag into the cellar, as I should not be at all surprised if it smelt by to-morrow morning."

The love of fun and laughter, which was perceptible while he was transacting the dullest business, distinguished him equally as a writer. It was his object, so he himself thought, to make natural history practical; but it was his real mission to make natural history and fish-culture popular. He popularised everything that he touched, he hated the scientific terms which other naturalists employed, and invariably used the simplest language for describing his meaning. His writings were unequal: some of them are not marked by any exceptional qualities. But others of them, such as the best parts of the *Curiosities of Natural History*, and *The Royal Academy without a Catalogue* are admirable examples of good English, keen critical observation and rich humour. His best things, he used to say himself, were written on the box of an omnibus or in a railway carriage. *The Royal Academy without a Catalogue* was written between London and Crewe, and posted at the latter station. He had originally acquired the art of writing in a railway train from the late Bishop of Oxford. He practised it with as much zeal as the bishop did, and with as good effect. The more laboured compositions which Mr. Buckland undertook did not always contain equal traits of happy humour. He was at his best when he took the least pains, and a collection of his very best pieces would deserve a permanent place in any collection of English essays.

Desultory work of this character made Mr. Buckland's name a household word throughout the country. His articles were copied and re-copied into various newspapers, and obtained, in this way, hundreds of thousands of readers. But, at the same time, this desultory work necessarily prevented him from accomplishing any literary task of first-rate excellence. Some of his personal

popularity was thus purchased at the cost of his future reputation; and a mass of knowledge has died with him which might otherwise have been preserved. It is no exaggeration to say that he had collected during his busy life a vast store of information. He had trained himself to observe, and his eye rarely missed anything. He thought that he had facts at his disposal which would have enabled him to answer the great doctrines which Mr Darwin has unfolded. Evolution was eminently distasteful to him; only two days before his death, in revising the preface of his latest work, he deliberately expressed his disbelief in it, and he used to dispose of any controversy on the subject by saying, "My father was Dean of Westminster. I was brought up in the principles of Church and State; and I will never admit it—I will never admit it."

Though, however, on such occasions as these Mr. Buckland used the language of advanced Tories, he habitually shrank from political discussion. He declared that he did not understand politics, and that he reserved himself for his own immediate pursuits. Into these pursuits he threw himself with his whole energy; and his energy was extraordinary. The greatest example of it was in the search which he made for John Hunter's coffin in the vaults of St. Martin's Church. He literally turned over every coffin in the church before he found the one of which he was in search, spending a whole fortnight among the dead. He was ultimately rewarded by obtaining a grave for his hero's remains in Westminster Abbey. John Hunter was his typical hero. He had pursued the studies to which Mr. Buckland also devoted himself. He had founded a great museum. He had almost originated a science. Like John Hunter, one of Mr. Buckland's main objects was to form a collection which would illustrate the whole science of fish-culture. The museum at South Kensington, which

he has left to the nation, exists as a proof of his success. Inferior, of course, to the similar collections in the Smithsonian Museum of the United States, it forms an unequalled example of what one man may accomplish by energy and industry. Thousands of persons have interested themselves in fish-culture from seeing the museum; and the collection has long formed one of the most popular departments of the galleries at South Kensington.

Energy was only one of Mr. Buckland's characteristics. His kindness was another. Perhaps no man ever lived with a kinder heart. It may be doubted whether he ever willingly said a hard word or did a hard action. He used to say of one gentleman, by whom he thought he had been aggrieved, that he had forgiven him seventy times seven already; so that he was not required to forgive him any more. He could not resist a cry of distress particularly if it came from a woman. Women, he used to say, are such doe-like, timid things that he could not bear to see them unhappy. One night, walking from his office, he found a poor servant girl crying in the street. She had been turned out of her place that morning as unequal to her duties; she had no money, and no friends nearer than Taunton, where her parents lived. Mr. Buckland took her to an eating-house, gave her a dinner, drove her to Paddington, paid for her ticket, and left her in charge of the guard of the train. His nature was so simple and generous that he did not even then seem to realise that he had done an exceptionally kind action.

A volume might perhaps be filled with an account of Mr. Buckland's eccentricities. When he was studying oysters, he would never allow any one to speak; the oysters, he said, overheard the conversation and shut up their shells. More inanimate objects than oysters were endowed by him with sense. He had almost persuaded himself that inanimate things could

be spiteful ; and he used to say that he would write a book on their spitefulness. If a railway lamp did not burn properly, he would declare it was sulky, and throw it out of window to see if it could find a better master. He punished his portmanteau on one occasion by knocking it down, and the portmanteau naturally revenged itself by breaking all the bottles of specimens which it contained, and emptying their contents on its master's shirts. To provide himself against possible disasters, he used to carry with him an armoury of implements. On the herring inquiry he went to Scotland with six boxes of cigars, four dozen pencils, five knives, and three thermometers. On his return, three weeks afterwards, he produced one solitary pencil, the remnant of all this property. The knives were lost, the cigars were smoked ; one thermometer had lost its temper, and been thrown out of window ; another had been drowned in the Pentland Frith, and a third had beaten out its own brains against the bottom of a gun-

boat. No human being could have told the fate of the pencils.

Such were some of the eccentricities of a man who will, it may be hoped, be recollected by the public for the work which he did, and by his friends for his kindliness, his humour, and his worth. As he lived, so he died. Throughout a long and painful illness his spirits never failed, and his love of fun never ceased. "I wish to be present at this operation," was his quaint reply to the proposal of his surgeon that he should take chloroform, and his wonderful vitality enabled him to survive for months under sufferings which would have crushed other men. He is gone : his work is of the past ; and posterity will coldly examine its merits. But his friends will not patiently wait the verdict of posterity. When they recollect his rare powers of observation, his capacity of expressing his ideas, his quaint humour, his kindly heart, and open hand, they will say with the writer, we shall not soon look on his like again.

SPENCER WALPOLE.

RUGBY, TENNESSEE.

So many persons have shown a desire to know more of this enterprise than can be gathered from the original prospectus, or the pamphlets which have followed it, that it may be well to give here some further account of what has been done hitherto, and what is contemplated.

First, as to the class of persons who may be advised to go to Rugby, Tennessee, with a view to settlement there. Every one not of independent means intending to make the experiment should ask himself seriously the question, "Am I prepared for some years, during the working hours of the day, to live the life of a peasant?" or, in other words, to earn my living out of the soil by my own labour? Unless he can answer, and answer confidently, in the affirmative, he had better not go. If he can, he may go safely, as he will find there as great variety of occupations to choose from as in any part of the United States or our colonies. Soil, climate, situation, all point to a varied industry. The settler may raise sheep, cattle, or hogs; he may grow any kind of fruit or vegetables, or (should he prefer to follow the lead of the few native farmers of the district) corn, maize, and other cereals; he may devote himself to the culture of poultry, or bees; he may take to lumbering, and help to supply the saw-mills with logs, or the merchants with staves for casks. One or more of these industries he will have to learn to live by, unless indeed he chances to be a good mechanic. For carpenters, masons, and brickmakers, who know their business, there is a good opening at good wages; but these are in demand everywhere in new countries.

I have said that the settler will have to lead a peasant's life during working hours; and it is this limitation, "during working hours," which forms one of the chief attractions of the settlement. For at other times, when his work is done, he will find himself in a cultivated society, within easy reach of all the real essentials of civilisation, beginning with a good library. In short, whoever is ready "to put himself into primary relations with the soil and nature, and to take his part bravely with his own hands in the manual labour of this world" (as Mr. Emerson puts it in his counsels to young Americans, in *Man the Reformer*), will find here as favourable conditions for his very sensible experiment as he is likely to get in any part of the world.

Assuming then our young Englishman ready to accept these conditions, and to start in life, resolute to prove that he can make his two hands keep his head, and need be under obligations to no one for a meal or a roof, how is he to get to the scene of his experiment, and what should he take with him in the shape of outfit?

First, as to outfit. The less of it he takes the better. One of the first and most valuable lessons which his new life will teach him is, that nine tenths of what he has been used to consider the necessaries of life are only lumber. A stout chest, or even a big leather bag, ought to hold all his worldly goods for the time being. Two or three stout suits of clothes, and several pairs of strong boots and gaiters, with flannel shirts, and a good supply of underclothing—including a leather waistcoat for the few bitterly cold winter days—and socks, will be ample. Slop clothes of all kinds he

can get in America as cheap as at home, and not much worse; but they won't wear, especially the boots. These latter, I take it, it will always answer his purpose to get from England, paying the very heavy duty.

If he is a sportsman he may take his shot gun and rifle, but these must not be new or they will be liable to duty. If he has none of his own, he had better buy in the United States, where all kinds of sporting weapons are very good, and cheaper than the English would be after payment of duty. For a revolver he will have no more occasion than in England. In this part of Tennessee they are only silly and somewhat dangerous toys; and I am glad to say that the magistrates of this, and all the neighbouring counties, are fining severely when cases of wearing arms are brought before them.

As to a fishing-rod and tackle, I am doubtful what to advise. There are two most tempting-looking streams, with pools and stickles which vividly excite one's piscatorial nerves at first sight, and give reasonable hope that monsters of the deep must haunt there. But further acquaintance dispels the pleasant illusion. Whatever the cause may be—probably because there has never been a close-time in these streams since the creation, and the natives are wasteful as well as very keen sportsmen—a bass of three or four inches long is the biggest fish to be heard of.

That some sensible understanding will soon be established as to the fishing there is much reason to hope; but, as it will take some years in any case before it can be worth while to throw a line there, the young settler had better perhaps leave his angling gear at home.

And the same may be said for tool chests, and implements of all kinds. If a youngster has a favourite set which he has been using in those excellent workshops which some of our public schools have at last established,

sentiment may be allowed to carry the day, and he may find it worth while to take his proved tools with him. Otherwise, he will avoid much trouble and annoyance at the custom-house by going without, and will get the articles when he wants them quite as good and not much dearer, at Cincinnati.

His chest or bag will of course find a corner for some photographs and other home memorials, and possibly for a favourite book or two. But of these latter he may be saving, as he will find a good free library already on the spot.

The great thing is to remember in all his preparations that he is going to try an experiment which *may not* succeed. If it should, he can easily run home in a year or two for his "lares and penates." If not, it will be very much better for him not to have to bring them away. This would look like defeat, while no such inference could fairly be drawn from the packing up of one box, and the distribution amongst those whom he leaves behind him in the settlement of whatever will not fit into it.

But he must have some money also? Yes, but very little will serve his turn; in fact I had almost said the less the better. If he is at all in earnest about what he is doing, a week or two will be enough to turn round in, see the place and the neighbourhood, settle what he is best fitted for, and make arrangements to begin working at that particular business. If for that week he even takes a room at the hotel, and lives there—the most costly course open to him—it will only cost him some 2*l*. For a much smaller sum he can be put up at one of the boarding-houses. At the end of that time he ought to be able at least to earn enough to keep himself. He will, if he is wise, at once become a shareholder in the town commissary (or supply association) which will cost him \$5 or £1; and he may also like to join the club (which controls the lawn tennis ground and the musical gatherings, and otherwise

caters for the social life of the settlement), and to support the vestry or the choir. But we may take 5*l.* as the maximum sum which it will take to make him free of all the nascent institutions of the infant settlement; and if he can command another 10*l.* to tide him over a week or two's failure of employment or health, he will have quite as much of the mammon of unrighteousness as is at all likely to be good for him at starting.

I am speaking now only of young men not yet of age, who seem likely to be the great majority of the settlers at present. For older men no longer under disability, who control their own funds and may be supposed to know their own minds, of course the case is different. Command of capital may make a great difference to them in their start, as many openings are occurring of which a man with funds under his immediate control will be able to avail himself. And even for younger men, where they or their friends can afford such an outlay, it will probably be desirable to make some arrangement with one of the present settlers, by which board and instruction may be obtained at a very reasonable cost, with the prospect possibly of a partnership in future. I only wish to say that, so far as I can judge, any young man who can command such an outfit and sum as I have named, in addition to his journey money, and goes out with a resolute determination to get on by hard work, may start for Rugby with good prospects of making an independence under pleasant and wholesome conditions of life.

The cost of getting out will depend in some measure on whether the emigrant is able or desirous to avail himself of the arrangements made by the Board. If he can do this, he may get to Sedgemoor, the Rugby station on the Cincinnati Southern Railway, for fifteen guineas, first-class; 12*l.* 10*s.* intermediate, and 8*l.* 10*s.* steerage.

This route is by Philadelphia, where the train for Cincinnati is in waiting alongside the pier, where the steamers of the American line land their passengers. If he prefers, or is obliged, to go by New York, his sea-voyage will be at the ordinary fares; but the agent of the Board at New York will furnish him with tickets to Sedgemoor at a reduced charge.

Going as fast as he can, it will take him thirty-six hours after landing to get to Sedgemoor. As, however, he will probably like, at any rate, to sleep at Cincinnati on his road (even if he should be able sternly to waive aside the attractions of the eastern cities), we may look for him there some three days after his arrival in America.

Sedgemoor is a small clearing in the middle of the forest, through which the railway has been running for the last thirty miles. He is already some 1,200 feet above the sea level, as he has been creeping up by gentle inclines ever since he entered the forest country. From this point the line descends again gradually to the South, till it reaches the Tennessee river and its terminus at Chatanooga. But when he is landed at Sedgemoor he is still some 600 feet below the level of Rugby, and he commences the ascent at once. There is a broad road graded right away from the station to the town for six miles and upwards through land belonging to the Board, and he begins the ascent within one hundred yards of the line. As soon as he is up this first ascent the road runs almost all the way along the ridge of a watershed to the Clear Fork river, upon the further bank of which the town of Rugby lies. The drive should be instructive to him, not mainly for the charm of the scenery, or the glimpses he will get here and there of the distant blue mountains of North Carolina away to the east, but for the specimen it will give him of the sort of work he will soon be employed on.

Most likely his first job will be to clear similar land at so many dollars an acre, either for the Board or some of the settlers. The whole of the ridge on either side this road is specially adapted for fruit-growing; so the farms are laid out in forty or fifty acres, with only a small frontage to the road. Settlers who wish to start in fruit and vegetable culture can buy larger tracts to the rear at smaller prices, if they wish to secure a larger area for future use.

A year hence, it is hoped, that on crossing the Clear Fork bridge, the visitor will find himself opposite to a public building which will serve as a gate-house to the town, and where a register will be kept of all the inhabitants for the convenience of strangers; but as the gate-house at present only exists on paper, he will have to go to the office of the Board, some three-quarters of a mile further on, in the centre of the town of the future, for any information he may need. On the way he will pass the church fronting the main avenue along which his way lies, and will see the commissary and the boarding-houses lying back, on what will be important side streets. A number of private houses in different stages of building—few, I fear, finished as yet, the supply of building materials being sadly behind the demand—line the main avenue, till it terminates in a sweep which will bring him to the Tabard, the hotel, which stands almost on the highest point at the west end of the town, within a couple of hundred yards or so of the thickly wooded gully some 200 feet deep, through which the second stream, the White Oak, runs to its junction with the Clear Fork half a mile away. At the Tabard, if not at the office, he will find the manager and other officials of the Board, and will obtain all such advice and assistance as he may need both with respect to his immediate housing, and to his future plans.

It may be well to refer shortly, in
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conclusion, to several points on which a good deal of misunderstanding seems still to exist.

And first as to the commissary, to which reference has been already made. Doubts seem still to haunt some minds as to the intentions of the Board in respect of the freedom of trade at Rugby. We can best answer perhaps by repeating what was said in the address delivered by the representative of the Board, on the 5th of October, 1880, which contains the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth:—

“We have all of us a number of imperative wants which must be provided for and satisfied day by day. We want food, clothes, furniture, and a great variety of things besides, which our nurture and culture have made all but essential to us. These must all be provided here, either by each of us for himself or by some common machinery. Well, we believe that it can be done best by a common machinery, in which we should like to see every one take a hand. We have a ‘commissary’ already established, and have used that word rather than ‘store’ to indicate our own wishes and intentions, as a commissary is especially a public institution. Our wish is to make this commissary a centre of supply, and that every settler, or at any rate every householder here, should become a member and part-owner of it. The machinery by which this can be done is perfectly familiar in England, and here also. If it is adopted, the cost price of establishing the present commissary, as it stands, will be divided into small shares of five dollars each, so that the poorest settler may not be inconvenienced by the outlay for membership. Every one will get whatever profits are made on his own consumption, and the business will be directed and superintended by a board of council chosen by the members themselves. In this way again we shall have a common interest and common property, and in the supplying of our own daily wants shall feel that, if one member suffers, all suffer; if one rejoices, all rejoice. In this way, too, if we please, we may be rid once for all of the evils which have turned retail trade into a keen and anxious, and, generally, a dishonest scramble in older communities; rid of adulteration, of false pretences, of indebtedness, of bankruptcy. Trade has been a potent civiliser of mankind, but only so far and so long as it has been kept in its place as a servant. As a master and an idol, it has proved a destroyer in the past, like all other idolatries, and is proving itself so in the present in many places we know of. Let us, as a

community, take hold of it and master it here from the first, and never release our grasp and control of it."

This commissary has now been worked for three months by the settlers with excellent results. So far as I know, every one of them belongs to it, and the supplies of all kinds are satisfactory. But no one need belong unless he pleases, and there is nothing to hinder him from supplying himself elsewhere, or from setting up a store on his own account if so minded. The only restriction is on the sale of liquor, which is strictly prohibited. If he will have it, he must import it for himself, and keep it to himself.

Again, it is equally untrue that any exclusive arrangement is contemplated as to church affairs. It is true that there is only one church, and that at present the only church organization is under the Bishop of Tennessee, who has appointed two lay readers who are responsible for the church services. But it has been specially stipulated that the building is open to the use of settlers of any denomination of Christians who wish to use it, and it is hoped that this arrangement may work satisfactorily in the future, as it has hitherto.

There only remains, I think, one point upon which anything need be said. It has been asked why such a settlement should not rather have been taken to an English colony, or to one of the Western States; and the founders have been accused of a want of patriotism in the one case, and want of foresight in the other, for having selected a Southern State of the Union for their experiment.

As to our colonies, the distance from home is the answer as to all of them except Canada. From Rugby, if a settler is wanted at home he can be there within two weeks instead of six. As to Canada the long winter and the difficulty of finding openings for varied industries on one spot would have turned the

scale in any case. And the same may be said of the North-western States of the Union. The prairie lands of Iowa, Kansas, and other States, above all of Manitoba, are far richer; but droughts, flies, difficulties of drainage, and from five to six months' enforced idleness, so far as agriculture is concerned, had to be considered.

And as to the question of patriotism, speaking now for myself alone, I must say it seems to me that the most patriotic thing an Englishman can do just now is to help in drawing as close as possible the bonds which unite his country to the United States. Unhappily, as I think, the imperial or anti-Continental policy (as I believe it is called) in Canada is not working in this direction. The determination of both political parties in the Dominion to construct at an enormous cost the long section of the Canada Pacific Railway to the north of Lake Superior can bear but one interpretation, involving the possibility in the future of hostilities between the two countries. An Englishman's first wish should be to make this impossible, and I do not know how he can do this better than by sending all that can be spared of our best blood into the United States.

The objection to this policy here takes many shapes, but is really founded on jealousy of the growing power and prosperity of the United States, and a fear lest they should outstrip England in other ways as decisively they have already done in the extent of their home territory. Such jealousy may be allowed to be natural, but is neither wise nor dignified. We do not admire a father wincing at the success of his son, who has built up for himself a bigger business than that of the old firm, or has acquired more acres than are numbered in the paternal estate. Why should we regard as patriotic in a nation what is only contemptible in an individual?

And again, speaking for myself

only, I am free to admit that the resolve arrived at, without reference to any but economical considerations, to make the experiment in a Southern State was particularly welcome. What we English want, looking to the future, is, not only that England and America should be fast friends, but that the feeling of union in the States themselves should be developed as soundly and rapidly as possible—that all wounds should be healed, and all breaches closed, finally and for ever—for the sake of our race and of mankind. Much still remains to be done for this end, and I am convinced that a good stream of Englishmen into the Southern States may and will materially help on the good cause.

No Englishman, according to his

powers and opportunities, worked harder than I by tongue and pen, twenty years ago, against the cause for which the Southern States staked all that was dearest to them, in their struggle to break up the nation and perpetuate slavery. I held then, and hold still more strongly than ever, that they were in the wrong, and that their success would have been the greatest misfortune the world could have suffered in our time. But I am glad now, by lending such small help as I can, to build up some of their waste places, to show my respect and good will for a people of English blood, who fought through one of the gallantest fights of all history, against overwhelming odds, though for a thoroughly bad cause.

THOMAS HUGHES.

“THE CUP,” AT THE LYCEUM.

To all who set a due value upon literature and art, the production of a drama by the Poet-Laureate, under the auspices of Mr. Henry Irving, must be an event of considerable interest; and those who have taken delight in Mr. Tennyson's lyrical works, loving to abstract their thought in the promptings of his passionate imagination, naturally look with longing to its embodiment in a dramatic form which is to make it vital for the whole world. Such anticipations, however, cannot be wholly free from fear; for although it is evident that a great lyrical poet must possess that true note of human passion which is the highest attribute of the poetical dramatist, it does not follow that he has also that other attribute, the skill of the playwright, which is the more necessary of the two for the perfect success of a stage representation.

In the playwright's skill is comprised the power of developing passion succinctly, with sufficient brevity to be strong, with sufficient amplitude to be intelligible, and of supporting it by variety of movement and by action of such general interest as to engage the sympathies of divers classes of spectators. Besides this, there is needed such knowledge of construction as to lead on the audience to the close of the plot without any great effort on their part.

Constructive power of this description, with a complete apprehension of the requirements of the stage, very rarely accompanies the great gifts of the lyrical poet, and if we glance at the list of men thus distinguished we find it a small one. In Germany we count two—Goethe and Schiller; in France two—Alfred de Musset and Victor Hugo; in England one—Shakespeare, unless indeed we consent

to take in Dryden as a dramatist, which we might do for the quantity of his plays, but cannot for their quality. France possesses two other well-known poetical dramatists in Racine and Corneille, but they were not renowned as lyrical poets, neither were the great dramatists of Spain, De Vega and Calderon.

A poet who writes for the stage must be under grave difficulties if he lives away from the region of theatres; and those who have been most remarkable for this dual excellence have been constant lovers of the stage, if not in actual connection with it.

Goethe was an assistant in the direction of the theatre at Weimar; Schiller, at the age of twenty-four, was appointed theatre-poet at Mannheim; Musset was the intimate friend of Rachel, and almost lived at the Théâtre Français; Victor Hugo was an enthusiast for the acted drama, and made it one of his foremost objects in life to break the fetters of French tragedy and to make it soar; Shakespeare was an actor and a manager. It is enough for the lyric poet to know the secrets of nature and the recesses of the human heart, but an intimate acquaintance with the ways of the stage is required to make a great play-writer. When, therefore, Mr. Tennyson's tragedy of *Queen Mary* was announced some six years ago for representation at the Lyceum, then under the management of Mrs. Bateman, the warmest admirers of the poet were apprehensive as to the result; for Mr. Tennyson had lived his thoughtful life apart from the theatrical world.

They were not surprised, therefore, that this drama, though always noble in diction and often exalted in passion, failed to take a firm hold of the stage. The subject was unsympathetic to the

general run of playgoers, and its treatment was deficient in variety.

The poet's next theatrical production was *The Falcon*, founded upon a somewhat repelling story of Boccaccio. It contained passages worthy of the poet; but it filled only one act, and is to be regarded rather as a dramatic recitation than as an acted play.

The tragedy of *The Cup*, now under our consideration, is in two acts, as short then as a tragedy can be; it has far more of dramatic interest and poetry than either of its predecessors, and leaves the mind stimulated and uplifted with a pervading sense of beauty.

The subject has the simplicity and passion suited to tragedy, and may be briefly told.

Sinnatus, the Galatian ruler of Galatia, subject to Rome, is engaged in a secret conspiracy against the Roman Government. He has a wife beautiful and devoted, Camma, whose charms have, unknown to herself, excited the passion of Synorix, a Galatian, who formerly held the position of Tetrarch of Galatia, now filled by Sinnatus. Expelled from Galatia on account of his tyranny and debauchery, he fled to Rome, and served three years with his army, doing his utmost against his native land; he returns to Galatia, urged by his love for Camma, with the resolve to win her for his own. As a first approach he sends her a cup rescued from a burning shrine of Artemis, in a city through which he passed with the Roman army. In the letter which accompanies the cup he signs himself "a Galatian forced to serve in the Roman army."

After this he contrives to join Sinnatus in the chase, as a stranger Greek under a feigned name. The hunt concluded, he finds an opportunity of persuading Camma that he has been sent as a Roman spy to seize Sinnatus, whose conspiracy is discovered, and to deliver him up to Antonius, the Roman general, to be tortured, scourged, and slain. He

assures her that he will not do this; but he adds that he has no power to save him from Antonius, who will arrive on the morrow. Camma alone can hope to prevail with the general, and for this purpose she must go to meet him at early dawn, when she will find him before the temple. To this proposal Camma listens, and is almost decided to embrace it, when Sinnatus appears, and denounces his false guest of the chase as the tyrant Synorix: he has been recognised by one whose wife he had dishonoured. Sinnatus, because he is his guest, shows him a way of escape from the enraged populace, but at the same time declares himself his mortal enemy. Camma now hesitates whether to follow this man's directions, but, impelled by terror for her husband, finally resolves to meet Antonius as proposed, but to carry her dagger with her. She goes; and, instead of the Roman general, finds Synorix, who reveals his passion. As he seeks to compel her to go with him, she draws her dagger; he wrests it from her. At this moment Sinnatus arrives and seizes Synorix, who, plunging the dagger into him, kills him on the spot. Camma takes refuge in the temple, of which she becomes high priestess. Synorix, having now regained the command of Galatia, asks her hand in marriage, and requests that the ceremony may take place on the day of his crowning. To the astonishment of the Galatians, she consents. The bridal rites are begun inside the temple with great pomp; Synorix prays before the shrine of Artemis for a blessing on his marriage. Camma's invocation, which follows, sounds like a curse. It is a Galatian custom that bride and bridegroom should drink from the same cup before the conclusion of the ceremony. Camma drinks out of the cup sent to her by Synorix, and then offers it to him. He drinks deep. She has poisoned the cup, and both die. Such is the outline of the story.

The first act closes with the death

of Sinnatus outside the temple; the second and last with the suicide of Camma and murder of Synorix. This tragedy, then, is severely compressed; feelings and motives have to explain themselves with remarkable brevity, and characters have to be read by electric flashes. This is the case with some of the old Greek plays, and also with the acted dramas of the modern French poet before mentioned, Alfred de Musset. There is nothing, however, in Mr. Tennyson's work, except its brevity, that in any way resembles that of Musset; there is far more of affinity with the Greek poets: the personages are few, the characters are rather outlined than painted, the events are dire, and the dialogue is somewhat scanty. If the words are scarce, however, they are beautiful; and the fatal consequences of Camma's error, though they appear precipitate, are not unnatural; nor does she herself fail to excite considerable interest: she is with her conjugal and her religious devotion, with her tender fears and her resolute vengeance, essentially feminine; and she is invested by the poet with a singular, indescribable beauty.

It is in the scene where she awaits her lord, and he afterwards joins her; that she utters her sweetest harmonies; she apprehends danger for him, and taking up her lyre at once to sooth herself and to invoke his return, she sings—

"No Sinnatus yet; and there the rising moon—

Moon on the field and the foam,
Moon on the waste and the wold,
Moon, bring him home, bring him home
Safe from the dark and the cold.
Home, sweet moon, bring him home,
Home with the flock to the fold,
Safe from the wolv."

These lines seem as growing sentiments of evil which the audience is led to share. Afterwards, when Sinnatus and Synorix come back from the hunt, they get into a hot discussion upon the signature of the sender of the cup, "a Galatian serving by force

in the Roman army;" and in reply to the boasting valour of Sinnatus, Synorix says—

"My good lord Sinnatus,
I was once at the hunting of a lion;
Roused by the clamour of the chase, he woke,
Came to the front of the wood, his monarch
 mane
Bristled about his quick ears; he stood there
Staring upon the hunter. A score of dogs
Gnaw'd at his ankles: at the last he felt
The trouble of his feet—put forth one paw,
Slew four, and knew it not, and so remained
Staring upon the hunter: and this Rome
Will crush you, if you wrestle with her—then,
Save for some slight report in her own
 Senate,
Scarce know what she has done."

He appeals to Camma's wisdom to support his arguments for submission; but she replies—

"Sir, I had once
A boy who died a babe! But were he living
And grown to man, and Sinnatus willed it, I
Would set him in the front rank of the fight
With scarce a pang. Sir, if a state submit
At once, she may be blotted out at once,
And swallowed in the conqueror's chronicle;
Whereas, in wars of freedom and defence,
The glory and grief of battle won or lost
Solders a race together—yea, though they fall,
The names of those who fought and fell are
 like
A banked-up fire that flashes out again
From century to century, and at last
May lead them on to victory—I hope so—
Like phantoms of the gods."

These extracts hardly require comment; it must at once be felt by every reader that this dialogue, poetical and vigorous, picturesque and not unreal, the possible utterance of a possible man and woman, has no parallel upon our stage unless in Shakespeare's plays, while at the same time it has not the fault of aiming at Shakespeare's manner: a true poet cannot be imitative, and Tennyson is essentially original.

The heroic impulse which fires Camma in her reply to Synorix springs from a movement of swift indignation, sharp as it is womanly. The true wife, who hears her hearth and her faith menaced by a stranger, finds hot words for reply, and her imagination works fast and supplies ideas to her lord.

When that lord is killed by the treacherous stranger the passion of her love becomes the passion of vengeance, and to slay his slayer is her one thought. She has no power to destroy but that of craft, the only force of the conquered; therefore it is that she seems to accept his offered hand and endures for a while the proceeding of bridal rites, not until her appeal to Artemis, betraying the secret desire of of her heart.

Synorix prays :

"O Thou that dost inspire the germ with life,
The child a thread within the house of birth,
And give him limbs, then air, and send him forth
The glory of his father—Thou whose breath
Is balmy wind to robe our hills with grass,
And kindle all our vales with myrtle blossom,
And roll the golden oceans of our grain,
And away the long grape branches of our vines,
And fill all hearts with fatness and the lust
Of plenty—make me happy in my marriage.

CHORUS.

"Artemis, Artemis, hear him, Ionian Artemis !"

Then Camma—

"O Thou that slayest the babe within the womb,
Or in the being born, and after slayest him
As boy or man, great goddess, whose stern voice
Unsockets the strong oak and rears his root
Beyond his head, and strews our fruits, and lays
Our golden grain, and runs to sea and makes it
Foam over all the fleeted wealth of kings
And peoples, hear !
Who bringest plague and fever, whose quick flash
Smites the memorial pillar to the dust ;
Who caustest the safe earth to shake and gape,
And gulf and flatten in her closing chasms,
Doomed cities, hear !
Whose lava-torrents blast and blacken a province
To a cinder—hear !
Whose winter cataracts find a realm and leave it
A waste of rock and ruin—hear ! I call thee
To make my marriage prosper to my wish."

CHORUS.

"Artemis, Artemis, hear her, Ephesian Artemis !

CAMMA.

"Artemis, Artemis, hear me, Galatian Artemis !
I call on our own goddess in our own temple.

CHORUS.

"Artemis, Artemis, hear her, Galatian Artemis !"

Every line of the prayer of Synorix has its charm of delicious harmony, and rouses the imaginative intellect of the hearer ; it is such an appeal as well might move a God to mercy and to benediction ; while that of Camma, with its rapid conjuration of disastrous images hurrying towards a culmination of horror, compels the thunderpeal, and foretells a great catastrophe.

As dramatic poetry, these two invocations can hardly be surpassed ; it is, however, surprising that Synorix should receive with so much calm a commination service in lieu of a marriage benediction, unless we suppose him cognisant of his bride's present detestation, and certain to make it yield hereafter. Granting this, it is still more astonishing that the great assemblage in the temple should not revolt at this curse, should not be startled into action, should not break up the meeting and cry out against the blasphemy.

It is impossible to suppose that, after so unequivocal a malediction from the high priestess, the ceremonials of the wedding should be suffered to continue.

In our own country and our own time it could not be ; still less could it be in ancient Greece, where, upon a sacred occasion, nothing unpropitious was ever tolerated.

The conclusion of the tragedy comes somewhat abruptly upon the spectators, and viewed as an acted play, a little more explanation of motive and feeling might be desirable ; but it is better to be too short than too long, and explanations long drawn out have been the ruin of many dramatists.

On the whole, this two-act tragedy

has sufficient vitality to make it popular, even if it were shorn of some of its poetry, with its poetry, although, like all human works subject to criticism, of a rare beauty, whether we regard it as a stage representation or as a composition for silent study, and Mr. Irving's theatrical management surrounds it with fine influences.

The "vine, cypress, poplar, myrtle, bowering in the city," "the grove upon the mountain," "the swaying vines," are visible to the outward eye without the trouble of thought; and the interior of the temple, rich and solid, with the bronze statue of Artemis in the background, fills the mind with a sense of awe and grandeur. The religious ceremonies are impressive, and if not chronologically exact are sufficiently suggestive of the time and place. Glowing colour and the perfume of incense help to stir the imagination, and the charm of music is added. The music of the chorus is especially remarkable for the force of its dramatic expression. All these things are important aids to a dramatist; and a far greater one is to be found in the acting, for the two principal characters, Synorix and Camma, are filled by two performers capable of poetry in its highest significance—Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Camma possesses everything, loses nothing, in Miss Terry's representation. Her fair beauty, her movement free and graceful, her tender tones, win the heart, and the passion of Synorix is: at once understood.

She wears the Greek costume as if she had been born in it; and as if by chance, but probably by the study that knows how to conceal itself, she falls into positions which recall the best of the Greek sculptures. Her song of love and fear stirs our sweetest emotions, and when, as the Priestess—white and cold, with a stony stare—she moves on to her act of meditated punishment or revenge, she does not strut, or bellow, or assume a new character, but is still the same woman, though with another passion at her heart. She speaks verse with an appearance of spontaneity, and at the same time with a full appreciation of the sound and music of the poet.

Synorix is a personage who demands all Mr. Irving's skill and intellect to give him interest; for beyond his intelligence and strength of purpose he has no quality to call out sympathy. As now acted he is interesting. His ruling passion, his craft, his courage, and the destiny towards which he seems impelled to move, are so shown forth as to stimulate and constantly engage attention; yes, even when the glow of the setting sun stealing over the mountain-tops threatens to distract general observation; and one of the audience exclaiming, "Oh! look at the sunset, it is quite real!" is silenced by another, who replies in a tone of rebuke, "Hush! Irving is going to speak, and he is still more a reality."

JULIET POLLOCK.

THE PREVENTION OF FLOODS.

It has been observed by a French moralist that "misfortunes are in morals what bitters are in medicine—each is at first disagreeable; but as the bitters act as corroborants to the stomach, so adversity chastens and ameliorates the disposition." If this aphorism may be applied to bodies of individuals with reference to particular misfortunes, it may be fairly asserted that few classes of Englishmen ought to be more chastened and ameliorated in disposition than those who own lands on the banks, or inhabit houses in the neighbourhood, of our rivers; and were the riparian owner not also a man, we might picture him hearing that his harvest had been ruined by floods with merely a calm interest in the natural phenomenon, or listening with a quiet smile to the news that his cellars were full of water, and that twenty feet of his garden-wall had given way before an extraordinarily high tide.

Every spring, autumn, and winter since 1874, we have heard with melancholy regularity of the damage caused by the overflow of our rivers; and "*Disastrous Floods*," "*Serious Injury to Property caused by the Late Storm*," now figure as common headings in the papers after a more than usually heavy rainfall. The rains of the last few months appear to have been more than ordinarily damaging in their effects, and recall the floods of 1877, when the total damage was estimated at 200,000*l.*, and a fund was raised by the Lord Mayor to assist the poorer sufferers. From Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire, from Lincolnshire, Bedfordshire, and Cambridgeshire, from Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Leicestershire, from Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, and North Wales, from the whole valley of the Thames, including the

low-lying country in and round London, from Hampshire, the Isle of Wight, Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire, the reports have been all to the same purpose. Crops have been washed away, houses flooded, and furniture, stores, and property of all kinds destroyed; railroads and highways have been rendered impassable, and the traffic on canals has been stopped; while all agricultural and many manufacturing and mining operations have been suspended.

"No man," says Terence, "was ever endowed with a judgment so correct and judicious in regulating his life but that circumstances, time, and experience could teach him something new;" and no doubt many must have learned some rather startling lessons from these inroads of a rather despised element. Few things were ever more creditable to the promptness and resource of Englishmen than the fact reported in the papers a couple of years ago, that while Brixton was invaded by a flood, and the road laid under water, *two boats* suddenly made their appearance to convey the population from their houses to the omnibuses! Boats have, however, been in constant requisition in many towns and districts during the last few months, and, unless a remedy be found for the present condition of things, may become as indispensable to the safety of the inhabitants as fire-engines.

In many villages in the valley of the Great Ouse, in Huntingdonshire, the people were obliged to live during the whole of the past summer in the upper stories of their houses, and to be provisioned by boats; and the necessity of "taking refuge up stairs," as one paper describes it, and of travelling, if at all, by water, has, during the autumn and winter floods been experienced in many towns.

This was the case, amongst others, at Derby, Belper, and Ilkeston, in Derbyshire; at Hereford and in its neighbourhood; at Tetbury and Kidderminster, in Worcestershire; at Leeds, Malton, Sheffield, and Rotherham, in Yorkshire; at Leicester; at Retford and Nottingham, in Nottinghamshire; and at Lichfield and Tamworth, in Staffordshire. At the latter place the water was described as rushing through the houses with the force of a river, and the streets as resembling Venetian canals. In the open country the transformation of land into water naturally produced finer effects. Thus the valley of the Lugg, which rises in Radnorshire and joins the Wye below Hereford, is said to have presented the appearance of a sea fifteen miles long, and the meadows above and below Leicester are stated to have been like inland seas. The meadows near Banbury, in Oxfordshire, some flooded valleys in the Isle of Wight, the district between Malton and Pickering, in Yorkshire, and the valley of the Rother and the Don, near Rotherham, were all turned into vast lakes. At Sinnington, in Yorkshire, the railway station was converted into an island; and at Rotherham, all the road between the two lines of railway had the appearance of a rapid river.

That the phenomenon of floods has its dangerous as well as its picturesque side might be proved, did space allow, by cases such as that which occurred at Belper, in Derbyshire, during the last floods, where two constables on their way to the police-station were alarmed by a tremendous crash, and discovered that the road on which they were walking, together with some twenty yards of wall, had been precipitated into the Derwent.

It is necessary, however, to draw attention to a more important aspect of the question—the damage done to all kinds of property, and the interruption to so many industries, caused by these visitations. It is only too

easy to gather evidence on this point as to particular places from the reports in the newspapers of the last three months. Thus during the later October floods we read :—

“At Darlington work had to be suspended at Pease’s mills. At North Ormsby, in the same district, the railway embankment was carried away, and traffic stopped for several hours. At Belper work had to be suspended. At Dewsbury the centre of the town was flooded, and much damage done to the stocks of the shopkeepers. At Kidderminster many of the carpet manufactories had to be stopped, though care had been taken to save the stocks; and at Stourport much damage was done. At Leeds several large mills were stopped, and hundreds of workmen thrown out of employment, the damage to houses and furniture being estimated at thousands of pounds. At Tamworth, Litchfield, and other places in the neighbourhood business was at a standstill, and trees, furniture, and farm-yard utensils were swept along by the waters. At Wandsworth, Fulham, and Battersea in the south, and at Stratford, Plaistow, and Barking eastwards, the water found its way in some hundreds of cases into the basements of houses, causing much damage, and, in many cases, necessitating the removal of furniture. Lewisham suffered in a similar manner, whole streets being flooded, and hundreds of houses inundated. In Middlesex, Kent, Essex, and some parts of Surrey agricultural operations had to be partially suspended.”¹

The following extracts from accounts of the December and November floods are to the same effect :—

“The Thames, in the district between Penton, Hook, and Reading, is once more upon the rise. . . . Some portions of Eton College are inundated. . . . Low-lying land in the Wraysbury, Old Windsor, and Staines districts is fast becoming inundated, and unless some fine weather intervenes a great deal of loss will be sustained by farmers in the Thames valley. In East Staffordshire tremendous tracts of land are submerged. The farmers are suffering heavily by losses occurring in their sheep flocks. In Derbyshire navigation on the principal canals is stopped. . . . Farmers round Derby have experienced considerable difficulty in saving cattle left over night in meadows adjacent to the rivers. . . . Several hundred hands are temporarily thrown out of work owing to the flooding of the extensive cotton-mills. . . . Most of

¹ When speaking at a deputation to be presently referred to, Mr. Magniac mentioned the case of a farmer known to him who had not seen a large part of his farm for two years, though he had to pay rent for it.

the principal lead mines are flooded, and work has consequently been suspended. . . . In Herefordshire the Wye, Lugg, and Arrow overflowed, submerging hundreds of acres, and several head of stock are reported to have been washed away."

The accounts of damage caused in the low-lying districts of London by the great flood of the 18th of January, 1881, were of a still more disastrous nature.

It would be ludicrous were it not sad to see so rich and busy a city, able to command the services of some of the most eminent engineers in the world, suffering so grievous a calamity to fall, almost periodically, on the poorer portion of its population. At a meeting of the "Lambeth Inundation Committee" (*absit omen!*) the chairman stated that this was the fourth time that that body had been called upon to alleviate distress between 1874 and the present year, and in certain districts it appeared that the suffering caused by the visitation had never been exceeded. People in Bankside, Upper Ground Street, and thoroughfares adjacent to Stamford Street, Blackfriars, received no warning, and were utterly helpless. The noisome flood, bearing with it quantities of ice and filth burst into the basements, rose to the height in some cases of six feet, in others of ten or twelve feet in the rooms, and after the tide had turned still remained in many dwellings a foot deep. Furniture was destroyed, bedding saturated, and houses rendered unfit for habitation. Among the sufferers whose homes were thus suddenly wrecked were one hundred and twenty families inhabiting the houses in Prince's Square. In Broadwell a policeman waded knee-deep into the flood and rescued several children, who with their mothers were crying for help, returning again and again till he himself had to be rescued by a van. One tradesman who had six years ago sustained grievous loss, was said to have had the whole of his machinery and stock destroyed, and others were reported as having suffered almost to the same

extent. At the Royal Hospital in the Waterloo-Bridge-Road twenty women and children were received on the night of the inundation who had barely had time to escape in their saturated clothes. The rector of Christchurch, Southwark, appealed through the papers in behalf of some fifty families rendered homeless and destitute. Not Southwark only but Lambeth, Wapping, Poplar, Cubitt Town, and other places on the river-side helped to swell the lamentable roll of suffering and ruin, and from most of these districts the clergy made similar applications for help. At Woolwich Dockyard several Government barges were wrecked; the Royal Arsenal was flooded, the fires in the forges extinguished, and the roads rendered impassable. At Lower Charlton many of the houses were inundated, some of them to the depth of three or four feet, and the inhabitants were forced to seek any shelter that offered from the snow-storm.

A more valuable species of testimony, however, is that to be gathered from the statements of the leading authorities and of the agricultural societies in various countries, who, by petitions, meetings, and deputations, have endeavoured to press the subject on the consideration of the Government.

A noteworthy memorial was presented to Mr. Gladstone, in October, by the Mayor and Corporation of St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire. It stated that—"not less than 30,000 acres of fine meat-producing corn and garden land" in the valley of the river Ouse has its annual produce frequently destroyed by the overflowing of the river, "while the health and comfort of a considerable population upon the river banks suffer serious detriment,"¹ and it pointed out that as "the agricultural interest is suffering severely from causes which the Government

¹ Mr. Coote, at a deputation hereafter referred to, stated that the death-rate at Huntingdon had been nearly doubled during the past year.

cannot control . . . no obstacles which it is in the power of Parliament to remove should be allowed to damage the home-producer in the excessive competition to which he is exposed." It estimated the loss to occupiers of flooded lands in the district at 200,000*l.*; and, after referring to the facts that a committee of the House of Lords in 1877 unanimously reported on the necessity for legislation, and that the late Government on this report introduced and carried through the Upper House the Rivers Conservancy Bill, which they were obliged to withdraw on their retirement from office, it concluded by praying Her Majesty's Government to introduce, during the ensuing session, a measure enabling "the owners and occupiers of land and the inhabitants of towns in the watershed of the Ouse to abate an evil under which they suffer in common, as they believe, with most of the other river valleys of the country."

The truth of the statement as to the widespread nature of the evil¹ was fully proved by the speeches of several members of the large and influential deputation of owners and occupiers of property affected by floods, which included, amongst others the Duke of Bedford, the Speaker, the Marquises of Huntly and Tavistock, Mr. Magniac, M.P., Mr. Samuelson, M.P., and Mr. Whitbread, M.P., which waited on Mr. Dodson at the Local Government Board early in November to plead for the early attention of Par-

¹ It should be mentioned by way of exception to this assertion, that a small deputation representing the district of the Tyne, the Tees, and the Wear, waited subsequently on Mr. Dodson (13th Nov.), praying that such district might be excluded from the operation of any Bill to be introduced on the subject, as provision had already been made for the prevention of floods by the local conservancy authorities. There are, doubtless, rivers in the north of England and in Scotland which at present stand in no need of such legislation owing to the nature of the country through which they flow. Whether, however, when dealing with the majority of rivers it would not be wiser to establish one uniform system of conservancy for all appears open to question.

liament to the immense injury caused by the recent inundations both to land and to the banks, beds, and foreshores of rivers.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, as representative of Cambridgeshire, said that the question affected not only that county, but "the rivers of every watershed in the kingdom;" and Mr. Palmer, speaking for the city of Lincoln, and the Earl of Jersey, who spoke on behalf of the Thames and the valleys connected with it, agreed with him in holding the question to be essentially a national one. Mr. Magniac, who also urged that the whole country desired that the matter should be taken up by Parliament, stated that in Bedfordshire tens of thousands of acres were practically under water, and that he was deterred by fear of being charged with exaggeration from giving the estimate he had endeavoured to form of the value of the crops lost during last summer.

Similar sentiments were expressed at a still more recent meeting of the landowners of Leicestershire, called by the High Sheriff, to consider the action Parliament ought to take for the prevention of floods; and a deputation from the county subsequently waited on the President of the Local Government Board on the subject, and stated, *inter alia*, that no less than seven floods have taken place in Leicestershire during the present year, to the destruction and injury of sheep, cattle, and every kind of property.²

In consequence, it is to be presumed, of representations such as these, two Bills are to be brought before the Legislature during the present session—the one a Government measure, which was introduced last month in the House of Lords by Earl Spencer, and the other a Bill, of which Mr. Magniac gave notice at the meeting of Parliament.

² Newspaper reports show that Derbyshire suffered from two floods during the month of October, and from a third in December, described as "the most disastrous and alarming" that has visited that county for a great many years. It would be easy to prove the same of many other counties.

It has been stated that the prevention of floods is an engineer's question, and there is no doubt that inundations are mainly due to the neglect of river conservancy, and also (as was pointed out by Mr. Dodson at the deputation above referred to) in no small degree to the improvement in the drainage of land which has taken place within the last quarter of a century. Its bearings as such were fully discussed by Mr. James Abernethy, F.R.S.E., President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, in his inaugural address to the society on the 11th of January. The subject, however, may be said to concern lawyers almost as much as engineers, on account of the intricate nature of the rights and duties of riparian owners. It may therefore be of interest to note some of the points to be considered in any measure dealing with the subject.

There are three classes of individuals or bodies of individuals whose rights and obligations have to be taken into consideration in any scheme which may be introduced in Parliament with respect to this matter. These are—1. Riparian owners, or inhabitants of lands and houses on the banks of rivers; and it will be convenient to include under this head those who, though not actually possessing lands on the banks, have property in the valley of a stream or river sufficiently near to it to suffer from the effects of overflow; 2. River Conservators and corporate bodies, such as water companies and canal companies, who are authorised by Act of Parliament to store up and divert water; and 3. Commissioners of Sewers, who, as will be seen, were originally entrusted with the duty of protecting lands against floods.

A riparian owner is not only entitled to have the water of the stream on which his lands are situated flow to him in its natural state so far as it is a benefit to him, but is also bound to submit to any nuisance caused by its tendency to flood his lands, unless the flood be caused by some unau-

thorised act of the proprietors above or below him. He has an ordinary right *prima facie* to protect his lands from inundation, but he must do so without causing injury to others. In times of *extraordinary* flood, however, the law appears to allow, to a certain extent, the principle of *sauve qui peut*, and on such occasions, therefore, he may exercise (to use the words of a learned judge) "a kind of reasonable selfishness" in guarding against the common enemy.¹

Corporations, such as water and canal companies, authorised by Act of Parliament to store up or divert water are not liable for damage done in the due exercise of their statutory powers, except in cases of negligence, though they may be considered as bound to take measures from time to time to prevent any inconvenience or injury occasioned by their acts to the property of others. As respects River Conservators, there appears to be no common-law liability, even on the owners of the bed of a navigable river, to keep its channel clear of natural obstructions, such as the silting up of the channel and the growth of weeds. Where the navigation of a river is entrusted to such a body of Conservators (whose ownership of the banks and bed is usually vested in them only for the purposes of the navigation), the only duties cast on them are those connected with the protection of the actual navigation, and they are not liable in respect of matters not essential to its improvement.

To the third class noticed above,

¹ What is here stated applies only to riparian owners in the strict legal sense of the word. The owners of lands, or houses sufficiently near to a stream to suffer from its overflow, though included under that name for the purposes of this article, have, of course, in the eyes of the law no riparian rights or obligations. They are, however, greatly interested in the prevention of floods, and may often derive considerable benefit in the augmented value of their land from any measure taken with that object, and, consequently, must be considered liable to a certain extent to bear the burden of it.

Commissioners of Sewers, the duty of protecting lands from the inroads of the sea and of navigable rivers has been entrusted by a series of statutes, of which the most notable was passed in the twenty-third year of Henry VIII. These enactments have conferred on them extensive powers, enabling them to make surveys, to employ the requisite labour, and to order the execution of such works as they deem necessary, the principle on which the expenses are defrayed being that in all cases the cost should be borne by the owners of property in the area benefited. It has been long decided, however, that the jurisdiction of the commissioners extends only to navigable rivers, so that one large source of the frequent floods from which the country suffers—its non-navigable rivers—does not come under their control. Modern requirements have, moreover, led to great changes in the nature of such commissions, many of the functions of which have been transferred to bodies of later growth. Thus their jurisdiction with regard to sewers and nuisances has passed to various sanitary authorities; their powers as to the drainage and improvement of land have for the most part been handed over to the Inclosure Commissioners, and those which they exercised over navigable rivers have now devolved almost entirely on the various Conservancy Boards created for each particular stream.¹

It is manifest from what has been stated, that no adequate powers of checking damage from overflow are to

be found in any of the three classes which have been shown to be most interested in the matter, the only existing authorities able to act being the various Commissioners of Sewers, and the jurisdiction of the latter (which has been much curtailed by legislation) being confined to navigable rivers, which, owing to the measures taken to preserve the navigation, are less likely than any others to cause injury.

The Rivers Conservancy Bill, introduced by the late Government, appears to have been intended, by uniting these three classes, to create public authorities, to be called Conservancy Boards, which should exercise on non-navigable rivers the functions of Commissioners of Sewers as to navigable rivers. The latter class of rivers (as well as all canals) was exempted expressly from its operation, though power was given to existing Conservancy Boards to surrender to the newly created bodies their rights and powers if they so determined. The proposed boards were to be established by order of the Local Government Board, after local inquiry and with the sanction of Parliament, in districts consisting of the whole or any part of the basin of a river, or of the basins of rivers. Before the inquiry, however, could be instituted an application of ten or more owners of land of the aggregate rateable value of 1,000*l.*, or of any sanitary or conservancy authority, "wholly or partly within the basin or basins," was required. One-third of the board was to be composed of life members, who were to be owners of land in the district of the aggregate rateable value of 300*l.*, while the remaining members were to be elected from time to time by the district sanitary and conservancy authorities. To these boards it was proposed to entrust "the conservancy of rivers and water-courses and the mitigation of floods within their district," as well as authority to enforce the Rivers Pollution Prevention Act, 1876. To meet the expenses of putting the Act into

¹ As one instance of this it may be noted that the Metropolis Local Management Act, 1855, transferred to the vestries and District Boards of the metropolis the duties, till then laid upon Commissioners of Sewers, of "causing all banks, wharves, docks, or defences abutting on or adjoining any river, stream, canal, pond, or watercourse, in such parish or district, to be raised, strengthened, altered, or repaired, where it may be necessary so to do, for effectually draining or protecting from floods or inundations such district," and empowered them to charge the expense of the works on the parish or district benefited.

operation, it was provided that a *conservancy rate* should be levied as part of, or on the same basis as, the poor-rate, and that the lands of each district should be classified as *flood-lands*, *intermediate lands*, and *uplands*, the contributions in respect of the last being not more than one-fourth in respect of the first-named description of property.

This measure, which it would be beyond the scope of this article to discuss more fully, will, it appears, form the basis of the Bill now before the Upper House. The provisions of that which Mr. Magniac intends to bring forward were explained by him at the meeting at Leicester mentioned above, and would seem to be formed on a somewhat broader principle. He proposes to re-establish one authority to deal with the whole of the watershed of every river in the country, with full controlling power; a charge being committed to a local authority. His Bill will therefore provide for the formation of small boards, including two or three parishes to do small works, larger boards representing the area of a county, and a general board supervising the whole; the object of the general supervision being that no authority shall do any act which shall damage property under a neighbouring authority. It will also enact that each municipal authority shall, subject to the control of the General Conservancy Board, have full powers within its own area to deal with its own water. With regard to the question of costs, it was stated by Mr. Magniac to be the general opinion that upland proprietors ought to contribute, but that lowland owners ought to contribute more; and those who derive greater advantage from works to be executed ought to contribute still more largely.

It would be presumptuous to decide which of these schemes will prove the most practicable until they have both been discussed thoroughly in Parliament. With regard, however, to the

principles on which they are based, that of Mr. Magniac would appear to commend itself most to those who have observed the tendency of recent changes in the laws regulating all matters connected with water.

All the uses of water have hitherto been left to be developed by individual enterprise; all the inconveniences arising from neglecting to take due care of it have been treated as accidental, and to be remedied only for the time. It would not be hard to point out contradictions in the law relating to water arising from this method of treatment, but it is sufficient to instance here the anomaly that one authority (as, for example, the Thames Conservancy) should be entrusted with the guardianship of a river for the purpose of navigation, while another (such as the metropolitan Local Boards and vestries) should be required to make provision against its overflowing its banks. There are now signs, however, that the water system of the United Kingdom as a whole is beginning to receive study and attention from others than geographers. This has been shown by the scheme laid before the Society of Arts with respect to water supply, of dividing the country into districts so as to utilise best the produce of its watersheds; by the attempts now being made to purify our rivers and to renounce their uses as mere drains; and, it may be added, by the principle of the Bills that have been just discussed, of dealing with overflow by the conservancy of river basins and groups of river basins.

It appears to us that this is the aspect from which the question of the prevention of floods should be regarded, and that it is better to *prevent* the evil by attending to the conservancy of a river, and giving its waters the channel they require, than attempt to *cure* it by erecting defences when overflow, produced by neglect, renders it necessary. The recognition, however, of the fact that each river must be dealt with as a whole is but

a step to the acknowledgment that the water system of the kingdom should be treated in a similar manner. If the power of removing obstructions in navigable rivers and preventing floods, now vested in Commissioners of Sewers, were transferred to some central authority like the Local Government Board,¹ and a similar jurisdiction were conferred on it with respect to non-navigable rivers, an opportunity would be given for the establishment of a scientific system of water-conservancy on a large scale. The central authority might be authorised to make, by means of a competent staff of engineers, a survey of the river system of Great Britain, and to establish, where it should deem necessary, Conservancy Boards of the kind proposed by the two Bills noticed above, and to transfer to them the powers of existing bodies of conservators. Such a step would be a benefit to all the parties interested. The rights of riparian owners certainly could not be injured by the fact that their rivers were better looked after, and those using water as a motive power for machinery would gain all the advantages incident to a better regulated and increased volume.

¹ It has been suggested by Mr. John Lloyd that the Salmon Fishery Commissioners, who are representatives of the entire catchment basins of their rivers, are capable of being developed into Conservancy Boards.

If the duty of supplying water for drinking and domestic purposes devolves, as it appears destined to do, on vestries and local authorities, the latter would be placed under the control in this respect of the central body (the Local Government Board) to which they are already subject in regard to other matters. The conservancy of navigation implies, on the face of the term, the preservation of a water highway on which to navigate, so that those concerned with the regulation of traffic and passage might well act in co-operation with, if not in subordination to, Conservancy Boards of the kind here suggested. Lastly, by preserving the purity of our rivers Conservancy Boards would be able to assist in keeping up our fish supply.

In urging the advantages to be derived from such a system as has been here indicated, it would be foolish to ignore the fact that many objections can be made to it, notably on the score of injury to vested interests and the intricate nature of riparian rights. But, be these objections what they may, it is hard to resist the conviction that there is a strong though gradual tendency towards the establishment of a system of comprehensive *water-culture* in England similar to that pursued in Holland and in Italy.

URQUHART A. FORBES.

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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

XXI.

ON one of the first days of May, some six months after old Mr. Touchett's death, a picturesque little group was gathered in one of the many rooms of an ancient villa which stood on the summit of an olive-muffled hill, outside of the Roman gate of Florence. The villa was a long, rather blank-looking structure, with the far-projecting roof which Tuscany loves, and which, on the hills that encircle Florence, when looked at from a distance, makes so harmonious a rectangle with the straight, dark, definite cypresses that usually rise, in groups of three or four, beside it. The house had a front upon a little grassy, empty, rural piazza which occupied a part of the hill-top; and this front, pierced with a few windows in irregular relations and furnished with a stone bench which ran along the base of the structure and usually afforded a lounging-place to one or two persons wearing more or less of that air of undervalued merit which in Italy, for some reason or other, always gracefully invests any one who confidently assumes a perfectly passive attitude—this ancient, solid, weather-worn, yet imposing front, had a somewhat incommunicative character. It was the mask of the house; it was not its face. It had heavy lids, but no eyes; the house in reality looked another way—

looked off behind, into splendid openness and the range of the afternoon light. In that quarter the villa overlooked the slope of its hill and the long valley of the Arno, hazy with Italian colour. It had a narrow garden, in the manner of a terrace, productive chiefly of tangles of wild roses and old stone benches, mossy and sun-warmed. The parapet of the terrace was just the height to lean upon, and beneath it the ground declined into the vagueness of olive-crops and vineyards. It is not, however, with the outside of the place that we are concerned; on this bright morning of ripened spring its tenants had reason to prefer the shady side of the wall. The windows of the ground floor, as you saw them from the piazza, were, in their noble proportions, extremely architectural; but their function seemed to be less to offer communication with the world than to defy the world to look in. They were massively cross-barred and placed at such a height that curiosity, even on tip-toe, expired before it reached them. In an apartment lighted by a row of three of these obstructive apertures—one of the several distinct apartments into which the villa was divided, and which were mainly occupied by foreigners of conflicting nationality long resident in Florence—a gentleman was seated, in company with a young girl and two good sisters from a religious

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

house. The room was, however, much less gloomy than my indications may have represented, for it had a wide, high door, which now stood open into the tangled garden behind; and the tall iron lattices admitted on occasion more than enough of the Italian sunshine. The place, moreover, was almost luxuriously comfortable; it told of habitation being practised as a fine art. It contained a variety of those faded hangings of damask and tapestry, those chests and cabinets of carved and time-polished oak, those primitive specimens of pictorial art in frames pedantically rusty, those perverse-looking relics of mediæval brass and pottery, of which Italy has long been the not quite exhausted storehouse. These things were intermingled with articles of modern furniture, in which liberal concession had been made to cultivated sensibilities; it was to be noticed that all the chairs were deep and well-padded, and that much space was occupied by a writing-table of which the ingenious perfection bore the stamp of London and the nineteenth century. There were books in profusion, and magazines and newspapers, and a few small modern pictures, chiefly in water-colour. One of these productions stood on a drawing-room easel, before which, at the moment when we begin to be concerned with her, the young girl I have mentioned had placed herself. She was looking at the picture in silence.

Silence—absolute silence—had not fallen upon her companions; but their conversation had an appearance of embarrassed continuity. The two good sisters had not settled themselves in their respective chairs; their attitude was noticeably provisional, and they evidently wished to emphasise the transitory character of their presence. They were plain, comfortable, mild-faced women, with a kind of business-like modesty, to which the impersonal aspect of their stiffened linen and inexpressive serge gave an advantage. One of them, a person of a certain

age, in spectacles, with a fresh complexion and a full cheek, had a more discriminating manner than her companion, and had evidently the responsibility of their errand, which apparently related to the young girl. This young lady wore her hat—a coiffure of extreme simplicity, which was not at variance with a plain muslin gown, too short for the wearer, and denoting that she was at the so-called “growing” age. The gentleman who might have been supposed to be entertaining the two nuns was perhaps conscious of the difficulties of his function; to entertain a nun is, in fact, a sufficiently delicate operation. At the same time he was plainly much interested in his youthful companion, and while she turned her back to him, his eyes rested gravely upon her slim, small figure. He was a man of forty, with a well-shaped head, upon which the hair, still dense, but prematurely grizzled, had been cropped close. It had a thin, delicate, sharply-cut face, of which the only fault was that it looked too pointed; an appearance to which the shape of his beard contributed not a little. This beard, cut in the manner of the portraits of the sixteenth century and surmounted by a fair moustache, of which the ends had a picturesque upward flourish, gave its wearer a somewhat foreign, traditional look, and suggested that he was a gentleman who studied effect. His luminous intelligent eye, an eye which expressed both softness and keenness—the nature of the observer as well as of the dreamer—would have assured you, however, that he studied it only within well-chosen limits, and that in so far as he sought it he found it. You would have been much at a loss to determine his nationality; he had none of the superficial signs that usually render the answer to this question an insipidly easy one. If he had English blood in his veins, it had probably received some French or Italian commixture; he was one of those persons who, in the matter of race, may, as the phrase is, pass for anything.

He had a light, lean, lazy-looking figure, and was apparently neither tall nor short. He was dressed as a man dresses who takes little trouble about it.

"Well, my dear, what do you think of it?" he asked of the young girl. He used the Italian tongue, and used it with perfect ease; but this would not have convinced you that he was an Italian.

The girl turned her head a little to one side and the other.

"It is very pretty, papa. Did you make it yourself?"

"Yes, my child; I made it. Don't you think I am clever?"

"Yes, papa, very clever; I also have learned to make pictures." And she turned round and showed a small, fair face, of which the natural and usual expression seemed to be a smile of perfect sweetness.

"You should have brought me a specimen of your powers."

"I have brought a great many; they are in my trunk," said the child.

"She draws very—very carefully," the elder of the nuns remarked, speaking in French.

"I am glad to hear it. Is it you who have instructed her?"

"Happily, no," said the good sister, blushing a little. "*Ce n'est pas ma partie*. I teach nothing; I leave that to those who are wiser. We have an excellent drawing-master, Mr—Mr.—what is his name?" she asked of her companion.

Her companion looked about at the carpet.

"It's a German name," she said in Italian, as if it needed to be translated.

"Yes," the other went on, "he is a German, and we have had him for many years."

The young girl, who was not heeding the conversation, had wandered away to the open door of the large room, and stood looking into the garden.

"And you, my sister, are French," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," the woman replied,

gently. "I speak to the pupils in my own language I know no other. But we have sisters of other countries—English, German, Irish. They all speak their own tongue."

The gentleman gave a smile.

"Has my daughter been under the care of one of the Irish ladies?" And then, as he saw that his visitors suspected a joke, but failed to understand it—"You are very complete," he said, instantly.

"Oh, yes, we are complete. We have everything, and everything is of the best."

"We have gymnastics," the Italian sister ventured to remark. "But not dangerous."

"I hope not. Is that your branch?" A question which provoked much candid hilarity on the part of the two ladies; on the subsidence of which their entertainer, glancing at his daughter, remarked that she had grown.

"Yes, but I think she has finished. She will remain little," said the French sister.

"I am not sorry. I like little women," the gentleman declared, frankly. "But I know no particular reason why my child should be short."

The nun gave a temperate shrug, as if to intimate that such things might be beyond our knowledge.

"She is in very good health; that is the best thing."

"Yes, she looks well." And the young girl's father watched her a moment. "What do you see in the garden?" he asked, in French.

"I see many flowers," she replied, in a little soft, clear, penetrating voice, and with a French accent as good as his own.

"Yes, but not many good ones. However, such as they are, go out and gather some for *ces dames*."

The child turned to him, with her smile brightened by pleasure. "May I, truly?" she asked.

"Ah, when I tell you," said her father.

The girl glanced at the elder of the nuns.

"May I, truly, *ma mère*?"

"Obey monsieur your father, my child," said the sister, blushing again.

The child, satisfied with this authorization, descended from the threshold, and was presently lost to sight.

"You don't spoil them," said her father, smiling.

"For everything they must ask leave. That is our system. Leave is freely granted, but they must ask it."

"Oh, I don't quarrel with your system; I have no doubt it is a very good one. I sent you my daughter to see what you would make of her. I had faith."

"One must have faith," the sister blandly rejoined, gazing through her spectacles.

"Well, has my faith been rewarded? What have you made of her?"

The sister dropped her eyes a moment.

"A good Christian, monsieur."

Her host dropped his eyes as well; but it was probable that the movement had in each case a different spring.

"Yes," he said in a moment, "and what else?"

He watched the lady from the convent, probably thinking that she would say that a good Christian was everything.

But for all her simplicity, she was not so crude as that.

"A charming young lady—a real little woman—a daughter in whom you will have nothing but contentment."

"She seems to me very nice," said the father. "She is very pretty."

"She is perfect. She has no faults."

"She never had any as a child, and I am glad you have given her none."

"We love her too much," said the spectacled sister, with dignity. "And as for faults, how can we give what we have not? *Le couvent n'est pas comme le monde, monsieur*. She is our child, as you may say. We have had her since she was so small."

"Of all those we shall lose this year, she is the one we shall miss most," the younger woman murmured, deferentially.

"Ah, yes, we shall talk long of her," said the other. "We shall hold her up to the new ones."

And at this the good sister appeared to find her spectacles dim; while her companion, after fumbling a moment, presently drew forth a pocket handkerchief of durable texture.

"It is not certain that you will lose her; nothing is settled yet," the host rejoined, quickly; not as if to anticipate their tears, but in the tone of a man saying what was most agreeable to himself.

"We should be very happy to believe that. Fifteen is very young to leave us."

"Oh," exclaimed the gentleman, with more vivacity than he had yet used, "it is not I who wish to take her away. I wish you could keep her always!"

"Ah, monsieur," said the elder sister, smiling and getting up, "good as she is, she is made for the world. *Le monde y gagnera.*"

"If all the good people were hidden away in convents, how would the world get on?" her companion softly inquired, rising also.

This was a question of a wider bearing than the good woman apparently supposed; and the lady in spectacles took a harmonizing view by saying comfortably—

"Fortunately there are good people everywhere."

"If you are going, there will be two less here," her host remarked, gallantly.

For this extravagant sally his simple visitors had no answer, and they simply looked at each other in decent deprecation; but their confusion was speedily covered by the return of the young girl, with two large bunches of roses—one of them all white, the other red.

"I give you your choice, mamman Catherine," said the child. "It is only the colour that is different, mamman

Justine; there are just as many roses in one bunch as another."

The two sisters turned to each other, smiling and hesitating, with—"Which will you take?" and "No, it's for you to choose."

"I will take the red," said mother Catherine, in the spectacles. "I am so red myself. They will comfort us on our way back to Rome."

"Ah, they won't last," cried the young girl. "I wish I could give you something that would last!"

"You have given us a good memory of yourself, my daughter. That will last."

"I wish nuns could wear pretty things. I would give you my blue beads," the child went on.

"And do you go back to Rome to-night?" her father asked.

"Yes, we take the train again. We have so much to do *là-bas*."

"Are you not tired?"

"We are never tired."

"Ah, my sister sometimes," murmured the junior votaress.

"Not to-day, at any rate. We have rested too well here. *Que Dieu vous garde, ma fille*."

Their host, while they exchanged kisses with his daughter, went forward to open the door through which they were to pass; but as he did so he gave a slight exclamation, and stood looking beyond. The door opened into a vaulted ante-chamber, as high as a chapel, and paved with red tiles; and into this ante-chamber a lady had just been admitted by a servant, a lad in shabby livery, who was now ushering her toward the apartment in which our friends were grouped. The gentleman at the door, after dropping his exclamation, remained silent; in silence, too, the lady advanced. He gave her no further audible greeting, and offered her no hand, but stood aside to let her pass into the drawing-room. At the threshold she hesitated.

"Is there any one?" she asked.

"Some one you may see."

She went in, and found herself confronted with the two nuns and their

pupil, who was coming forward between them, with a hand in the arm of each. At the sight of the new visitor they all paused, and the lady, who had stopped too, stood looking at them. The young girl gave a little soft cry—

"Ah, Madame Merle!"

The visitor had been slightly startled; but her manner the next instant was none the less gracious.

"Yes, it's Madame Merle, come to welcome you home."

And she held out two hands to the girl, who immediately came up to her, presenting her forehead to be kissed. Madame Merle saluted this portion of her charming little person, and then stood smiling at the two nuns. They acknowledged her smile with a decent obeisance, but permitted themselves no direct scrutiny of this imposing, brilliant woman, who seemed to bring in with her something of the radiance of the outer world.

"These ladies have brought my daughter home, and now they return to the convent," the gentleman explained.

"Ah, you go back to Rome? I have lately come from there. It was very lovely there," said Madame Merle.

The good sisters, standing with their hands folded into their sleeves, accepted this statement uncritically; and the master of the house asked Madame Merle how long it was since she had left Rome.

"She came to see me at the convent," said the young girl, before her father's visitors had time to reply.

"I have been more than once, Pansy," Madame Merle answered. "Am I not your great friend in Rome?"

"I remember the last time best," said Pansy, "because you told me I should leave the place."

"Did you tell her that?" the child's father asked.

"I hardly remember. I told her what I thought would please her. I have been in Florence a week. I hoped you would come and see me."

"I should have done so if I had

known you were here. One doesn't know such things by inspiration—though I suppose one ought. You had better sit down."

These two speeches were made in a peculiar tone of voice—a tone half-lowered, and carefully quiet, but as from habit rather than from any definite heed.

Madame Merle looked about her, choosing her seat.

"You are going to the door with these women? Let me of course not interrupt the ceremony. *Je vous salue, mesdames*," she added, in French, to the nuns, as if to dismiss them.

"This lady is a great friend of ours; you will have seen her at the convent," said the host. "We have much faith in her judgment, and she will help me to decide whether my daughter shall return to you at the end of the holidays."

"I hope you will decide in our favour, madam," the sister in spectacles ventured to remark.

"That is Mr. Osmond's pleasantry; 'I decide nothing,'" said Madame Merle, smiling still. "I believe you have a very good school, but Miss Osmond's friends must remember that she is meant for the world."

"That is what I have told monsieur," sister Catherine answered. "It is precisely to fit her for the world," she murmured, glancing at Pansy, who stood at a little distance, looking at Madame Merle's elegant apparel.

"Do you hear that, Pansy? You are meant for the world," said Pansy's father.

The child gazed at him an instant with her pure young eyes.

"Am I not meant for you, papa?" she asked.

Papa gave a quick, light laugh.

"That doesn't prevent it! I am of the world, Pansy."

"Kindly permit us to retire," said sister Catherine. "Be good, in any case, my daughter."

"I shall certainly come back and see you," Pansy declared, recommencing

her embraces, which were presently interrupted by Madame Merle.

"Stay with me, my child," she said, "while your father takes the good ladies to the door."

Pansy stared, disappointed, but not protesting. She was evidently impregnated with the idea of submission, which was due to any one who took the tone of authority; and she was a passive spectator of the operation of her fate.

"May I not see mamma Catherine get into the carriage?" she asked, very gently.

"It would please me better if you would remain with me," said Madame Merle, while Mr. Osmond and his companions, who had bowed low again to the other visitor, passed into the ante-chamber.

"Oh, yes, I will stay," Pansy answered; and she stood near Madame Merle, surrendering her little hand, which this lady took. She stared out of the window; her eyes had filled with tears.

"I am glad they have taught you to obey," said Madame Merle. "That is what little girls should do."

"Oh yes, I obey very well," said Pansy, with soft eagerness, almost with boastfulness, as if she had been speaking of her piano-playing. And then she gave a faint, just audible sigh.

Madame Merle, holding her hand, drew it across her own fine palm, and looked at it. The gaze was critical, but it found nothing to deprecate; the child's small hand was delicate and fair.

"I hope they always see that you wear gloves," she said, in a moment. "Little girls usually dislike them."

"I used to dislike them, but I like them now," the child answered.

"Very good, I will make you a present of a dozen."

"I thank you very much. What colours will they be?" Pansy demanded, with interest.

Madame Merle meditated a moment.

"Useful colours."

"But will they be pretty?"

"Are you fond of pretty things?"

"Yes; but—but not too fond," said Pansy, with a trace of asceticism.

"Well, they will not be too pretty," Madame Merle answered, with a laugh. She took the child's other hand, and drew her nearer; and then, looking at her a moment—"Shall you miss mother Catherine?"

"Yes—when I think of her."

"Try, then, not to think of her. Perhaps some day," added Madame Merle, "you will have another mother."

"I don't think that is necessary," Pansy said, repeating her little soft, conciliatory sigh, "I had more than thirty mothers at the convent."

Her father's step sounded again in the antechamber, and Madame Merle got up, releasing the child. Mr. Osmond came in and closed the door; then, without looking at Madame Merle, he pushed one or two chairs back into their places.

His visitor waited a moment for him to speak, watching him as he moved about. Then at last she said—"I hoped you would have come to Rome. I thought it possible you would have come to fetch Pansy away."

"That was a natural supposition; but I am afraid it is not the first time I have acted in defiance of your calculations."

"Yes," said Madame Merle, "I think you are very perverse."

Mr. Osmond busied himself for a moment in the room—there was plenty of space in it to move about—in the fashion of a man mechanically seeking pretexts for not giving an attention which may be embarrassing. Presently, however, he had exhausted his pretexts; there was nothing left for him—unless he took up a book—but to stand with his hands behind him, looking at Pansy. "Why didn't you come and see the last of mamman Catherine?" he asked of her abruptly, in French.

Pansy hesitated a moment, glancing at Madame Merle. "I asked her to

stay with me," said this lady, who had seated herself again in another place.

"Ah, that was better," said Osmond. Then, at last, he dropped into a chair, and sat looking at Madame Merle; leaning forward a little, with his elbows on the edge of the arms and his hands interlocked.

"She is going to give me some gloves," said Milly.

"You needn't tell that to everyone, my dear," Madame Merle observed.

"You are very kind to her," said Osmond. "She is supposed to have everything she needs."

"I should think she had had enough of the nuns."

"If we are going to discuss that matter, she had better go out of the room."

"Let her stay," said Madame Merle. "We will talk of something else."

"If you like, I won't listen," Pansy suggested, with an appearance of candour which imposed conviction.

"You may listen, charming child, because you won't understand," her father replied. The child sat down deferentially, near the open door, within sight of the garden, into which she directed her innocent, wistful eyes; and Mr. Osmond went on, irrelevantly, addressing himself to his other companion. "You are looking particularly well."

"I think I always look the same," said Madame Merle.

"You always *are* the same. You don't vary. You are a wonderful woman."

"Yes, I think I am."

"You sometimes change your mind, however. You told me on your return from England that you would not leave Rome again for the present."

"I am pleased that you remember so well what I say. That was my intention. But I have come to Florence to meet some friends who have lately arrived, and as to whose movements I was at that time uncertain."

"That reason is characteristic. You

are always doing something for your friends."

Madame Merle looked straight at her interlocutor, smiling. "It is less characteristic than your comment upon it—which is perfectly insincere. I don't, however, make a crime of that," she added, "because if you don't believe what you say there is no reason why you should. I don't ruin myself for my friends; I don't deserve your praise. I care greatly for myself."

"Exactly; but yourself includes so many other selves—so much of everything. I never knew a person whose life touched so many other lives."

"What do you call one's life?" asked Madame Merle. "One's appearance, one's movements, one's engagements, one's society?"

"I call your life—your ambitions," said Osmond.

Madame Merle looked a moment at Pansy. "I wonder whether she understands that," she murmured.

"You see she can't stay with us!" And Pansy's father gave a rather joyless smile. "Go into the garden, *ma bonne*, and pluck a flower or two for Madame Merle," he went on, in French.

"That's just what I wanted to do," Pansy exclaimed, rising with promptness and noiselessly departing. Her father followed her to the open door, stood a moment watching her, and then came back, but remained standing, or rather strolling to and fro, as if to cultivate a sense of freedom which in another attitude might be wanting.

"My ambitions are principally for you," said Madame Merle, looking up at him with a certain nobleness of expression.

"That comes back to what I say. I am part of your life—I and a thousand others. You are not selfish—I can't admit that. If you were selfish, what should I be? What epithet would properly describe me?"

"You are indolent. For me that is your worst fault."

"I am afraid it is really my best."

"You don't care," said Madame Merle, gravely.

"No; I don't think I care much. What sort of a fault do you call that? My indolence, at any rate, was one of the reasons I didn't go to Rome. But it was only one of them."

"It is not of importance—to me at least—that you didn't go; though I should have been glad to see you. I am glad that you are not in Rome now—which you might be, would probably be, if you had gone there a month ago. There is something I should like you to do at present in Florence."

"Please remember my indolence," said Osmond.

"I will remember it; but I beg you to forget it. In that way you will have both the virtue and the reward. This is not a great labour, and it may prove a great pleasure. How long is it since you made a new acquaintance?"

"I don't think I have made any since I made yours."

"It is time you should make another, then. There is a friend of mine I want you to know."

Mr. Osmond, in his walk, had gone back to the open door again, and was looking at his daughter, as she moved about in the intense sunshine. "What good will it do me?" he asked, with a sort of genial crudity.

Madame Merle reflected a moment. "It will amuse you." There was nothing crude in this rejoinder; it had been thoroughly well considered.

"If you say that, I believe it," said Osmond, coming toward her. "There are some points in which my confidence in you is complete. I am perfectly aware, for instance, that you know good society from bad."

"Society is all bad."

"Excuse me. It isn't a common sort of wisdom. You have gained it in the right way—experimentally; you have compared an immense number of people with each other."

"Well, I invite you to profit by my knowledge."

"To profit? Are you very sure that I shall?"

"It's what I hope. It will depend upon yourself. If I could only induce you to make an effort!"

"Ah, there you are! I knew something tiresome was coming. What in the world—that is likely to turn up here—is worth an effort?"

Madame Merle flushed a little, and her eye betrayed vexation. "Don't be foolish, Osmond. There is no one knows better than you that there are many things worth an effort."

"Many things, I admit. But they are none of them probable things."

"It is the effort that makes them probable," said Madame Merle.

"There's something in that. Who is your friend?"

"The person I came to Florence to see. She is a niece of Mrs. Touchett, whom you will not have forgotten."

"A niece? The word niece suggests youth. I see what you are coming to."

"Yes, she is young—twenty-three years old. She is a great friend of mine. I met her for the first time in England, several months ago, and we took a great fancy to each other. I like her immensely, and I do what I don't do every day—I admire her. You will do the same."

"Not if I can help it."

"Precisely. But you won't be able to help it."

"Is she beautiful, clever, rich, splendid, universally intelligent and unprecedentedly virtuous? It is only on those conditions that I care to make her acquaintance. You know I asked you some time ago never to speak to me of any one who should not correspond to that description. I know plenty of dingy people; I don't want to know any more."

"Miss Archer is not dingy; she's as bright as the morning. She corresponds to your description; it is for that I wish you to know her. She fills all your requirements."

"More or less, of course."

"No; quite literally. She is beau-

tiful, accomplished, generous, and for an American, well-born. She is also very clever and very amiable, and she has a handsome fortune."

Mr. Osmond listened to this in silence, appearing to turn it over in his mind, with his eyes on his informant. "What do you want to do with her?" he asked, at last.

"What you see. Put her in your way."

"Isn't she meant for something better than that?"

"I don't pretend to know what people are meant for," said Madame Merle. "I only know what I can do with them."

"I am sorry for Miss Archer!" Osmond declared.

Madame Merle got up. "If that is a beginning of interest in her, I take note of it."

The two stood there, face to face; she settled her mantilla, looking down at it as she did so.

"You are looking very well," Osmond repeated, still more irrelevantly than before. "You have got some idea. You are never as well as when you have got an idea; they are always becoming to you."

In the manner of these two persons, on first meeting on any occasion, and especially when they met in the presence of others, there was something indirect and circumspect, which showed itself in glance and tone. They approached each other obliquely, as it were, and they addressed each other by implication. The effect of each appeared to be to intensify to an embarrassing degree the self-consciousness of the other. Madame Merle of course carried off all such awkwardness better than her friend; but even Madame Merle had not on this occasion the manner she would have liked to have—the perfect self-possession she would have wished to exhibit to her friend. The point I wish to make is, however, that at a certain moment the obstruction, whatever it was, always levelled itself, and left them more closely face to face than either of them ever was

with any one else. This was what had happened now. They stood there, knowing each other well, and each of them on the whole willing to accept the satisfaction of knowing, as a compensation for the inconvenience—whatever it might be—of being known.

"I wish very much you were not so heartless," said Madame Merle, quietly. "It has always been against you, and it will be against you now."

"I am not so heartless as you think. Every now and then something touches me—as for instance your saying just now that your ambitions are for me. I don't understand it; I don't see how or why they should be. But it touches me, all the same."

"You will probably understand it even less as time goes on. There are some things you will never understand. There is no particular need that you should."

"You, after all, are the most remarkable woman," said Osmond. "You have more in you than almost any one. I don't see why you think Mrs. Touchett's niece should matter very much to me, when—when——" and he paused a moment.

"When I myself have mattered so little?"

"That of course is not what I meant to say. When I have known and appreciated such a woman as you."

"Isabel Archer is better than I," said Madame Merle.

Her companion gave a laugh. "How little you must think of her to say that!"

"Do you suppose I am capable of jealousy? Please answer me that."

"With regard to me? No; on the whole I don't."

"Come and see me then, two days hence. I am staying at Mrs. Touchett's—the Palazzo Crescentini—and the girl will be there."

"Why didn't you ask me that at first, simply, without speaking of the girl?" said Osmond. "You could have had her there at any rate."

Madame Merle looked at him in the

manner of a woman whom no question that he could ask would find unprepared. "Do you wish to know why? Because I have spoken of you to her."

Osmond frowned and turned away. "I would rather not know that." Then, in a moment, he pointed out the easel supporting the little water-colour drawing. "Have you seen that—my last?"

Madame Merle drew near and looked at it a moment. "Is it the Venetian Alps—one of your last year's sketches?"

"Yes—but how you guess everything!"

Madame Merle looked for a moment longer; then she turned away. "You know I don't care for your drawings."

"I know it, yet I am always surprised at it. They are really so much better than most people's."

"That may very well be. But as the only thing you do, it's so little. I should have liked you to do so many other things: those were my ambitions."

"Yes; you have told me many times—things that were impossible."

"Things that were impossible!" said Madame Merle. And then, in quite a different tone—"In itself your little picture is very good." She looked about the room—at the old cabinets, the pictures, the tapestries, the surfaces of faded silk. "Your rooms, at least are perfect," she went on. "I am struck with that afresh, whenever I come back; I know none better anywhere. You understand this sort of thing as no one else does."

"I am very sick of it," said Osmond.

"You must let Miss Archer come and see all this. I have told her about it."

"I don't object to showing my things—when people are not idiots."

"You do it delightfully. As a cicerone in your own museum you appear to particular advantage."

Mr. Osmond, in return for this compliment, simply turned upon his

companion an eye expressive of perfect clairvoyance.

"Did you say she was rich?" he asked in a moment.

"She has seventy thousand pounds."

"*En écus bien comptés ?*"

"There is no doubt whatever about her fortune. I have seen it, as I may say."

"Satisfactory woman!—I mean you. And if I go to see her, shall I see the mother?"

"The mother? She has none—nor father either."

"The aunt then; whom did you say?—Mrs. Touchett."

"I can easily keep her out of the way."

"I don't object to her," said Osmond; "I rather like Mrs. Touchett. She has a sort of old-fashioned character that is passing away—a vivid identity. But that long jackanapes, the son—is he about the place?"

"He is there, but he won't trouble you."

"He's an awful ass."

"I think you are mistaken. He is a very clever man. But he is not fond of being about when I am there, because he doesn't like me."

"What could be more asinine than that? Did you say that she was pretty?" Osmond went on.

"Yes; but I won't say it again, lest you should be disappointed. Come and make a beginning; that is all I ask of you."

"A beginning of what?"

Madame Merle was silent a moment.

"I want you of course to marry her."

"The beginning of the end! Well, I will see for myself. Have you told her that?"

"For what do you take me? She is a very delicate piece of machinery."

"Really," said Osmond, after some meditation, "I don't understand your ambitions."

"I think you will understand this one after you have seen Miss Archer. Suspend your judgment till then." Madame Merle, as she spoke, had drawn near the open door of the

garden, where she stood a moment, looking out. "Pansy has grown pretty," she presently added.

"So it seemed to me."

"But she has had enough of the convent."

"I don't know," said Osmond. "I like what they have made of her. It's very charming."

"That's not the convent. It's the child's nature."

"It's the combination, I think. She's as pure as a pearl."

"Why doesn't she come back with my flowers then?" Madame Merle asked. "She is not in a hurry."

"We will go and get them," said her companion.

"She doesn't like me," murmured Madame Merle, as she raised her parasol, and they passed into the garden.

XXII.

MADAME MERLE, who had come to Florence on Mrs. Touchett's arrival at the invitation of this lady—Mrs. Touchett offering her for a month the hospitality of the Palazzo Crescentini—the judicious Madame Merle spoke to Isabel afresh about Gilbert Osmond, and expressed the wish that she should know him; but made no such point of the matter as we have seen her do in recommending the girl herself to Mr. Osmond's attention. The reason of this was perhaps that Isabel offered no resistance whatever to Madame Merle's proposal. In Italy, as in England, the lady had a multitude of friends; both among the natives of the country and its heterogeneous visitors. She had mentioned to Isabel most of the people the girl would find it well to know—of course, she said, Isabel could know whomever she would—and she had placed Mr. Osmond near the top of the list. He was an old friend of her own; she had known him these ten years; he was one of the cleverest and most agreeable men it was possible to meet. He was altogether above the respectable average; quite another affair!

He was not perfect—far from it; the effect he produced depended a good deal on the state of his nerves and his spirits. If he were not in the right mood he could be very unsatisfactory—like most people, after all; but when he chose to exert himself no man could do it to better purpose. He had his peculiarities—which indeed Isabel would find to be the case with all the men really worth knowing—and he did not cause his light to shine equally for all persons. Madame Merle, however, thought she could undertake that for Isabel he would be brilliant. He was easily bored—too easily, and dull people always put him out; but a quick and cultivated girl like Isabel would give him a stimulus which was too absent from his life. At any rate, he was a person to know. One should not attempt to live in Italy without making a friend of Gilbert Osmond, who knew more about the country than any one except two or three German professors. And if they had more knowledge than he, he had infinitely more taste; he had a taste which was quite by itself. Isabel remembered that her friend had spoken of him during their multifarious colloquies at Gardencourt, and wondered a little what was the nature of the tie that united them. She was inclined to imagine that Madame Merle's ties were peculiar, and such a possibility was a part of the interest created by this suggestive woman. As regards her relations with Mr. Osmond, however, Madame Merle hinted at nothing but a long-established and tranquil friendship. Isabel said that she should be happy to know a person who had enjoyed her friend's confidence for so many years. "You ought to see a great many men," Madame Merle remarked; "you ought to see as many as possible, so as to get used to them."

"Used to them?" Isabel repeated, with that exceedingly serious gaze which sometimes seemed to proclaim that she was deficient in a sense of humour—an intimation which at other

moments she effectively refuted. "I am not afraid of them!"

"Used to them, I mean, so as to despise them. That's what one comes to with most of them. You will pick out, for your society, the few whom you don't despise."

This remark had a bitterness which Madame Merle did not often allow herself to betray; but Isabel was not alarmed by it, for she had never supposed that, as one saw more of the world, the sentiment of respect became the most active of one's emotions. This sentiment was excited, however, by the beautiful city of Florence, which pleased her not less than Madame Merle had promised; and if her unassisted perception had not been able to gauge its charms, she had clever companions to call attention to latent merits. She was in no want, indeed, of æsthetic illumination, for Ralph found it a pleasure which renewed his own earlier sensations, to act as cicerone to his eager young kinswoman. Madame Merle remained at home; she had seen the treasures of Florence so often, and she had always something to do. But she talked of all things with remarkable vividness of memory—she remembered the right-hand angel in the large Perugino, and the position of the hands of the Saint Elizabeth in the Titian; and had her own opinions as to the character of many famous works of art, differing often with Ralph with great sharpness, and defending her interpretations with as much ingenuity as good-humour. Isabel listened to the discussions which took place between the two with a sense that she might derive much benefit from them, and that they were among the advantages which—for instance—she could not have enjoyed in Albany. In the clear May mornings, before the formal breakfast—this repast at Mrs. Touchett's was served at twelve o'clock—Isabel wandered about with her cousin through the narrow and sombre Florentine streets, resting a while in the thicker dusk of some

historic church, or the vaulted chambers of some dispeopled convent. She went to the galleries and palaces; she looked at the pictures and statues which had hitherto been great names to her, and exchanged for a knowledge which was sometimes a limitation a presentiment which proved usually to have been a blank. She performed all those acts of mental prostration in which, on a first visit to Italy, youth and enthusiasm so freely indulge; she felt her heart beat in the presence of immortal genius, and knew the sweetness of rising tears in eyes to which faded fresco and darkened marble grew dim. But the return, every day, was even pleasanter than the going forth; the return into the wide, monumental court of the great house in which Mrs. Touchett, many years before, had established herself, and into the high, cool rooms where carved rafters and pompous frescoes of the sixteenth century looked down upon the prosaic minuteness of modern comfort. Mrs. Touchett inhabited an historic building in a narrow street whose very name recalled the strife of mediæval factions; and found compensation for the darkness of her frontage in the modicity of her rent and the brightness of a garden in which nature itself looked as archaic as the rugged architecture of the palace, and which illumined the rooms that were in regular use. Isabel found that to live in such a place might be a source of happiness—almost of excitement. At first it had struck her as a sort of prison; but very soon its prison-like quality became a merit, for she discovered that it contained other prisoners than the members of her aunt's household. The spirit of the past was shut up there, like a refugee from the outer world; it lurked in lonely corners, and, at night, haunted even the rooms in which Mrs. Touchett diffused her matter-of-fact influence. Isabel used to hear vague echoes and strange reverberations; she had a sense of the hovering of unseen figures, of the

flitting of ghosts. Often she paused, listening, half startled, half disappointed, on the great cold stone staircase.

Gilbert Osmond came to see Madame Merle, who presented him to the young lady seated almost out of sight at the other end of the room. Isabel, on this occasion, took little share in the conversation; she scarcely even smiled when the others turned to her appealingly; but sat there as an impartial auditor of the brilliant discourse of her companions. Mrs. Touchett was not present, and these two had it, as the phrase is, their own way. They talked extremely well; it struck Isabel almost as a dramatic entertainment, rehearsed in advance. Madame Merle referred everything to her, but the girl answered nothing, though she knew that this attitude would make Mr. Osmond think she was one of those dull people who bored him. It was the worse, too, that Madame Merle would have told him that she was almost as much above the merely respectable average as he himself, and that she was putting her friend dreadfully in the wrong. But this was no matter, for once; even if more had depended on it, Isabel could not have made an attempt to shine. There was something in Mr. Osmond that arrested her and held her in suspense—made it seem more important that she should get an impression of him than that she should produce one herself. Besides, Isabel had little skill in producing an impression which she knew to be expected; nothing could be more charming, in general, than to seem dazzling; but she had a perverse unwillingness to perform on a fixed occasion. Mr. Osmond, to do him justice, had a well-bred air of expecting nothing; he was a quiet gentleman, with a colourless manner, who said elaborate things with a great deal of simplicity. Isabel, however, privately perceived that if he did not expect, he observed; she was very sure he was sensitive. His face, his

head were sensitive ; he was not handsome, but he was fine, as fine as one of the drawings in the long gallery above the bridge at the Uffizzi. Mr. Osmond was very delicate ; the tone of his voice alone would have proved it. It was the visitor's delicacy that made her abstain from interference. His talk was like the tinkling of glass, and if she had put out her finger she might have changed the pitch and spoiled the concert. Before he went he made an appeal to her.

"Madame Merle says she will come up to my hill-top some day next week and drink tea in my garden. It would give me much pleasure if you would come with her. It's thought rather pretty—there's what they call a general view. My daughter, too, would be so glad—or rather, for she is too young to have strong emotions, I should be so glad—so very glad!" And Mr. Osmond paused a moment, with a slight air of embarrassment, leaving his sentence unfinished. "I should be so happy if you could know my daughter," he went on, a moment afterwards.

Isabel answered that she should be delighted to see Miss Osmond, and that if Madame Merle would show her the way to the hill-top she should be very grateful. Upon this assurance the visitor took his leave ; after which Isabel fully expected that her friend would scold her for having been so stupid. But to her surprise, Madame Merle, who indeed never fell into the matter-of-course, said to her in a few moments—

"You were charming, my dear ; you were just as one would have wished you. You are never disappointing."

A rebuke might possibly have been irritating, though it is much more probable that Isabel would have taken it in good part ; but, strange to say, the words that Madame Merle actually used caused her the first feeling of displeasure she had known this lady to excite. "That is more than I intended," she answered, coldly. "I am under no obligation that I know of to charm Mr. Osmond."

Madame Merle coloured a moment ; but we know it was not her habit to retract. "My dear child, I didn't speak for him, poor man ; I spoke for yourself. It is not of course a question as to his liking you ; it matters little whether he likes you or not. But I thought you liked him."

"I did," said Isabel, honestly. "But I don't see what that matters, either."

"Everything that concerns you matters to me," Madame Merle returned, with a sort of noble gentleness, "especially when at the same time another old friend is concerned."

Whatever Isabel's obligations may have been to Mr. Osmond, it must be admitted that she found them sufficient to lead her to ask Ralph a few questions about him. She thought Ralph's judgments cynical, but she flattered herself that she had learned to make allowance for that.

"Do I know him ?" said her cousin. "Oh, yes, I know him ; not well, but on the whole enough. I have never cultivated his society, and he apparently has never found mine indispensable to his happiness. Who is he—what is he? He is a mysterious American, who has been living these twenty years, or more, in Italy. Why do I call him mysterious? Only as a cover for my ignorance ; I don't know his antecedents, his family, his origin. For all I know, he may be a prince in disguise ; he rather looks like one, by the way—like a prince who has abdicated in a fit of magnanimity, and has been in a state of disgust ever since. He used to live in Rome ; but of late years he has taken up his abode in Florence ; I remember hearing him say once that Rome has grown vulgar. He has a great dread of vulgarity ; that's his special line ; he hasn't any other that I know of. He lives on his income, which I suspect of not being vulgarly large. He's a poor gentleman—that's what he calls himself. He married young and lost his wife, and I believe he has a daughter. He also has a

sister, who is married to some little Count or other, of these parts; I remember meeting her of old. She is nicer than he, I should think, but rather wicked. I remember there used to be some stories about her. I don't think I recommend you to know her. But why don't you ask Madame Merle about these people? She knows them all much better than I."

"I ask you because I want your opinion as well as hers," said Isabel.

"A fig for my opinion! If you fall in love with Mr. Osmond, what will you care for that?"

"Not much, probably. But meanwhile it has a certain importance. The more information one has about a person the better."

"I don't agree to that. We know too much about people in these days; we hear too much. Our ears, our minds, our mouths, are stuffed with personalities. Don't mind anything that any one tells you about any one else. Judge every one and every thing for yourself."

"That's what I try to do," said Isabel; "but when you do that people call you conceited."

"You are not to mind them—that's precisely my argument; not to mind what they say about yourself any more than what they say about your friend or your enemy."

Isabel was silent a moment. "I think you are right; but there are some things I can't help minding: for instance, when my friend is attacked, or when I myself am praised."

"Of course you are always at liberty to judge the critic. Judge people as critics, however," Ralph added, "and you will condemn them all!"

"I shall see Mr. Osmond for myself," said Isabel. "I have promised to pay him a visit."

"To pay him a visit?"

"To go and see his view, his pictures, his daughter—I don't know exactly what. Madame Merle is to take me; she tells me a great many ladies call upon him."

"Ah, with Madame Merle you may

go anywhere, *de confiance*," said Ralph. "She knows none but the best people."

Isabel said no more about Mr. Osmond, but she presently remarked to her cousin that she was not satisfied with his tone about Madame Merle. "It seems to me that you insinuate things about her. I don't know what you mean, but if you have any grounds for disliking her, I think you should either mention them frankly or else say nothing at all."

Ralph, however, resented this charge with more apparent earnestness than he commonly used. "I speak of Madame Merle exactly as I speak to her: with an even exaggerated respect."

"Exaggerated, precisely. That is what I complain of."

"I do so because Madame Merle's merits are exaggerated."

"By whom, pray? By me? If so, I do her a poor service."

"No, no; by herself."

"Ah, I protest!" Isabel cried with fervour. "If ever there was a woman who made small claims——"

"You put your finger on it," Ralph interrupted. "Her modesty is exaggerated. She has no business with small claims—she has a perfect right to make large ones."

"Her merits are large, then. You contradict yourself."

"Her merits are immense," said Ralph. "She is perfect; she is the only woman I know who has but that one little fault."

Isabel turned away with impatience. "I don't understand you; you are too paradoxical for my plain mind."

"Let me explain. When I say she exaggerates, I don't mean it in the vulgar sense—that she boasts, overstates, gives too fine an account of herself. I mean literally that she pushes the search for perfection too far—that her merits are in themselves overstrained. She is too good, too kind, too clever, too learned, too accomplished, too everything. She is too complete, in a word. I confess to you that she acts a little on my nerves.

and that I feel about her a good deal as that intensely human Athenian felt about Aristides the Just."

Isabel looked hard at her cousin; but the mocking spirit, if it lurked in his words, failed on this occasion to peep from his eye. "Do you wish Madame Merle to be banished?" she inquired.

"By no means. She is much too good company. I delight in Madame Merle," said Ralph Touchett, simply.

"You are very odious, sir!" Isabel exclaimed. And then she asked him if he knew anything that was not to the honour of her brilliant friend.

"Nothing whatever. Don't you see that is just what I mean? Upon the character of every one else you may find some little black speck; if I were to take half an hour to it, some day, I have no doubt I should be able to find one on yours. For my own, of course, it is spotted like a leopard. But on Madame Merle's nothing, nothing, nothing!"

"That is just what I think!" said Isabel, with a toss of her head. "That is why I like her so much."

"She is a capital person for you to know. Since you wish to see the world you couldn't have a better guide."

"I suppose you mean by that that she is worldly?"

"Worldly? No," said Ralph; "she is the world itself!"

It had certainly not, as Isabel for the moment took it into her head to believe, been a refinement of malice in him to say that he delighted in Madame Merle. Ralph Touchett took his entertainment wherever he could find it, and he would not have forgiven himself if he had not been able to find a great deal in the society of a woman in whom the social virtues existed in polished perfection. There are deep-lying sympathies and antipathies; and it may have been that in spite of the intellectual justice he rendered her, her absence from his mother's house would not have made life seem barren; but Ralph Touchett had learned to appreciate, and there could be no better

field for such a talent than the table-talk of Madame Merle. He talked with her largely, treated her with conspicuous civility, occupied himself with her and let her alone, with an opportuneness which she herself could not have surpassed. There were moments when he felt almost sorry for her; and these, oddly enough, were the moments when his kindness was least demonstrative. He was sure that she had been richly ambitious, and that what she had visibly accomplished was far below her ambition. She had got herself into perfect training, but she had won none of the prizes. She was always plain Madame Merle, the widow of a Swiss *négociant*, with a small income and a large acquaintance, who stayed with people a great deal, and was universally liked. The contrast between this position and any one of some half dozen others which he vividly imagined her to have had her eyes upon at various moments, had an element of the tragical. His mother thought he got on beautifully with their pliable guest; to Mrs. Touchett's sense two people who dealt so largely in factitious theories of conduct would have much in common. He had given a great deal of consideration to Isabel's intimacy with Madame Merle—having long since made up his mind that he could not, without opposition, keep his cousin to himself; and he regarded it on the whole with philosophic tolerance. He believed it would take care of itself; it would not last for ever. Neither of these two superior persons knew the other as well as she supposed, and when each of them had made certain discoveries, there would be, if not a rupture, at least a relaxation. Meanwhile he was quite willing to admit that the conversation of the elder lady was an advantage to the younger, who had a great deal to learn, and would doubtless learn it better from Madame Merle than from some other instructors of the young. It was not probable that Isabel would be injured.

XXIII.

It would certainly have been hard to see what injury could arise to her from the visit she presently paid to Mr. Osmond's hill-top. Nothing could have been more charming than this occasion—a soft afternoon in May, in the full maturity of the Italian spring. The two ladies drove out of the Roman Gate, beneath the enormous blank superstructure which crowns the fine clear arch of that portal and makes it nakedly impressive, and wound between high-walled lanes, into which the wealth of blossoming orchards overdrooped and flung a perfume, until they reached the small super-urban piazza, of crooked shape, of which the long brown wall of the villa, occupied in part by Mr. Osmond, formed the principal, or at least the most imposing, side. Isabel went with her friend through a wide, high court, where a clear shadow rested below, and a pair of light-arched galleries, facing each other above, caught the upper sunshine upon their slim columns and the flowering plants in which they were dressed. There was something rather severe about the place; it looked somehow as if, once you were in, it would not be easy to get out. For Isabel, however, there was of course as yet no thought of getting out, but only of advancing. Mr. Osmond met her in the cold ante-chamber—it was cold even in the month of May—and ushered her, with her companion, into the apartment to which we have already been introduced. Madame Merle was in front, and while Isabel lingered a little, talking with Mr. Osmond, she went forward, familiarly, and greeted two persons who were seated in the drawing-room. One of these was little Pansy, on whom she bestowed a kiss; the other was a lady whom Mr. Osmond presented to Isabel as his sister, the Countess Gemini. "And that is my little girl," he said, "who has just come out of a convent."

Pansy had on a scanty white dress, and her fair hair was neatly arranged in a net; she wore a pair of slippers, tied, sandal-fashion, about her ankles. She made Isabel a little conventual curtsy, and then came to be kissed. The Countess Gemini simply nodded, without getting up; Isabel could see that she was a woman of fashion. She was thin and dark, and not at all pretty, having features that suggested some tropical bird—a long beak-like nose, a small, quickly-moving eye, and a mouth and chin that receded extremely. Her face, however, thanks to a very human and feminine expression, was by no means disagreeable, and, as regards her appearance, it was evident that she understood herself and made the most of her points. The soft brilliancy of her toilet had the look of shimmering plumage, and her attitudes were light and sudden, like those of a creature that perched upon twigs. She had a great deal of manner; Isabel, who had never known any one with so much manner, immediately classified the Countess Gemini as the most affected of women. She remembered that Ralph had not recommended her as an acquaintance; but she was ready to acknowledge that on a casual view the Countess presented no appearance of wickedness. Nothing could have been kinder or more innocent than her greeting to Isabel.

"You will believe that I am glad to see you when I tell you that it is only because I knew you were to be here that I came myself. I don't come and see my brother—I make him come and see me. This bill of his is impossible—I don't see what possesses him. Really, Osmond, you will be the ruin of my horses some day; and if they receive an injury you will have to give me another pair. I heard them panting to-day; I assure you I did. It is very disagreeable to hear one's horses panting when one is sitting in the carriage; it sounds, too, as if they were not what they should be. But I have always had

good horses; whatever else I may have lacked, I have always managed that. My husband doesn't know much, but I think he does know a horse. In general the Italians don't, but my husband has been a good deal in England. My horses are English—so it is all the greater pity they should be ruined. I must tell you," she went on, directly addressing Isabel, "that Osmond doesn't often invite me; I don't think he likes to have me. It was quite my own idea, coming to-day. I like to see new people, and I am sure you are very new. But don't sit there; that chair is not what it looks. There are some very good seats here, but there are also some horrors."

These remarks were delivered with a variety of little jerks and glances, in a tone which, although it expressed a high degree of good-nature, was rather shrill than sweet.

"I don't like to have you, my dear!" said her brother. "I am sure you are invaluable."

"I don't see any horrors anywhere," Isabel declared, looking about her. "Everything here seems to me very beautiful."

"I have got a few good things," Mr. Osmond murmured; "indeed I have nothing very bad. But I have not what I should have liked."

He stood there a little awkwardly, smiling and glancing about; his manner was an odd mixture of the indifferent and the expressive. He seemed to intimate that nothing was of much consequence. Isabel made a rapid induction: perfect simplicity was not the badge of his family. Even the little girl from the convent, who, in her prim white dress, with her small submissive face and her hands locked before her, stood there as if she were about to partake of her first communion—even Mr. Osmond's diminutive daughter had a kind of finish which was not entirely artless.

"You would have liked a few things from the Uffizzi and the Pitti—

that's what you would have liked," said Madame Merle.

"Poor Osmond, with his old curtains and crucifixes!" the Countess Gemini exclaimed; she appeared to call her brother only by his family-name. Her ejaculation had no particular object; she smiled at Isabel as she made it, and looked at her from head to foot.

Her brother had not heard her; he seemed to be thinking what he could say to Isabel. "Won't you have some tea?—you must be very tired," he at last bethought himself of remarking.

"No, indeed, I am not tired; what have I done to tire me?" Isabel felt a certain need of being very direct, of pretending to nothing; there was something in the air, in her general impression of things—she could hardly have said what it was—that deprived her of all disposition to put herself forward. The place, the occasion, the combination of people, signified more than lay on the surface; she would try to understand—she would not simply utter graceful platitudes. Poor Isabel was perhaps not aware that many women would have uttered graceful platitudes to cover the working of their observation. It must be confessed that her pride was a trifle concerned. A man whom she had heard spoken of in terms that excited interest, and who was evidently capable of distinguishing himself, had invited her, a young lady not lavish of her favours, to come to his house. Now that she had done so, the burden of the entertainment rested naturally upon himself. Isabel was not rendered less observant, and for the moment, I am afraid, she was not rendered more indulgent, by perceiving that Mr. Osmond carried his burden less easily than might have been expected. "What a fool I was to have invited these women here!" she could fancy his exclaiming to himself.

"You will be tired when you go home, if he shows you all his *bibelots*, and gives you a lecture on each," said the Countess Gemini.

"I am not afraid of that; but if I am tired, I shall at least have learned something."

"Very little, I am afraid. But my sister is dreadfully afraid of learning anything," said Mr. Osmond.

"Oh, I confess to that; I don't want to know anything more—I know too much already. The more you know, the more unhappy you are."

"You should not undervalue knowledge before Pansy, who has not finished her education," Madame Merle interposed, with a smile.

"Pansy will never know any harm," said the child's father. "Pansy is a little convent-flower."

"Oh, the convents, the convents!" cried the Countess, with a sharp laugh. "Speak to me of the convents. You may learn anything there; I am a convent-flower myself. I don't pretend to be good, but the nuns do. Don't you see what I mean?" she went on, appealing to Isabel.

Isabel was not sure that she saw, and she answered that she was very bad at following arguments. The Countess then declared that she herself detested arguments, but that this was her brother's taste—he would always discuss. "For me," she said, "one should like a thing or one shouldn't; one can't like everything, of course. But one shouldn't attempt to reason it out—you never know where it may lead you. There are some very good feelings that may have bad reasons; don't you know? And then there are very bad feelings, sometimes, that have good reasons. Don't you see what I mean? I don't care anything about reasons, but I know what I like."

"Ah, that's the great thing," said Isabel, smiling, but suspecting that her acquaintance with this lightly-fitting personage would not lead to intellectual repose. If the Countess objected to argument, Isabel at this moment had as little taste for it, and she put out her hand to Pansy, with a pleasant sense that such a gesture

committed her to nothing that would admit of a divergence of views. Gilbert Osmond apparently took a rather hopeless view of his sister's tone, and he turned the conversation to another topic. He presently sat down on the other side of his daughter, who had taken Isabel's hand for a moment; but he ended by drawing her out of her chair, and making her stand between his knees, leaning against him while he passed his arm round her little waist. The child fixed her eyes on Isabel with a still, disinterested gaze, which seemed void of an intention, but conscious of an attraction. Mr. Osmond talked of many things; Madame Merle had said he could be agreeable when he chose, and to-day, after a little, he appeared not only to have chosen, but to have determined. Madame Merle and the Countess Gemini sat a little apart, conversing in the effortless manner of persons who knew each other well enough to take their ease; every now and then Isabel heard the Countess say something extravagant. Mr. Osmond talked of Florence, of Italy, of the pleasure of living in that country, and of the abatements to such pleasure. There were both satisfactions and drawbacks; the drawbacks were pretty numerous; strangers were too apt to see Italy in rose-colour. On the whole it was better than other countries, if one was content to lead a quiet life, and take things as they came. It was very dull sometimes, but there were advantages in living in the country which contained the most beauty. There were certain impressions that one could get only in Italy. There were others that one never got there, and one got some that were very bad. But from time to time one got a delightful one, which made up for everything. He was inclined to think that Italy had spoiled a great many people; he was even fatuous enough to believe at times that he himself might have been a better man if he had spent less of his life there. It made people idle and diletantish, and

second-rate; there was nothing tonic in an Italian life. One was out of the current; one was not *dans le mouvement*, as the French said; one was too far from Paris and London. "We are gloriously provincial, I assure you," said Mr. Osmond, "and I am perfectly aware that I myself am as rusty as a key that has no lock to fit it. It polishes me up a little to talk with you—not that I venture to pretend I can turn that very complicated lock I suspect your intellect of being! But you will be going away before I have seen you three times, and I shall perhaps never see you after that. That's what it is to live in a country that people come to. When they are disagreeable it is bad enough; when they are agreeable it is still worse. As soon as you find you like them they are off again! I have been deceived too often; I have ceased to form attachments; to permit myself to feel attractions. You mean to stay—to settle? That would be really comfortable. Ah yes, your aunt is a sort of guarantee; I believe she may be depended upon. Oh, she's an old Florentine—I mean, literally, an old one; not a modern outsider. She is a contemporary of the Medici; she must have been present at the burning of Savonarola, and I am not sure she didn't throw a handful of chips into the flame. Her face is very much like some faces in the early pictures; little, dry, definite faces, that must have had a good deal of expression, but almost always the same one. Indeed, I can show you her portrait in a fresco of Ghirlandaio's. I hope you don't object to my speaking that way of your aunt, eh? I have an idea you don't. Perhaps you think that's even worse. I assure you there is no want of respect in it, to either of you. You know I'm a particular admirer of Mrs. Touchett."

While Isabel's host exerted himself to entertain her in this somewhat confidential fashion, she looked occasionally at Madame Merle, who met her eyes with an inattentive smile in

which, on this occasion, there was no infelicitous intimation that our heroine appeared to advantage. Madame Merle eventually proposed to the Countess Gemini that they should go into the garden, and the Countess, rising and shaking out her soft plumage, began to rustle toward the door.

"Poor Miss Archer!" she exclaimed, surveying the other group with expressive compassion. "She has been brought quite into the family."

"Miss Archer can certainly have nothing but sympathy for a family to which you belong," Mr. Osmond answered, with a laugh which, though it had something of a mocking ring, was not ill-natured.

"I don't know what you mean by that! I am sure she will see no harm in me but what you tell her. I am better than he says, Miss Archer," the Countess went on. "I am only rather light. Is that all he has said? Ah then, you keep him in good humour. Has he opened on one of his favourite subjects? I give you notice that there are two or three that he treats *à fond*. In that case you had better take off your bonnet."

"I don't think I know what Mr. Osmond's favourite subjects are," said Isabel, who had risen to her feet.

The Countess assumed, for an instant, an attitude of intense meditation; pressing one of her hands, with the finger-tips gathered together, to her forehead.

"I'll tell you in a moment," she answered. "One is Machiavelli, the other is Vittoria Colonna, the next is Metastasio."

"Ah, with me," said Madame Merle, passing her arm into the Countess Gemini's, as if to guide her course to the garden, "Mr. Osmond is never so historical."

"Oh you," the Countess answered as they moved away, "you yourself are Machiavelli—you yourself are Vittoria Colonna!"

"We shall hear next that poor Madame Merle is Metastasio!" Gilbert

Osmond murmured, with a little melancholy smile.

Isabel had got up, on the assumption that they too were to go into the garden; but Mr. Osmond stood there, with no apparent inclination to leave the room, with his hands in the pockets of his jacket, and his daughter, who had now locked her arm into one of his own, clinging to him and looking up, while her eyes moved from his own face to Isabel's. Isabel waited, with a certain unuttered contentedness, to have her movements directed; she liked Mr. Osmond's talk, his company; she felt that she was being entertained. Through the open doors of the great room she saw Madame Merle and the Countess stroll across the deep grass of the garden; then she turned, and her eyes wandered over the things that were scattered about her. The understanding had been that her host should show her his treasures; his pictures and cabinets all looked like treasures. Isabel, after a moment, went toward one of the pictures to see it better; but, just as she had done so, Mr. Osmond said to her, abruptly—

"Miss Archer, what do you think of my sister?"

Isabel turned, with a good deal of surprise—

"Ah, don't ask me that—I have seen your sister too little."

"Yes, you have seen her very little; but you must have observed that there is not a great deal of her to see. What do you think of our family tone?" Osmond went on, smiling. "I should like to know how it strikes a fresh, unprejudiced mind. I know what you are going to say—you have had too little observation of it. Of course this is only a glimpse. But just take notice, in future, if you have a chance. I sometimes think we have got into a rather bad way, living off here among things and people not our own, without responsibilities or attachments, with nothing to hold us together or keep us up; marrying foreigners, forming artificial tastes,

playing tricks with our natural mission! Let me add, though, that I say that much more for myself than for my sister. She's a very good woman—better than she seems. She is rather unhappy, and as she is not of a very serious disposition, she doesn't tend to show it tragically; she shows it comically instead. She has got a nasty husband, though I am not sure she makes the best of him. Of course, however, a nasty husband is an awkward thing. Madame Merle gives her excellent advice, but it's a good deal like giving a child a dictionary to learn a language with. He can look out the words, but he can't put them together. My sister needs a grammar, but unfortunately she is not grammatical. Excuse my troubling you with these details; my sister was very right in saying that you have been taken into the family. Let me take down that picture; you want more light."

He took down the picture, carried it toward the window, related some curious facts about it. She looked at the other works of art, and he gave her such further information as might appear to be most acceptable to a young lady making a call on a summer's afternoon. His pictures, his carvings, and tapestries were interesting; but after a while Isabel became conscious that the owner was more interesting still. He resembled no one she had ever seen; most of the people she knew might be divided into groups of half-a-dozen specimens. There were one or two exceptions to this; she could think, for instance, of no group that would contain her Aunt Lydia. There were other people who were, relatively speaking, original—original, as one might say, by courtesy—such as Mr. Goodwood, as her cousin Ralph, as Henrietta Stackpole, as Lord Warburton, as Madame Merle. But in essentials, when one came to look at them, these individuals belonged to types which were already present to her mind. Her mind contained no class which

offered a natural place to Mr. Osmond—he was a specimen apart. Isabel did not say all these things to herself at the time; but she felt them, and afterwards they became distinct. For the moment she only said to herself that Mr. Osmond had the interest of rareness. It was not so much what he said and did, but rather what he withheld, that distinguished him; he indulged in no striking deflections from common usage; he was an original without being an eccentric. Isabel had never met a person of so fine a grain. The peculiarity was physical, to begin with, and it extended to his immaterial part. His dense, delicate hair, his overdrawn, retouched features, his clear complexion, ripe without being coarse, the very evenness of the growth of his beard, and that light, smooth, slenderness of structure which made the movement of a single one of his fingers produce the effect of an expressive gesture—these personal points struck our observant young lady as the signs of an unusual sensibility. He was certainly fastidious and critical; he was probably irritable. His sensibility had governed him—possibly governed him too much; it had made him impatient of vulgar troubles and had led him to live by himself, in a serene, impersonal way, thinking about art and beauty and history. He had consulted his taste in everything—his taste alone, perhaps; that was what made him so different from every one else. Ralph had something of this same quality, this appearance of thinking that life was a matter of connoisseurship; but in Ralph it was an anomaly, a kind of humorous excrescence, whereas in Mr. Osmond it was the key-note, and everything was in harmony with it. Isabel was certainly far from understanding him completely; his meaning was not at all times obvious. It was hard to see what he meant, for instance, by saying that he was gloriously provincial—which was so exactly the opposite of what she had supposed. Was it a harmless paradox, intended

to puzzle her? or was it the last refinement of high culture? Isabel trusted that she should learn in time; it would be very interesting to learn. If Mr. Osmond were provincial, pray what were the characteristics of the capital? Isabel could ask herself this question, in spite of having perceived that her host was a shy personage; for such shyness as his—the shyness of ticklish nerves and fine perceptions—was perfectly consistent with the best breeding. Indeed, it was almost a proof of superior qualities. Mr. Osmond was not a man of easy assurance, who chatted and gossiped with the fluency of a superficial nature; he was critical of himself as well as of others, and exacting a good deal of others (to think them agreeable), he probably took a rather ironical view of what he himself offered: a proof, into the bargain, that he was not grossly conceited. If he had not been shy, he would not have made that gradual, subtle, successful effort to overcome his shyness to which Isabel felt that she owed both what pleased and what puzzled her, in his conversation to-day. His suddenly asking her what she thought of the Countess of Gemini—that was doubtless a proof that he was interested in her feelings; it could scarcely be as a help to knowledge of his own sister. That he should be so interested showed an inquiring mind; but it was a little singular that he should sacrifice his fraternal feeling to his curiosity. This was the most eccentric thing he had done.

There were two other rooms, beyond the one in which she had been received, equally full of picturesque objects, and in these apartments Isabel spent a quarter of an hour. Every thing was very curious and valuable, and Mr. Osmond continued to be the kindest of ciceroni, as he led her from one fine piece to another, still holding his little girl by the hand. His kindness almost surprised our young lady, who wondered why he should take so much trouble for her; and she was

oppressed at last with the accumulation of beauty and knowledge to which she found herself introduced. There was enough for the present; she had ceased to attend to what he said; she listened to him with attentive eyes, but she was not thinking of what he told her. He probably thought she was cleverer than she was; Madame Merle would have told him so; which was a pity, because in the end he would be sure to find out, and then perhaps even her real cleverness would not reconcile him to his mistake. A part of Isabel's fatigue came from the effort to appear as intelligent as she believed Madame Merle had described her, and from the fear (very unusual with her) of exposing—not her ignorance; for that she cared comparatively little—but her possible grossness of perception. It would have annoyed her to express a liking for something which her host, in his superior enlightenment, would think she ought not to like; or to pass by something at which the truly initiated mind would arrest itself. She was very careful, therefore, as to what she said, as to what she noticed or failed to notice—more careful than she had ever been before.

They came back into the first of the rooms, where the tea had been served; but as the two other ladies were still on the terrace, and as Isabel had not yet been made acquainted with the view, which constituted the paramount distinction of the place, Mr. Osmond directed her steps into the garden, without more delay. Madame Merle and the Countess had had chairs brought out, and as the afternoon was lovely the Countess proposed they should take their tea in the open air. Pansy therefore was sent to bid the servant bring out the tray. The sun had got low, the golden light took a deeper tone, and on the mountains and the plain that stretched beneath them, the masses of purple shadow seemed to glow as richly as the places that were still exposed. The scene had an extraordinary charm. The

air was almost solemnly still, and the large expanse of the landscape, with its gardenlike culture and nobleness of outline, its teeming valley and delicately-fretted hills, its peculiarly human-looking touches of habitation, lay there in splendid harmony and classic grace.

"You seem so well pleased that I think you can be trusted to come back," Mr. Osmond said, as he led his companion to one of the angles of the terrace.

"I shall certainly come back," Isabel answered, "in spite of what you say about its being bad to live in Italy. What was that you said about one's natural mission? I wonder if I should forsake my natural mission if I were to settle in Florence."

"A woman's natural mission is to be where she is most appreciated."

"The point is to find out where that is."

"Very true—a woman often wastes a great deal of time in the inquiry. People ought to make it very plain to her."

"Such a matter would have to be made very plain to me," said Isabel, smiling.

"I am glad, at any rate, to hear you talk of settling. Madame Merle had given me an idea that you were of a rather roving disposition. I thought she spoke of your having some plan of going round the world."

"I am rather ashamed of my plans; I make a new one every day."

"I don't see why you should be ashamed; it's the greatest of pleasures."

"It seems frivolous, I think," said Isabel. "One ought to choose something, very deliberately, and be faithful to that."

"By that rule, then, I have not been frivolous."

"Have you never made plans?"

"Yes, I made one years ago, and I am acting on it to-day."

"It must have been a very pleasant one," said Isabel.

"It was very simple. It was to be as quiet as possible."

"As quiet?" the girl repeated.

"Not to worry—not to strive nor struggle. To resign myself. To be content with a little." He uttered these sentences slowly, with little pauses between, and his intelligent eyes were fixed upon Isabel's, with the conscious look of a man who has brought himself to confess something.

"Do you call that simple?" Isabel asked, with a gentle laugh.

"Yes, because it's negative."

"Has your life been negative?"

"Call it affirmative if you like. Only it has affirmed my indifference. Mind you, not my natural indifference—I had none. But my studied, my wilful renunciation."

Isabel scarcely understood him; it seemed a question whether he were joking or not. Why should a man who struck her as having a great fund of reserve suddenly bring himself to be so confidential? This was his affair, however, and his confidences were interesting. "I don't see why you should have renounced," she said in a moment.

"Because I could do nothing. I had no prospects, I was poor, and I was not a man of genius. I had no talents even; I took my measure early in life. I was simply the most fastidious young gentleman living. There were two or three people in the world I envied—the Emperor of Russia, for instance, and the Sultan of Turkey! There were even moments when I envied the Pope of Rome—for the consideration he enjoys. I should have been delighted to be considered to that extent; but since I couldn't be, I didn't care for anything less, and I made up my mind not to go in for honours. A gentleman can always consider himself, and fortunately, I was a gentleman. I could do nothing in Italy—I couldn't even be an Italian patriot. To do that, I should have had to go out of the country; and I was too fond of it to leave it. So I have passed a great many years here,

on that quiet plan I spoke of. I have not been at all unhappy. I don't mean to say I have cared for nothing; but the things I have cared for have been definite—limited. The events of my life have been absolutely unperceived by any one save myself; getting an old silver crucifix at a bargain (I have never bought anything dear, of course), or discovering, as I once did, a sketch by Correggio on a panel daubed over by some inspired idiot!"

This would have been rather a dry account of Mr. Osmond's career if Isabel had fully believed it; but her imagination supplied the human element which she was sure had not been wanting. His life had been mingled with other lives more than he admitted; of course she could not expect him to enter into this. For the present she abstained from provoking further revelations; to intimate that he had not told her everything would be more familiar and less considerate than she now desired to be. He had certainly told her quite enough. It was her present inclination, however, to express considerable sympathy for the success with which he had preserved his independence. "That's a very pleasant life," she said, "to renounce everything but Correggio!"

"Oh, I have been very happy; don't imagine me to suggest for a moment that I have not. It's one's own fault if one is not happy."

"Have you lived here always?"

"No, not always. I lived a long time at Naples, and many years in Rome. But I have been here a good while. Perhaps I shall have to change, however; to do something else. I have no longer myself to think of. My daughter is growing up, and it is very possible she may not care so much for the Correggios and crucifixes as I. I shall have to do what is best for her."

"Yes, do that," said Isabel. "She is such a dear little girl."

"Ah," cried Gilbert Osmond, with feeling, "she is a little saint of heaven! She is my great happiness!"

XXIV.

WHILE this sufficiently intimate colloquy (prolonged for some time after we cease to follow it) was going on, Madame Merle and her companion, breaking a silence of some duration, had begun to exchange remarks. They were sitting in an attitude of unexpressed expectancy; an attitude especially marked on the part of the Countess Gemini, who, being of a more nervous temperament than Madame Merle, practised with less success the art of disguising impatience. What these ladies were waiting for would not have been apparent, and was perhaps not very definite to their own minds. Madame Merle waited for Osmond to release their young friend from her *tête-à-tête*, and the Countess waited because Madame Merle did. The Countess, moreover, by waiting, found the time ripe for saying something discordant; a necessity of which she had been conscious for the last twenty minutes. Her brother wandered with Isabel to the end of the garden, and she followed the pair for a while with her eyes.

"My dear," she then observed to Madame Merle, "you will excuse me if I don't congratulate you!"

"Very willingly; for I don't in the least know why you should."

"Haven't you a little plan that you think rather well of?" And the Countess nodded towards the retreating couple.

Madame Merle's eyes took the same direction; then she looked serenely at her neighbour. "You know I never understand you very well," she answered, smiling.

"No one can understand better than you when you wish. I see that, just now, you don't wish to."

"You say things to me that no one else does," said Madame Merle, gravely, but without bitterness.

"You mean things you don't like? Doesn't Osmond sometimes say such things?"

"What your brother says has a point."

"Yes, a very sharp one sometimes. If you mean that I am not so clever as he, you must not think I shall suffer from your saying it. But it will be much better that you should understand me."

"Why so?" asked Madame Merle; "what difference will it make?"

"If I don't approve of your plan, you ought to know it in order to appreciate the danger of my interfering with it."

Madame Merle looked as if she were ready to admit that there might be something in this; but in a moment she said quietly—"You think me more calculating than I am."

"It's not your calculating that I think ill of; it's your calculating wrong. You have done so in this case."

"You must have made extensive calculations yourself to discover it."

"No, I have not had time for that. I have seen the girl but this once," said the Countess, "and the conviction has suddenly come to me. I like her very much."

"So do I," Madame Merle declared. "You have a strange way of showing it."

"Surely—I have given her the advantage of making your acquaintance."

"That, indeed," cried the Countess, with a laugh, "is perhaps the best thing that could happen to her!"

Madame Merle said nothing for some time. The Countess's manner was impertinent, but she did not suffer this to discompose her; and with her eyes upon the violet slope of Monte Morello, she gave herself up to reflection.

"My dear lady," she said at last, "I advise you not to agitate yourself. The matter you allude to concerns three persons much stronger of purpose than yourself."

"Three persons? You and Osmond, of course. But is Miss Archer also very strong of purpose?"

"Quite as much so as we."

"Ah then," said the Countess radiantly, "if I convince her it's her interest to resist you, she will do so successfully!"

"Resist us? Why do you express yourself so coarsely? She is not to be subjected to force."

"I am not sure of that. You are capable of anything, you and Osmond. I don't mean Osmond by himself, and I don't mean you by yourself. But together you are dangerous—like some chemical combination."

"You had better leave us alone, then," said Madame Merle, smiling.

"I don't mean to touch you—but I shall talk to that girl."

"My poor Amy," Madame Merle murmured, "I don't see what has got into your head."

"I take an interest in her—that is what has got into my head. I like her."

Madame Merle hesitated a moment. "I don't think she likes you."

The Countess's bright little eyes expanded, and her face was set in a grimace. "Ah, you *are* dangerous," she cried, "even by yourself!"

"If you want her to like you, don't abuse your brother to her," said Madame Merle.

"I don't suppose you pretend she has fallen in love with him—in two interviews."

Madame Merle looked a moment at Isabel and at the master of the house. He was leaning against the parapet, facing her, with his arms folded; and she, at present, though she had her face turned to the opposite prospect, was evidently not scrutinising it. As Madame Merle watched her, she lowered her eyes; she was listening, possibly with a certain embarrassment, while she pressed the point of her parasol into the path. Madame Merle rose from her chair. "Yes, I think so!" she said.

The shabby footboy, summoned by Pansy, had come out with a small table, which he placed upon the grass, and then had gone back and fetched the

tea-tray; after which he again disappeared, to return with a couple of chairs. Pansy had watched these proceedings with the deepest interest, standing with her small hands folded together upon the front of her scanty frock; but she had not presumed to offer assistance to the servant. When the tea-table had been arranged, however, she gently approached her aunt.

"Do you think papa would object to my making the tea?"

The Countess looked at her with a deliberately critical gaze, and without answering her question. "My poor niece," she said, "is that your best frock?"

"Ah no," Pansy answered, "it's just a little toilet for common occasions."

"Do you call it a common occasion when I come to see you?—to say nothing of Madame Merle and the pretty lady yonder."

Pansy reflected a moment, looking gravely from one of the persons mentioned to the other. Then her face broke into its perfect smile. "I have a pretty dress, but even that one is very simple. Why should I expose it beside your beautiful things?"

"Because it's the prettiest you have; for me you must always wear the prettiest. Please put it on the next time. It seems to me they don't dress you so well as they might."

The child stroked down her antiquated skirt, sparingly. "It's a good little dress to make tea—don't you think? Do you not believe papa would allow me?"

"Impossible for me to say, my child," said the Countess. "For me, your father's ideas are unfathomable. Madame Merle understands them better; ask her."

Madame Merle smiled with her usual geniality. "It's a weighty question—let me think. It seems to me it would please your father to see a careful little daughter making his tea. It's the proper duty of the daughter of the house—when she grows up."

"So it seems to me, Madame Merle!" Pansy cried. "You shall see how well I will make it. A spoonful for each." And she began to busy herself at the table.

"Two spoonfuls for me," said the Countess, who, with Madame Merle, remained for some moments watching her. "Listen to me, Pansy," the Countess resumed at last. "I should like to know what you think of your visitor."

"Ah, she is not mine—she is papa's," said Pansy.

"Miss Archer came to see you as well," Madame Merle remarked.

"I am very happy to hear that. She has been very polite to me."

"Do you like her, then?" the Countess asked.

"She is charming—charming," said Pansy, in her little neat, conversational tone. "She pleases me exceedingly."

"And you think she pleases your father?"

"Ah, really, Countess," murmured Madame Merle, dissuasively. "Go and call them to tea," she went on, to the child.

"You will see if they don't like it!" Pansy declared; and went off to summon the others, who were still lingering at the end of the terrace.

"If Miss Archer is to become her mother it is surely interesting to know whether the child likes her," said the Countess.

"If your brother marries again it won't be for Pansy's sake," Madame Merle replied. "She will soon be sixteen, and after that she will begin to need a husband rather than a step-mother."

"And will you provide the husband as well?"

"I shall certainly take an interest in her marrying well. I imagine you will do the same."

"Indeed I sha'n't!" cried the Countess. "Why should I, of all women, set such a price on a husband?"

"You didn't marry well; that's what I am speaking of. When I say a husband, I mean a good one."

"There are no good ones. Osmond won't be a good one."

Madame Merle closed her eyes a moment. "You are irritated just now; I don't know why," she said, presently. "I don't think you will really object either to your brother, or to your niece's, marrying, when the time comes for them to do so; and as regards Pansy, I am confident that we shall some day have the pleasure of looking for a husband for her together. Your large acquaintance will be a great help."

"Yes, I am irritated," the Countess answered. "You often irritate me. Your own coolness is extraordinary; you are a strange woman."

"It is much better that we should always act together," Madame Merle went on.

"Do you mean that as a threat?" asked the Countess, rising.

Madame Merle shook her head, with a smile of sadness. "No indeed, you have not my coolness!"

Isabel and Mr. Osmond were now coming toward them, and Isabel had taken Pansy by the hand.

"Do you pretend to believe he would make her happy?" the Countess demanded.

"If he should marry Miss Archer I suppose he would behave like a gentleman."

The Countess jerked herself into a succession of attitudes. "Do you mean as most gentlemen behave? That would be much to be thankful for! Of course Osmond's a gentleman; his own sister needn't be reminded of that. But does he think he can marry any girl he happens to pick out? Osmond's a gentleman, of course; but I must say I have never, no never, seen any one of Osmond's pretensions! What they are all based upon is more than I can say. I am his own sister; I might be supposed to know. Who is he, if you please? What has he ever done? If there had been anything particularly grand in his origin—if he were made of some superior clay—I suppose I should have got

some inkling of it. If there had been any great honours or splendours in the family, I should certainly have made the most of them; they would have been of good use to me. But there is nothing, nothing, nothing. His parents were charming people of course; but so were yours, I have no doubt. Every one is a charming person, nowadays. Even I am a charming person; don't laugh, it has literally been said. As for Osmond, he has always appeared to believe that he is descended from the gods."

"You may say what you please," said Madame Merle, who had listened to this quick outbreak none the less attentively, we may believe, because her eye wandered away from the speaker, and her hands busied themselves with adjusting the knots of ribbon on her dress. "You Osmonds are a fine race—your blood must flow from some very pure source. Your brother, like an intelligent man, has had the conviction of it, if he has not had the proofs. You are modest about it, but you yourself are extremely distinguished. What do you say about your niece? The child's a little duchess. Nevertheless," Madame Merle added, "it will not be an easy

matter for Osmond to marry Miss Archer. But he can try."

"I hope she will refuse him. It will take him down a little."

"We must not forget that he is one of the cleverest of men."

"I have heard you say that before; but I haven't yet discovered what he has done!"

"What he has done? He has never done anything; that has had to be undone. And he has known how to wait."

"To wait for Miss Archer's money? How much of it is there?"

"That's not what I mean," said Madame Merle. "Miss Archer has seventy thousand pounds."

"Well, it is a pity she is so nice," the Countess declared. "To be sacrificed, any girl would do. She needn't be superior."

"If she were not superior, your brother would never look at her. He must have the best."

"Yes," rejoined the Countess, as they went forward a little to meet the others, "he is very hard to please. That makes me fear for her happiness!"

HENRY JAMES, JR.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS AND ANCESTOR WORSHIP IN THE BLACK MOUNTAIN.

III.

It was the sight of a large Christmas wheel-cake (*chesnitsa*) at Risano, with the thickish stem of a young pine-tree stuck into its central hole, and a comparison of this with other cakes of the same wheel-like shape, in which a lighted wax taper took the place of the primitive Christmas-tree, which first suggested to me that there might be a more ancient origin for the wheel-shape of the yule cakes themselves.

Was it possible that the flaming taper or the wooden stem rising up from the central socket of the wheel simply represented the symbolic survival of the ancient "fire-churn,"¹ the old Indian Arani, the lower wooden disk and the upper wooden drill by the friction of whose spinning fire was produced in days before the use of flint and steel was known?

The manner of kindling the "*Need-fire*" or *Notfeuer*, the sacred fire still occasionally lit in parts of Germany and the British Isles as a means whereby to stay a murrain amongst cattle, and produced by friction of two pieces of wood, in the same manner as the

sacred fires of old, is extremely significant. Among the Nether Saxon peasants near Marburg a new waggon-wheel with a still unused axle-tree was taken and the fire produced by rapidly rotating it in the socket of the wheel. In Frisia this fire was produced by the friction of a rod in the "Nine-felloed wheel," "thet niugenspetze fial" of the old Frisian laws. In the parts about Hildesheim, the *Notfeuer* is generated by the friction of a pole in an old waggon-wheel. Near Trier, and elsewhere on the Mosel, the old method can be traced in the surviving custom of burning a wheel with a pole through it. In a curious instance of the practice of kindling the "Need-fire" in the Isle of Mull, described to Grimm by Miss Austin, a wheel was turned over nine spindles of ash wood, but the means employed in this instance are not sufficiently explained. The great art of producing fire by wood-friction appears to have been the pressure of a soft against a very hard wood, and the wheel was specially adapted for the purpose, not only from its being of a hard wood, but from its having a cavity ready for the reception of the rotating rod. It is also certain that the upper rotating rod, worked in the above instances by a rope or thong pulled to and fro, was at times provided with spokes by which it was turned, or with a disk of the nature of a spindle-wheel or fly-wheel,² which,

¹ Stephenson (*Sâma Veda*, pref. p. vii.) observes that the Indian process by which fire is obtained from the wood is called churning, as it resembles that by which butter in India is separated from the milk. It consists in drilling one piece of the Arani wood into another by pulling a string tied to it with a jerk with the one hand while the other is slackened, and so alternately till the wood takes fire. It appears that the old Teutonic word for the Arani was also "fire-churn." Although it has passed from our own language, the word has been preserved by the Finns, who had originally borrowed it from the Norsemen. In the Finnish epic, *Päivän Poika* "Kirvesi tulisen Kirven"—"*Churned in the fire-churn.*"—Kuhn, "*Die Herabkunft des Feuers*, p. 110.

² A Polynesian fire-drill worked by a bow may be seen in the museum at Oxford, of which the upper rotating rod is provided with a kind of wooden whorl. The lower part of this instrument consists of a circular disk of hard wood, in the centre of which the upper drill is made to revolve. A similar fire-drill in use among the Iroquois is engraved by Mr. Tylor in his *Early History of Mankind*, p. 248. I observe that M. E. Burnouf connects the

as a reservoir of motion, was in some cases essential to the method of spinning it. Thus in Caithness in kindling the need-fire, the rotating rod or "auger," as it is known, is provided with four spokes by means of which it is rapidly revolved by two men.

From all this it will appear that the wheel, whether in connexion with the lower or the upper part of the fire-churn, was of practical utility in the old method of producing fire—and, with all deference to Grimm and other mythologists who have imagined that the wheel was a mere symbolic addition to the original fire-churn due to the influence of sun-worship, it is far more reasonable to suppose that the wheel became a solar symbol because it had at an earlier period been simply a symbol of fire, and associated with the earlier religion of the hearth.

Mythology, indeed, only serves to corroborate this conclusion, and to demonstrate that sun-myths and sun-worship borrowed their imagery and ritual from the ancestral fire. Kuhn, in his great work on "the descent of fire,"¹ has brought forward excellent reasons for believing that Prometheus derived both his name and his fire-bringing attributes, not as Pott and others have supposed from his superior "forethought," but from a more material relationship with the old fire-churn itself. The upper rotating rod of the instrument bears the Indian name of *Pramantha*,² and when it is remembered that in the Vedas *Pramātha*

occurs as a companion of Agni the fire-god, and that Prometheus himself occurs in a kind of duplicate form among the Greeks as Zeus *Promanteus*, "the fire-churner of the sky," it will be seen at once that the primitive Aryans, so far from borrowing the shape of their fire-churn from the sun, applied to the fires of heaven the homely expressions with which they described the kindling of their own hearth-fires by the friction of two pieces of wood. The *Narthex*, the wand in which Prometheus is said to have carried down the fire from above is in fact one of the sacred woods used in producing fire from friction, and the materialistic origin of the myth comes out with great distinctness in the legend according to which Prometheus obtained his fire from the sun's wheel. The "wheel of the sun" itself, from which at a later period the chariot of Apollo grew, is simply the wheel of the old Arani, just as in the Vedas, Agni, the fire of hearth, is used in places to signify the sun, the fire of heaven. The memory of the sun regarded simply as a fire-wheel, was preserved among the Greeks in the tale of *Kyklops*, the wheel-eyed sun; and myth had not yet forgotten that this "Wheel-eye" was closely connected with the revolving auger of the primitive fire-drill. *Odysseus*, we are told,³ bored out the eye of the *Kyklops* *Polyphemos* "as a shipwright bores a beam," himself standing aloft and steadying the shaft, while the others spun it round by pulling a thong to and fro. Homer's description applies equally well to the old method of drilling fire from the Arani, or the method still in use among the Nether Saxon peasants for producing the heathen "need-fire" by means of a pole churned in the manner that Homer describes, in the socket of a wheel. The mythic incident in the *Odyssey* receives in fact its best commentary in the passage of the Finnish epic, where *Päivän poika*, the son of the sun, is unmanned by his adversary "churning in the fire-

Syastika cross with the old Indian fire-sticks, and this symbol naturally develops into the wheel. I will venture to suggest that the large whorls found in such numbers by Dr. Schliemann at Troy with this fire symbol on them, and which he regards as votive offerings, were actually used in the old fire-drill, as the whorl of the Iroquois and Poly-nesian instrument.

¹ *Die Herabkunft des Feuers*, p. 15, seqq.

² *Mathnāmi*, to which *μαθηάμι* is akin, originally meant to rub, and hence to obtain fire by friction; afterwards it began to mean the bringing down of fire from heaven. The Greek sense of obtaining knowledge is still later. See Kuhn, *op. cit.* p. 12, &c.

³ Homer, *Od.* ix. 382.

churn;" and the Swiss boy, who plays at drilling fire with two pieces of wood "to quell the devil,"¹ preserves the material origin of the mythic act more faithfully than Homer.

When it is remembered that in the North the upper rod of the old fire-churn appears to have been generally of pine, socketed below in a wheel of oak-wood, the meaning of the small pine-tree rising from the socket of the Christmas wheel-cake at Risanò, which, hung with fruits and tinsel is, in fact, the Christmas-tree, acquires a new significance. The Bosnian custom of socketing the Kolatch cake on the top of the pole of the threshing floor again reflects the connexion between the wheel and pole of the fire-churn, and receives its appropriate illustration in the Swabian custom of setting up a "fire-wheel" on the top of a pole. It is exactly paralleled by the Irish practice of setting up a cake on the top of a pole in honour of the patron saint, who, as has been already pointed out, represents the divine ancestor of heathen days. The Serbian wheel-cake, as symbolising the origin of the ancestral fire, at once connects itself with the cult of the departed. Like the Irish cake referred to, it is specially eaten on the day of the "Patron Namegiver" the "*Krsno Ime*," and another form of it, the *Koljivo*, is specially set apart for funeral wakes, where in places it is eaten by the bereaved kinsmen over the grave of the departed. A wheel-shaped symbol, often to be found on old Serbian tomb-stones, bears such a close resemblance to the Christmas wheel-cakes, that a short time since, when engaged in hunting out mediæval Serbian monuments in Herzegovina, a peasant guided me to see a tomb with "Kolatch cakes on it."

The connexion of the wheel-cake itself with funeral rites is doubtless of great antiquity, and is perhaps an Aryan heritage.² It was certainly

not confined to the Slavs. It was Roman, as will be seen from an ivory diptych in the British Museum believed to represent the Apotheosis of Romulus, son of the Emperor Maxentius, and dating from the fourth century A.D., where the attendants bear wheel-shaped cakes with central sockets, exactly resembling those of the primitive Serbian communities. There is nothing of sun-worship in all this; but there is much of the cult of the fire on the hearth; there is much of the cult of the ancestral spirit.

It is not indeed to be expected that we should find the worship of the ancestral Fire still existing among the Serbs or any other Aryan nation in its primitive form, and uncomplicated with elements of later mythic growth. As the cult of the hearth-fire led naturally to the worship of the heavenly fires, so the mythical process which produced this development has reacted on what has survived of the older, purely domestic, religion. The ancestral Fire has ascended from the hearth² and become a heavenly divinity. Varana or Zeus, or Svarogû,³ the old Slav sky-god, have become Creators at once of fire and life, and the fire still churned from the wood for the sacred fire of the hearth, must first be brought down by due ceremonial acts from its

radiated shape of a more modified kind, and without the central socket, is preserved in ordinary loaves. The ancient Roman loaf was absolutely identical with this in shape, and a reminiscence of it appears to have been preserved by the Church in "hot-cross buns." It is probable enough that in primitive times when every meal was also a communion with the ancestral spirit, the form of the loaf was influenced by symbolic exigencies, and that therefore in Aryan times the wheel-cake was its every-day form; that afterwards the shape was modified in ordinary usage, but preserved in its entirety for occasions specially connected with the old cult.

³ Svarogû, the Slavonic sky-god, and "*Starost*,"³ or Elder among the other gods, is represented as the father of the Sun (Slünice), Fire (Ogon), the Moon, and the Morning Star. Perunû, Perun, the Lithuanian Perkunas, who is also the supreme deity regarded as the Thunderer, sends down life in the form of fire to the earth.

¹ "De teufel häla." Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, s. v. *Nofteuer*.

² It is to be observed that in Boenia the

celestial abode beyond the mythic stream of air.

Once a year winged messengers, of whom with us the gold crest¹ is a type, bring it down for the annual rekindling of the hearth-fire, that assures a new lease of life and ancestral guardianship of the household for the year to come. So in the Vedas a divine being bears down the spark to the sacred trees, from whose wood the pure fire for the sacrifice is ultimately churned. Thus too in the North of England, when the "need-fire" was obtained by friction, it was generally believed that an angel had first "struck" the oak from whose wood the fire was produced. The old tradition remains that once a year—originally, as I shall show, at the time of the ingathering of the autumn fruits and harvest, and at the conclusion of the natural year—the ancestral guardian of the hearth should receive his due offerings of the first fruits of the field and increase of cattle, and gladden the eyes of his domestic votaries with his new-born blaze. But Agni, the fire ancestor, having ascended to the heavens in the course of religious development, must be first brought down with due ritual before he can become as it were incarnate on an earthly hearth, and shine forth in his older character of a domestic deity. Religious rites, as is well-known, are often in their origin the dramatic representation on earth of some mythic act, and thus it is that in the yule feast, which is nothing else than this yearly festival of the incarnation of the ancestral fire on the hearth, we find the kindling of the fire preceded by solemn rites performed by the house-father in his character of domestic priest; and in the carrying in of the yule log, and the songs still attaching to the ceremony, we may trace the mythic idea of the carrying down of the celestial Fire and the transport

of this ancestral being of the sky across the atmospheric stream.

In this connexion the Serbian children's song of the bringing in of the log given in my preceding article acquires a new significance. Here we find the log personified as Bozhich, "Father Christmas," who sits in "the red coffee-house" the mythic epithet "red"—as interpreted by the light of other carols—indicating the abode of celestial fire.

Christmas calls beyond the water,
'Carry me t'other side of the stream'—

—the stream, the stream of Charon, the Great Water which the dead must cross,² the cloud-sea of the Vedas over which the ancestral Fire ascended to find its place among the fires of Heaven, must be brought back by due ritual for its annual incarnation as a spirit of the hearth. And the special point of the song is that it is the house-father alone who can safely carry this ancestral being across the mythic stream, in other words that the house-father, as domestic priest, is alone qualified to obtain the sacred fire for the sacrifice.

In a Ragusan Kolenda or carol,³ sung on St. Nicholas's Eve, in which the part performed by the domachin is transferred to the saint, the mythic import of the cutting and carrying in of the yule log is brought out with extraordinary clearness:—

"Nikola! Nikola!
God hath commanded thee
Go to the mount aloft,
Carry an axe with thee;
The oak that thou findest first,
Cut it down—hew it up;
Into three blocks hew it.
Make of the first a boat,

² For which purpose among the old Slavs, Norsemen, &c., they were provided with canoe coffins.

³ Published by Dr. Kasnachich in the *Dubrovnik* for 1868, p. 123, &c. The Ragusan Kolenda songs are sung on St. Nicholas's Eve, Christmas, New Year's Day, and at christenings; but all have reference to the new year. The name is of course connected with the Roman Kalendæ, but the songs, in character as in language, are as purely Slav as the Russian Kolyadka songs.

¹ In the Celtic legends the golden-crowned wren acts the part of Prometheus every New Year's Eve.

Oar from the second shape,
Rudder the third shall be;¹
Then shalt thou Jesus row
To holy Mary maid."

The last part of this Ragusan Kolenda song suggests an interesting comparison with the old English carol beginning "I saw three ships come sailing by o' Christmas Day in the morning." The ships contain "Our Saviour Christ and His lady" and sail "to Bethlehem," but it will be observed that the Christian passengers do not fill up the mythic equipage. In both the English and the Serbian carol a Christian nativity has intruded itself. But we know the wood of which these ships were timbered and whom they transported. We recognize the mythic stream and find ourselves in presence of an earlier incarnation, the nativity of the sacred fire on the hearth at the annual ceremony of its rekindling. The voyage described by these Christmas carols will be best understood by setting aside by side with them an old Lemnian tradition. Once a year, we are told, the house-fires were solemnly extinguished in the island, and so they remained nine days till the ship Theoris could land that bore them new fire from the holy hearth of the sun-god; this was then distributed to all the houses, and the hearth-fires were rekindled from the new, pure element, which gave life and prosperity for the ensuring year.²

The præ-Christian character of the original yule celebration very clearly results from a comparison of many of these Slav carols. In the carol already given in my former article the sun and the moon and the morning star are represented as rejoicing over the birth of Christ, but in a Ruthenian kolyadka

song, with which it may be compared, the nativity itself loses its Christian character. There it is Ivan who is born—Ivan, whose sister is the Morning Star. In another Bosnian carol³ the nativity is in one place described as that of the Sun, but further on the Sun is invoked by the Morning Star, to shine on the birth of a brother. In all these songs we see Fire in its triple heavenly form; as the Sun, the Moon, and the Morning Star, who, as the *Preodmitza*, or leader of the flock,⁴ stands as the representative of all the stars, doing homage to the birth of the ancestral Fire on an earthly hearth—a curious reminiscence of the time when Agni, the hearth-fire, took precedence of the luminaries of heaven. In all these songs we see a trinity of celestial Fire of a more primitive and simple kind than the later dogmatic offspring of the church. And it is worthy of note that the carols which reveal this to us explain the three tapers and the three logs so frequent in the primitive yule customs of the Serbs by a direct symbolic connexion with this trinity of the Fires of Heaven. The three banners, the three nosegays or *kitas*⁵ mentioned in the carol translated in my first article, are there explained as standing for the three luminaries of Heaven. Another Bosnian song of considerable beauty, and of a more epic character, brings the cutting down of the three oak trees into direct connexion with these celestial fires. The nativity here is indeed the Nativity of Christ, but

³ Given in *Srpske Narodne Pjesme iz Bosne*.

⁴ The importance of the star "who leads the flock" comes out in most of these carols, and may be brought into connexion with the old New Year's feast as regulated by the rising of the Pleiades. See p. 364.

⁵ *Kita*, the word used in the carol, and which I have rendered "nosegay" in the English version, is a word of various meaning among the Adriatic Serbs. It is often used as a nosegay, wreath, or simple spray. In parts it signifies the oak-branch set on a height in honour of Perun the thunder-god, under his alias as St. Elias (Sveti Ilija). Another form of the *kita*, used at weddings, is a stick clustered over with cherries.

¹ "Od jednoga plavećiu
Od drugoga vesoca
Od trećega kormilo."

² Philostrat, *heroic*, p. 740. "Ἐπειδὴν δὲ ἀσπείσῃ καὶ νείωνται τὸ πῦρ ἐς τὴν ἄλλην διαίταν ἐς τὸ δὲ τὰς ἐμπόρους τῶν τεχνῶν καινοῦ τὸ ἐντεῦθεν βίον φασὶν ἄρχῃσθαι." While waiting with the holy fire those in the ship invoked the *Theoi Khlhoniōi*, in other words, the *Manes* of the departed islanders.

the Christian element will not disturb us. At Christ's birth, we are told, "the Sun in the East bowed down, the Stars stood still, the mountains and the forests shook and touched the earth with their summits, the green pine tree bent,¹ heaven and earth were bowed." Then, as Simeon took the Child from the mother's arms, "the Sun leaped in the heavens and the Stars around it danced. A peace came over mountain and forest. Even the rotten stump stood straight and healthy on the green mountain-side. The grass was beflowered with opening blossoms, and incense sweet as myrrh pervaded upland and forest, and birds sang on the mountain top and all gave thanks to the great God." Then, after the baptism in Jordan: "The shepherds sprang up, they took mighty axes, they drove great oxen with them, they went forth to the great forest mountain, they cut down three trunks of oak trees, they dragged them away with the great oxen, they brought them to the sheepfold; they made a great fire, and laid the three logs on the fire, and roasted a fat sheep, and ate and feasted and showed honour to the birth of Christ."

In these carols we see the annual sacrifice to the ancestral Fire connected with a cult of later mythic development; but this cult is far from being sun-worship as an individualised act; it is simply the cult of Fire in its triple heavenly form. It is always possible that here and there a mythic song connected with the annual rebirth of the sun may have attached itself to a ceremonial of more primitive growth. What I specially desire to point out is that this sacrifice of the hearth, this solemn rekindling of the house-fire for the new year, for which the sacred fire must be brought down from its celestial dwelling-place, is at bottom simply and solely an act of ancestor worship. The annual festival

itself is common not only to Aryan but to non-Aryan races, and the original time for its celebration was not, as in places it became later, the time of the winter solstice, but the time of the harvest-home; the time of the autumn ingathering of the fruits of the earth; the time when the fatlings of the flock are naturally slaughtered; the time when the ancestral guardian of field and hearth claimed his due share of earth's increase, that so his fostering influence might be felt in the seedtime that was to immediately ensue. It is this festival which is the natural year-goal of primitive peoples. The ancient year begins generally in the autumn. It was so in ancient India and Persia. It was so with most of the Greek communities. It was so with the Slavs and Celts. It was so with ourselves and the northern nations. What did they know of the winter solstice? Thomsop, with the true instinct of a poet, gives utterance to the thought that the harvest-home is still the real year's-end festival to the tillers of the soil—

"With to-morrow's sun their annual toil
Begins again its never-failing round."²

This autumnal feast of the year's end and year's beginning is, as has been already said, intimately connected with the cult of ancestors. It is at the time of the harvest-home that the Kocch of Bengal offer fruits and fowls to their deceased forefathers; the feast of the dead in West Africa is the time of the yam harvest.³

And this feast of ancestors again connects itself with the solemn rekindling of the sacred fire on the hearth at the end of the natural year. In Lemnos, as we have seen, the fires were at this period kept extinguished for nine days, till the arrival of the sacred fire from beyond sea. In ancient Persia, where

² "Autumn," l. 1216.

¹ The connexion in this mythic account of the pine and oak, the two woods from which the sacred fire was principally produced, can hardly be the result of accident.

³ For these and other instances of feasts of ancestors celebrated by modern savages at the time of the harvest-home, see Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. ii. p. 32.

the feast of ancestors was celebrated in the autumn during the last ten days of the year, the fires were also extinguished and subsequently rekindled. To take a singularly suggestive parallel from the non-Aryan world, the Creek Indians of North America celebrate an annual harvest festival, preceded by a fast of three days, during which the fires are extinguished in all the houses. On the fourth day the chief priest kindles fire from two pieces of wood, and the new, pure fire is distributed to every household.¹

In the last book of the *Rig Veda* there is a curious legend,² in which we hear of a maiden, Urvaci of the Shining Waters, an Apsara or dweller in the mythic pool of upper air, descending to earth where she dwells a while and is embraced by Purûravas, to whom she bears a son in the golden palace on the last night of the year. As the story proceeds, this son is confused with celestial fire, which Purûravas must take down to earth in order to obtain the pure fire of the sacrifice, that he may become as one of the dwellers in the sky. Purûravas lays the fire in a wood, and on returning finds it changed into the acvatta and sami trees, from whose wood at divine bidding he now forms the Arani from which he produces the pure fire. In this tale the later mythic ideas have partly concealed the original framework. But the maiden Urvaci and Purûravas elsewhere appear as the two component parts of the old fire-churn personified, and the son born from their embraces on the last night of the year is at once recognised to be no other than Agni, the fire ancestor.

With the Serbs, as we have seen, the yule feast is so entirely a feast of the new year, that New Year's Day is only known as little Christmas.

Formerly, among the Slavs, the new year began at the time of the autumnal festival. On the first of September, the old Russian New Year's Day, the ancient Aryan ceremony of the annual rekindling of the hearth-fire is still practised in the villages about Moscow. From these facts alone we are justified in concluding that the Serbian yule ritual, which from beginning to end is a new year's ceremony, was transferred by Christian influence from the time of the old autumnal feast of the primitive new year to the time of the winter solstice, the ecclesiastical Christmas Day. But there is other direct evidence to show that this transference actually took place. In Lithuania, as is well known, the traditions of Aryan heathendom were preserved intact long after they had yielded to the onslaughts of Christianity in the rest of Europe. And it so happens that sixteenth and seventeenth century travellers have preserved an account of the old autumnal feast of the year's end and the year's beginning as it still existed in heathen Lithuania, which corresponds in such a remarkable way with many of the yule observances still practised in the Black Mountain, that there can be no difficulty in identifying the two feasts as originally one and the same.

In Lithuania,³ in October according to one account, on the 2nd of November, the day after All Saints' Day, according to another, the whole family met together and strewed the tables with straw, and spread sacks on the straw, on which to set out the evening meal, just as is done to-day on Christmas Eve in the Serbian cottages. Bread was then placed on the table, and on each side of it two jugs of beer, as we have seen the bread-cakes and the *Varenik*. One of every kind of

¹ Mayer, *Mythologische Taschenbuch*, 1811, p. 110. This account is quoted by Grimm as illustrating the rekindling of the house-fires from the need-fire in Germany and Britain, but its connection with the autumnal feast of ancestors gives it a still greater significance.

² Translated by Kuhn, *op. cit.* p. 85.

³ Alexander Guagninus de Ducatu Samogitiæ (in *Resp. Polonia Lithuania, Prussia, Livonia, diversorum Aulorum, Lugd. Bat. Elzevir.* 1627, p. 278). Lasicius de Diis Samogitarum, *op. cit.* p. 306, who cites Lascovius. I have included Samogitia in the more general and better-known term, Lithuania.

domestic animal—a calf, a pig, a sow, a cock and hen—had been already slaughtered for the feast; but before setting these to roast before the new year's fire a prayer was offered to the god Zimiennik, whom I shall venture to identify with the Imyaninnik of the Russian harvest-home festival, the "Patron Name-giver;" in other words the divine Ancestor, whose place we have seen taken in the Serbian songs and toasts by Christ, "the name-giver of all house-fathers," and the *Krsno Ime*, or name of the patron saint. On approaching the fire of sacrifice the Lithuanian house-father, we are told, uttered the following prayer and thanksgiving:—

"This we offer unto thee, O Zimiennik our God, and we render unto thee thanksgiving for that thou hast preserved us in health and wealth throughout the year now past. Now, therefore, do we beseech thee that thou wouldest keep us through the present year, and preserve us from fire and sword and pestilence, from all our enemies defending us."

The animals were then roasted before the fire, and the whole family sat down, as in the Crivoscian hut, to eat upon the straw and sacks.

In the Serbian yule feast particular ceremonies are connected with the first morsel eaten on the occasion. The old Lithuanian practice explains and illustrates the superstition. There, before beginning to eat, a portion of each roast meat was thrown to the corners of the room, as an offering to the ancestral spirit, with the words: "Accept our burnt sacrifice, O Zimien-nik, and kindly partake thereof." The whole family then feasted to repletion. We are further told that at these festivals they invited the spirits of the departed to leave the graves and visit the bath-house, the usual adjunct of a northern cottage, which can be heated like a stove; there, platters and cloths were set for all invited, the dishes were loaded with food, and the whole was left three days, just as the remains of the Christmas meal are left three days in the Bosnian cottage, for the Spirits to take their fill—nor need we

wonder if they were sometimes *seen* to come in the shape of small animals. At the end of this time the remains of the repast were set out over the graves, and libations also poured.

In Russia the harvest-home festival—celebrated at the time of the old new year, and at which the Imyaninnik, whom I have identified with the god Zimiennik, is honoured—is followed by the solemn rekindling of the hearths, and the feast of Ovinos or "Corn-kilns," when prayers are offered to the fire within, to Ogon, the ancestor. The folk rites of modern Russia thus enable us to complete the parallel between the old autumnal feast of the new year and the Serbian yule feast.

And as the natural year thus began in autumn at the time of the ingathering of the fruits of the earth, so it was fixed, and the primitive year regulated by the constellation that culminated at this season. The Pleiades, as has been proved to demonstration,¹ and not the sun, governed the primeval year. The annual feast of the dead was celebrated at the time when the Pleiades were first visible on the horizon at evening. In the most ancient calendar of India, the month of November, with which the year commenced, was called Cartigwey, or the Pleiades; and "on examining the calendars of ancient races, we find in Persia, India, Egypt, and Peru, that the month in which our first of November would fall, bears in its name a singular impress of its former connection either with the Pleiades or the festival of the dead."² "Is it not somewhat startling," asks

¹ See on this, R. G. Haliburton, F.S.A., *Materials for the History of Man*; No. II. "The Festival of the Dead;" Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1863; where many of the conclusions that I had independently arrived at with regard to autumn feasts are singularly corroborated. The author shows the extraordinary antiquity and universality of the practice of regulating the year and fixing the dead feast by the Pleiades. It still prevails among the Australians and the Society and Tonga islanders, where November, the month of celebration, is a spring month.

² *Op. cit.* p. 7.

Mr. Haliburton, "to find that Australian savages at or near the time of Hallowe'en, All Saints, and All Souls, also consecrate three days to the memory of the dead, as a new year's celebration regulated by the time-honoured Pleiades, and, like the northern festival of the dead, beginning in the evening and with a Hallowe'en?" We have seen that this Lithuanian festival, which so closely approaches the Serbian yule ceremony, was celebrated on the 2nd of November, at the ancient season of the rising of the Pleiades, and lasted three days. To complete the chain of connexion, it only remains to mention that the Serbian Christmas carols,¹ or Kolenda songs, as still sung at Ragusa, always begin with an invocation to the Pleiades, thus fixing the original November date of the feast.

"Things which are equal to the same are equal to one another." I have already adduced evidence to show that the Serbian Christmas feast is substantially a more primitive version of the Teutonic. I have adduced further evidence intimately connecting the yule ceremonial such as I found still practised among the primitive Serb communities of Bosnia and the Black Mountain, with the old heathen cult of the ancestral fire, as specially celebrated at the season of the annual ingathering of the fruits of the earth, and that primitive festival again with the old November rising of the Pleiades. In other words, the English, the German, and the Slavonic yule feasts represent in their essential features the *Jour des Morts* of our remote Aryan forefathers, festival at once of the harvest home and the new year, the celebration of which has been transferred by Christian influences from the time of the rising

of the Pleiades to the time of the winter solstice.²

In cases of heathen festivals similarly transferred by ecclesiastical influence, it is usual to find among popular customs relics of the old feast still clinging to the earlier date of celebration. It has been thus with the yule feast. Our Hallowe'en superstitions, to which allusion has already been made, represent in a way the old autumn festival of the dead more faithfully than Christmas. All Souls' Day, the *Jour des Morts*, remains to show that the Church itself has partially consented to the continued payment of the customary tribute to the dead at this season; but the Church at the same time has subtracted³ that part of the ancient cult connected with the Fire ancestor, and the annual re-birth of the domestic hearth, and transferred it to the season of its own nativity. In the case of the Celts, however, this transference is not so complete; and the Samtheine still kindled on our Hallowe'en at the time of the old Pleiad feast, has been compared by Grimm⁴ with the yule fire.

The old heathen feast, which extended itself by all appearances over not a few days, has, in fact, been divided up by Christian and other later influences. To a certain extent its memory is still preserved by the

¹ In the *Hervarar Saga* (ch. xiv.) King Heidrek sacrifices the golden bristled boar to Frey, at the time of the yule feast, for luck during the year to come. The month in which this feast is celebrated is here called Februarius; but this only proves that the date is an interpolation of later days, when the solar year of Christianity was remodelling the old Norse calendar. The important fact which comes out from this episode in the *Saga* is, that the Norse yule feast was a new year's feast. But the northern new year began originally in November. In the *Grettir Saga* the yule log is brought home "when it wanted three weeks of winter."

² There was, doubtless, in very early times, as the fire ancestor received more celestial attributes from his connexion with the fires of heaven, a tendency to distinguish this part of the ancestral cult from the rites connected with the cult of the deceased.

⁴ *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 580.

³ For the set form with which these carols begin, see the *Dubrovnik* (1868, p. 123, &c.). Dr. Kasnachich has remarked on the fact that the invocations begin with a prayer to the gods in the plural. I may add that the Serb peasants of the neighbourhood of Ragusa still occasionally swear by "the seven gods."

"harvest home," on which occasion in olden times offerings of corn and the firstlings of the increase were offered to the patron saint, as in Russia to the *Imyaninnik*—in other words to the divine ancestor of heathen times. The traditions of the old religious feast of the primitive household are still preserved by the harvest-home supper. Says Tusser:—

"In harvest time, harvest folke, servants and all,
Should make altogether good cheere in the hall."

On this occasion master and man sit down together, and, as Brand remarks,¹ "all are in the modern revolutionary sense perfectly equal." The remark suggests a real connexion between the customs of equality that still cling to the harvest-home supper, and the primitive socialism that still exists in the Serbian house communities whose yule feast I have been describing. The English feast, owing to its originally religious character has, in fact, preserved a living tradition of social arrangements still adhered to by some Slavonic nations, and once the common possession of the Aryan race, but which our forefathers were already beginning to outgrow when Tacitus wrote his *Germania*.

It is noteworthy that at Martinmas, still in the Norse countries the usual season for the harvest-home supper, logs were solemnly carried in in parts of England as at Christmas itself, and a sheep, a pig, or the "Martlemas beef" roasted—these, and the stubble-geese of the harvest-home supper representing the original sacrificial roast such as we have seen offered to the domestic Spirit in heathen Lithuania. At the harvest-home supper in England, a cake was baked, called the hockey or seed cake, a piece of which was given to all present. At All Hallows the same practice prevailed. "We rede that in olde tyme good people wolde on all Halloween day brake brade and deal

it for all Crysten souls."² Nor was the meaning of this bread-offering to the departed lost. These "soul cakes," we are told, were also distributed to poor people that they might pray for the next year's crop. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that these cakes, and the wassailing that accompanied the festivals of their distribution, are to be traced back to the old ancestral cult. They are, in fact, akin to the *kolatch* and *chesnitza* cakes of the Serbian yule-feast, broken, as the mead is drunk, in the name of the patron namegiver, and distributed to the whole household by the house-elder, as the wafers of a primitive communion feast, of which, according to the old idea, the departed ancestors partook as present guests among the living.

And if it be asked how Christianity came to transfer the old yule ritual from its ancient place as a part of this autumnal feast of ancestors to the birthday of its own Founder, the answer is not far to seek. The Serbian carols have already given us the key to the explanation. We have seen a trinity invoked earlier than that of the Church, we have traced the mythic descent of the Fire ancestor to earth, and witnessed his annual incarnation on a domestic hearth; nor can we wonder that we find the divine Ancestor of heathen days naïvely toasted as Christ "the patron name-giver of all house-fathers." In the case of Buddhism, indeed, we are enabled to carry the parallel a step further. The divine Buddha, otherwise identifiable with Agni the Fire-god, is born like Agni on the last night of the year from the Virgin Maya, who is word for word no other than the lower disk or wheel of the old Fire-churn, personified by myth. So we have seen our Nether Saxon kinsmen choosing a new or *Virgin-wheel* wherewith to kindle their sacred "Need-fire."

ARTHUR J. EVANS.

¹ Brand's *Pop. Antiquities* (in Sir H. Ellis's edition, vol. ii. p. 11).

² *The Festywall*, 1511, fol. 129 b. Quoted by Brand, *op. cit.* vol. ii. p. 217

BYRON.

WHEN at last I held in my hand the volume of poems which I had chosen from Wordsworth, and began to turn over its pages, there arose in me almost immediately the desire to see beside it, as a companion volume, a like collection of the best poetry of Byron. Alone amongst our poets of the earlier part of this century, Byron and Wordsworth not only furnish material enough for a volume of this kind, but also, as it seems to me, they both of them gain considerably by being thus exhibited. There are poems of Coleridge and of Keats equal, if not superior, to anything of Byron or Wordsworth; but a dozen pages or two will contain them, and the remaining poetry is of a quality much inferior. Scott never, I think, rises as a poet to the level of Byron and Wordsworth at all. On the other hand, he never falls below his own usual level very far; and by a volume of selections from him, therefore, his effectiveness is not increased. As to Shelley there will be more question; and indeed Mr. Stopford Brooke, whose accomplishments, eloquence, and love of poetry we must all recognise and admire, has actually given us Shelley in such a volume. But for my own part I cannot think that Shelley's poetry, except by snatches and fragments, has the value of the good work of Wordsworth or Byron; or that it is possible for even Mr. Stopford Brooke to make up a volume of selections from him which, for real substance, power, and worth, can at all take rank with a like volume from Byron or Wordsworth.

Shelley knew quite well the difference between the achievement of such a poet as Byron and his own. He praises Byron too unreservedly, but he sincerely felt, and he was right in

feeling, that Byron was a greater poetical power than himself. At a thousand points Shelley was immeasurably Byron's superior; he is a beautiful and enchanting spirit, whose vision, when we call it up, has far more loveliness, more charm for our soul, than the vision of Byron. But all the personal charm of Shelley cannot hinder us from at last discovering in his poetry the incurable want, in general, of a sound subject-matter, and the incurable fault, in consequence, of unsubstantiality. Those who extol him as the poet of clouds, the poet of sunsets, are only saying that he did not, in fact, lay hold upon the poet's right subject-matter; and in honest truth, with all his charm of soul and spirit, and with all his gift of musical diction and movement, he never, or hardly ever, did. Except, as I have said, for a few short things and single stanzas, his original poetry is less satisfactory than his translations, for in these the subject-matter was found for him. Nay, I doubt whether his delightful Essays and Letters, which deserve to be far more read than they are now, will not resist the wear and tear of time better, and finally come to stand higher, than his poetry.

There remain to be considered Byron and Wordsworth. That Wordsworth affords good material for a volume of selections, and that he gains by having his poetry thus presented, is a belief of mine which led me lately to make up a volume of poems chosen out of Wordsworth, and to bring it before the public. By its kind reception of the volume, the public seems to show itself a partaker in my belief. Now Byron, also, supplies plenty of material for a like volume, and he too gains, I think, by being so presented. Mr. Swinburne urges, indeed, that

"Byron, who rarely wrote anything either worthless or faultless, can only be judged or appreciated in the mass; the greatest of his works was his whole work taken together." It is quite true that Byron rarely wrote anything either worthless or faultless; it is quite true, also, that in the appreciation of Byron's power a sense of the amount and variety of his work, defective though much of his work is, enters justly into our estimate. But although there may be little in Byron's poetry which can be pronounced either worthless or faultless, there are portions of it which are far higher in worth and far more free from fault than others. And although, again, the abundance and variety of his production is undoubtedly a proof of his power, yet I question whether by reading everything which he gives us we are so likely to acquire an admiring sense even of his variety and abundance, as by reading what he gives us at his happier moments. Varied and abundant he amply proves himself even by this taken alone. Receive him absolutely without omission or compression, follow his whole outpouring stanza by stanza and verse by verse from the very commencement to the very end, and he is capable of being tiresome.

Byron has told us himself that the *Giaour* "is but a string of passages." He has made full confession of his own negligence. "No one," says he, "has done more through negligence to corrupt the language." This accusation brought by himself against his poems is not just; but when he goes on to say of them, that "their faults, whatever they may be, are those of negligence and not of labour," he says what is perfectly true. "*Lara*," he declares, "I wrote while undressing after coming home from balls and masquerades, in the year of revelry, 1814. The *Bride* was written in four, the *Corsair* in ten days." He calls this "a humiliating confession, as it proves my own want of judgment in publishing, and the public's in reading,

things which cannot have stamina for permanence." Again he does his poems injustice; the producer of such poems could not but publish them, the public could not but read them. Nor could Byron have produced his work in any other fashion; his poetic work could not have first grown and matured in his own mind, and then come forth as an organic whole; Byron had not enough of the artist in him for this, nor enough of self-command. He wrote, as he truly tells us, to relieve himself, and he went on writing because he found the relief become indispensable. But it was inevitable that works so produced should be, in general, "a string of passages," poured out, as he describes them, with rapidity and excitement, and with new passages constantly suggesting themselves, and added while his work was going through the press. It is evident that we have here neither deliberate scientific construction, nor yet the instinctive artistic creation of poetic wholes; and that to take passages from work produced as Byron's was is a very different thing from taking passages out of the *Edipus* or the *Tempest*, and deprives the poetry far less of its advantage.

Nay, it gives advantage to the poetry, instead of depriving it of any. Byron, I said, has not a great artist's profound and patient skill in combining an action or in developing a character—a skill which we must watch and follow if we are to do justice to it. But he has a wonderful power of vividly conceiving a single incident, a single situation; of throwing himself upon it, grasping it as if it were real and he saw and felt it, and of making us see and feel it too. The *Giaour* is, as he truly called it, "a string of passages," not a work moving by a deep internal law of development to a necessary end; and our total impression from it cannot but receive from this, its inherent defect, a certain dimness and indistinctness. But the incidents of the journey and death

of Hassan, in that poem, are conceived and presented with a vividness not to be surpassed ; and our impression from them is correspondingly clear and powerful. In *Lara*, again, there is no adequate development either of the character of the chief personage or of the action of the poem ; our total impression from the work is a confused one. Yet such an incident as the disposal of the slain Ezzelin's body passes before our eyes as if we actually saw it. And in the same way as these bursts of incident, bursts of sentiment also, living and vigorous, often occur in the midst of poems which must be admitted to be but weakly-conceived and loosely-combined wholes. Byron cannot but be a gainer by having attention concentrated upon what is vivid, powerful, effective in his work, and withdrawn from what is not so.

Byron, I say, cannot but be a gainer by this, just as Wordsworth is a gainer by a like proceeding. I esteem Wordsworth's poetry so highly, and the world, in my opinion, has done it such scant justice, that I could not rest until I had fulfilled, on Wordsworth's behalf, a long-cherished desire ;—had disengaged, to the best of my power, his good work from the inferior work joined with it, and had placed before the public the body of his good work by itself. To the poetry of Byron the world has ardently paid homage ; full justice from his contemporaries, perhaps even more than justice, his torrent of poetry received. His poetry was admired, adored, "with all its imperfections on its head,"—in spite of negligence, in spite of diffuseness, in spite of repetitions, in spite of whatever faults it possessed. His name is still great and brilliant. Nevertheless the hour of irresistible vogue has passed away for him ; even for Byron it could not but pass away. The time has come for him, as it comes for all poets, when he must take his real and permanent place, no longer depending upon the vogue of his own day and

upon the enthusiasm of his contemporaries. Whatever we may think of him, we shall not be subjugated by him as they were ; for, as he cannot be for us what he was for them, we cannot admire him so hotly and indiscriminately as they. His faults of negligence, of diffuseness, of repetition, his faults of whatever kind, we shall abundantly feel and unsparingly criticise ; the mere interval of time between us and him makes disillusion of this kind inevitable. But how then will Byron stand, if we relieve him too, so far as we can, of the encumbrance of his inferior and weakest work, and if we bring before us his best and strongest work in one body together ? That is the question which I, who can even remember the latter years of Byron's vogue, and have myself felt the expiring wave of that mighty influence, but who certainly also regard him, and have long regarded him, without illusion, cannot but ask myself, cannot but seek to answer.

Byron has been over-praised, no doubt. "Byron is one of our French superstitions," says M. Edmond Scherer ; but where has Byron not been a superstition ? He pays now the penalty of this exaggerated worship. "Alone among the English poets his contemporaries, Byron," said M. Taine, "*atteint à la cime*,—gets to the top of the poetic mountain." But the idol which M. Taine had thus adored M. Scherer is almost for burning. "In Byron," he declares, "there is a remarkable inability ever to lift himself into the region of real poetic art—art impersonal and disinterested—at all. He has fecundity, eloquence, wit, but even these qualities themselves are confined within somewhat narrow limits. He has treated hardly any subject but one,—himself ; now the man, in Byron, is of a nature even less sincere than the poet. This *beau ténébreux* hides a coxcomb. He posed all his life long."

Our poet could not well meet with more severe and unsympathetic criticism. However, the praise

often given to Byron has been so exaggerated as to provoke, perhaps, a reaction in which he is unduly disparaged. "As various in composition as Shakespeare himself, Lord Byron has embraced," says Sir Walter Scott, "every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones." It is not surprising that some one with a cool head should retaliate, on such provocation as this, by saying: "He has treated hardly any subject but one, *himself*." In "the very grand and tremendous drama of *Cain*," says Scott, "Lord Byron has certainly matched Milton on his own ground." And Lord Byron has done all this, Scott adds, "while managing his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality." Alas! "managing his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality," Byron wrote in his *Cain*:

"Souls that dare look the Omnipotent tyrant in
His everlasting face, and tell him that
His evil is not good";

or he wrote:

"... And *thou* wouldst go on aspiring
To the great double Mysteries! the *two*
Principles!"¹

One has only to repeat to oneself a line from *Paradise Lost* in order to feel the difference.

Sainte-Beuve, speaking of that exquisite master of language, the Italian poet Leopardi, remarks how often we see the alliance, singular though it may at first sight appear, of the poetical genius with the genius for scholarship and philology. Dante and Milton are instances that will occur to every one's mind. Byron is so negligent in his poetical style, he is often, to say the truth, so slovenly, slipshod, and infelicitous, he is so little haunted by the true artist's fine passion for the correct use and consummate management of words, that he may be described as having for this artistic gift

¹ The italics are in the original.

the insensibility of the barbarian;—which is perhaps only another and a less flattering way of saying, with Scott, that he "manages his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality." Just of a piece with the rhythm of

"Dare you await the event of a few minutes'
Deliberation?"

or of

"All shall be void—
Destroy'd!"

is the diction of

"Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun to rise";

or of

"... there let him lay!"

or of the famous passage beginning

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead";

with those trailing relatives, that crying grammatical solecism, that inextricable anacolouthon! To class the work of the author of such things with the work of the authors of such verse as

"In the dark backward and abysm of time"—

or as

"Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine—"

is ridiculous. These poets, with their secret of consummate felicity in diction and movement, are of another and an altogether higher order from Byron, nay, for that matter, from Wordsworth also; from the author of such verse as

"Sol hath dropt into his harbour—"

or (if Mr. Ruskin pleases) as

"Parching summer hath no warrant—"

as from the author of

"All shall be void—
Destroyed!"

With a poetical gift and a poetical performance of the very highest order, the slovenliness and tunelessness of much of Byron's production, the pompousness and ponderousness of much of Wordsworth's, are incompatible. Let us admit this to the full.

Moreover, while we are hearkening

to M. Scherer, and going along with him in his fault-finding, let us admit, too, that the man in Byron is in many respects as unsatisfactory as the poet. And, putting aside all direct moral criticism of him—with which we need not concern ourselves here—we shall find that he is unsatisfactory in the same way. Some of Byron's most crying faults as a man, his vulgarity, his affectation, are really akin to the faults of commonness, of want of art, in his workmanship as a poet. The ideal nature for the poet and artist is that of the finely touched and finely gifted man, the εὐφυής of the Greeks; now, Byron's nature was in substance not that of the εὐφυής at all, but rather, as I have said, of the barbarian. The want of fine perception which made it possible for him to formulate either the comparison between himself and Rousseau, or his reason for getting Lord Delawarr excused from a "licking" at Harrow, is exactly what made possible for him, also, his terrible dealings in, *An ye woul; I have reidde thee; Sunburn me; Oons, and it is excellent well*. It is exactly, again, what made possible for him his precious dictum that Pope is a Greek temple, and a string of other criticisms of the like force; it is exactly, in fine, what deteriorated the quality of his poetic production. If we think of a good representative of that finely touched and exquisitely gifted nature which is the ideal nature for the poet and artist,—if we think of Raphael, for instance, who truly is εὐφυής just as Byron is not,—we shall bring into clearer light the connexion in Byron between the faults of the man and the faults of the poet. With Raphael's character Byron's sins of vulgarity and false criticism would have been impossible, just as with Raphael's art Byron's sins of common and bad workmanship.

Yes, all this is true, but it is not the whole truth about Byron nevertheless; very far from it. The severe criticism of M. Scherer by no means gives us the whole truth about Byron,

and we have not yet got it in what has been added to that criticism here. The negative part of the true criticism of him we perhaps have; the positive part, by far the more important, we have not. His admirers appeal eagerly to foreign testimonies in his favour. Some of these testimonies do not much move me; but one testimony there is among them which will always carry, with me at any rate, very great weight—the testimony of Goethe. Goethe's sayings about Byron were uttered, it must however be remembered, at the height of Byron's vogue, when that puissant and splendid personality was exercising its full power of attraction. In Goethe's own household there was an atmosphere of glowing Byron-worship; his daughter-in-law was a passionate admirer of Byron, nay, she enjoyed and prized his poetry, as did Tieck and so many others in Germany at that time, much above the poetry of Goethe himself. Instead of being irritated and rendered jealous by this, a nature like Goethe's was inevitably led by it to heighten, not lower, the note of his praise. The Time-Spirit, or *Zeit-Geist*,¹ he would himself have said, was working just then for Byron. This working of the *Zeit-Geist* in his favour was an advantage added to Byron's other advantages, an advantage of which he had a right to get the benefit. This is what Goethe would have thought and said to himself, and so he would have been led even to heighten somewhat his estimate of Byron, and to accentuate the emphasis of praise. Goethe speaking of Byron at that moment was not and could not be quite the same cool critic as Goethe speaking of Dante, or Molière, or Milton. This, I say, we ought to remember in reading Goethe's judgments on Byron and his poetry. Still, if we are careful to bear this in mind, and if we quote Goethe's praise correctly,—which is not always done by those who in this country quote it,—and if we add to it

¹ "Der ohne Frage als das grösste Talent des Jahrhunderts anzusehen ist."

that great and due qualification added to it by Goethe himself,—which so far as I have seen has never yet been done by his quoters in this country at all.—then we shall have a judgment on Byron, which comes, I think, very near to the truth, and which may well command our adherence.

In his judicious and interesting *Life of Byron*, Professor Nichol quotes Goethe as saying that Byron “is undoubtedly to be regarded as the greatest genius of our century.” What Goethe did really say was “the greatest talent,” not “the greatest genius.” The difference is important, because, while talent gives the notion of power in a man’s performance, genius gives rather the notion of felicity and perfection in it; and this divine gift of consummate felicity by no means, as we have seen, belongs to Byron and to his poetry. Goethe said that Byron “must unquestionably be regarded as the greatest talent of the century.” He said of him moreover: “The English may think of Byron what they please, but it is certain that they can point to no poet who is his like. He is different from all the rest, and, in the main, greater.” Here, again, Professor Nichol translates: “They can show no (living) poet who is to be compared to him;” inserting the word *living*, I suppose, to prevent its being thought that Goethe would have ranked Byron, as a poet, above Shakespeare and Milton. But Goethe did not use, or, I think, mean to imply, any limitation such as is added by Professor Nichol. Goethe said simply, and he meant to say, “no poet.” Only the words which follow¹ ought not, I think, to be rendered, “who is to be compared to him,” that is to say, “who is his equal as a poet.” They mean rather, “who may properly be compared with him,” “who is his parallel.” And when Goethe said that Byron was “in the main greater” than all the rest of the English poets, he was not so much thinking of the strict rank, as poetry, of Byron’s pro-

duction; he was thinking of that wonderful personality of Byron which so enters into his poetry, and which Goethe called “a personality such, for its eminence, as has never been yet, and such as is not likely to come again.” He was thinking of that “daring, dash, and grandiosity,”² of Byron, which are indeed so splendid; and which were, so Goethe maintained, of a character to do good, because “everything great is formative,” and what is thus formative does us good.

The faults which went with this greatness, and which impaired Byron’s poetical work, Goethe saw very well. He saw the constant state of warfare and combat, the “negative and polemical working,” which makes Byron’s poetry a poetry in which we can so little find rest; he saw the *Hang zum Unbegrenzten*, the straining after the unlimited, which made it impossible for Byron to produce poetic wholes such as the *Tempest* or *Lear*; he saw the *zu viel Empirie*, the promiscuous adoption of all the matter offered to the poet by life, just as it was offered, without thought or patience for the mysterious transmutation to be operated on this matter by poetic form. But in a sentence which I cannot, as I say, remember to have yet seen quoted anywhere in English words, Goethe lays his finger on the cause of all these defects in Byron, and on his real source of weakness both as a man and as a poet. “The moment he reflects, he is a child,” says Goethe;—“*sobald er reflectirt, ist er ein Kind.*”

Now if we take the two parts of Goethe’s criticism of Byron, the favourable and the unfavourable, and put them together, we shall have, I think, the truth. On the one hand a splendid and puissant personality, a personality “in eminence such as has never been yet, and is not likely to come again”; of which the like, therefore, is not to be found among the poets of our nation, by which Byron “is different from all

² “Byron’s Kühnheit, Keckheit und Grandiosität, ist das nicht alles bildend?—Alles Grosse bildet, sobald wir es gewahr werden.”

¹ “Der ihm zu vergleichen wäre.”

the rest, and, in the main, greater." Byron is, moreover, "the greatest talent of our century." On the other hand, this splendid personality and unmatched talent, this unique Byron, "is quite too much in the dark about himself";¹ nay, "the moment he begins to reflect, he is a child." There we have, I think, Byron complete; and in estimating him and ranking him we have to strike a balance between the gain which accrues to his poetry, as compared with the productions of other poets, from his superiority, and the loss which accrues to it from his defects.

A balance of this kind has to be struck in the case of all poets except the few supreme masters in whom a profound criticism of life exhibits itself in indissoluble connexion with the laws of poetic truth and beauty. I have seen it said that I allege poetry to have for its characteristic this: that it is a criticism of life; and that I make it to be thereby distinguished from prose, which is something else. So far from it, that when I first used this expression, *a criticism of life*, now many years ago, it was to literature in general that I applied it, and not to poetry in especial. "The end and aim of all literature," I said, "is, if one considers it attentively, nothing but that:—*a criticism of life*." And so it surely is; the main end and aim of all our utterance, whether in prose or in verse, is surely a criticism of life. We are not brought much on our way, I admit, towards an adequate definition of poetry as distinguished from prose by that truth; still a truth it is, and poetry can never prosper if it is forgotten. In poetry, however, the criticism of life has to be made conformably to the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty. Truth and seriousness of substance and matter, felicity and perfection of diction and manner, as these are exhibited in the best poets, are what constitute a criticism of life made in conformity with the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty; and it is by knowing and feeling the work of those poets,

¹ "Gar zu dunkel über sich selbst."

that we learn to recognise the fulfilment and non-fulfilment of such conditions.

The moment, however, that we leave the small band of the very best poets, the true classics, and deal with poets of the next rank, we shall find that perfect truth and seriousness of matter, in close alliance with perfect truth and felicity of manner, is the rule no longer. We have now to take what we can get, to forego something here, to admit compensation for it there, to strike a balance, and to see how our poets stand in respect to one another when that balance has been struck. Let us observe how this is so.

We will take three poets, among the most considerable of our century: Leopardi, Byron, Wordsworth. Giacomo Leopardi was ten years younger than Byron, and he died thirteen years after him; both of them, therefore, died young, Byron at the age of thirty-six, Leopardi at the age of thirty-nine. Both of them were of noble birth, both of them suffered from physical defect, both of them were in revolt against the established facts and beliefs of their age; but here the likeness between them ends. The stricken poet of Recanati had no country, for an Italy in his day did not exist; he had no audience, no celebrity. The volume of his poems, published in the very year of Byron's death, hardly sold, I suppose, its tens, while the volumes of Byron's poetry were selling their tens of thousands. And yet Leopardi has the very qualities which we have found wanting to Byron; he has the sense for form and style, the passion for just expression, the sure and firm touch of the true artist. Nay, more, he has a grave fullness of knowledge, an insight into the real bearings of the questions which as a sceptical poet he raises, a power of seizing the real point, a lucidity, with which the author of *Cain* has nothing to compare. I can hardly imagine Leopardi reading the

"... And thou wouldst go on aspiring
To the great double Mysteries! the two
Principles!"

or following Byron in his theological controversy with Dr. Kennedy, without having his features overspread by a calm and fine smile, and remarking of his brilliant contemporary, as Goethe did, that "the moment he begins to reflect, he is a child." But indeed whoever wishes to feel the full superiority of Leopardi over Byron in philosophic thought and in the expression of it, has only to read one paragraph of one poem, the paragraph of *La Ginestra* beginning

"Sovente in queste piagge,"

and ending

"Non so se il riso o la pietà prevale."

In like manner, Leopardi is at many points the poetic superior of Wordsworth too. He has a far wider culture than Wordsworth, more mental lucidity, more freedom from illusions as to the real character of the established fact and of reigning conventions; above all, this Italian, with his pure and sure touch, with his fineness of perception, is far more of the artist. Such a piece of pompous dulness as

"O for the coming of that glorious time,"

and all the rest of it, or such lumbering verse as Mr. Ruskin's enemy,

"Parching summer hath no warrant,"

would have been as impossible to Leopardi as to Dante. Where, then, is Wordsworth's superiority? for the worth of what he has given us in poetry I hold to be greater, on the whole, than the worth of what Leopardi has given us. It is in Wordsworth's sound and profound sense

"Of joy in widest commonalty spread";

whereas Leopardi remains with his thoughts ever fixed upon the *essenza insanabile*, upon the *acerbo, indegno mistero delle cose*. It is in the power with which Wordsworth feels the resources of joy offered to us in nature, offered to us in the primary human affections and duties, and in the power with which in his moments of inspiration he renders this joy and makes us, too, feel it, a force greater

than himself seeming to lift him and to prompt his tongue, so that he speaks in a style far above any style of which he has the constant command, and with a truth far beyond any philosophic truth of which he has the conscious and assured possession. Neither Leopardi nor Wordsworth are of the same order with the great poets who made such verse as

"Τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν"

or as

"In la sua volontade e nostra pace;,"

or as

"... Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming
hither;
Ripeness is all."

But as compared with Leopardi, Wordsworth, though at many points less lucid, though far less a master of style, far less of an artist, gains so much by his criticism of life being, in certain matters of profound importance, healthful and true, whereas Leopardi's pessimism is not, that the value of Wordsworth's poetry, on the whole, stands higher for us than that of Leopardi's, as it stands higher for us, I think, than that of any modern poetry except Goethe's.

Byron's poetic value is also greater, on the whole, than Leopardi's; and his superiority turns, in the same way, upon the surpassing worth of something which he had and was, after all deduction has been made for his shortcomings. We talk of Byron's *personality*, "a personality in eminence such as has never been yet, and is not likely to come again," and we say that by this personality he is "different from all the rest of English poets, and in the main greater." But can we not be a little more circumstantial, and name that in which the wonderful power of this personality consisted? We can; with the instinct of a poet Mr. Swinburne has seized upon it and named it for us. The power of Byron's personality lies in "the splendid and imperishable excellence which covers all his offences and outweighs all his

defects: *the excellence of sincerity and strength.*"

Byron found our nation, after its long and victorious struggle with revolutionary France, fixed in a system of established facts and dominant ideas which revolted him. The mental bondage of the most powerful part of our nation, of its strong middle class, to a narrow and false system of this kind, is what we call British Philistinism. That bondage is unbroken to this hour, but in Byron's time it was even far more deep and dark than it is now. Byron was an aristocrat, and it is not difficult for an aristocrat to look on the prejudices and habits of the British Philistine with scepticism and disdain. Plenty of young men of his own class Byron met at Almack's or at Lady Jersey's, who regarded the established facts and reigning beliefs of the England of that day with as little reverence as he did. But these men, disbelievers in British Philistinism in private, entered English public life, the most conventional in the world, and at once they saluted with respect the habits and ideas of British Philistinism as if they were a part of the order of creation, and as if in public no sane man would think of warring against them. With Byron it was different. What he called the *cant* of the great middle part of the English nation, what we call its Philistinism, revolted him; but the *cant* of his own class, deferring to this Philistinism and profiting by it while they disbelieved in it, revolted him even more. "Come what may," are his own words, "I will never flatter the million's canting in any shape." His class in general, on the other hand, shrugged their shoulders at this *cant*, laughed at it, pandered to it, and ruled by it. The falsehood, cynicism, insolence, misgovernment, oppression, with their consequent unflinching crop of human misery, which were produced by this state of things, roused Byron to irreconcilable revolt and battle. They made him indignant, they infuriated him; they

were so strong, so defiant, so maleficent—and yet he felt that they were doomed. "You have seen every trampler down in turn," he comforts himself with saying, "from Buonaparte to the simplest individuals." The old order, as after 1815 it stood victorious, with its ignorance and misery below, its *cant*, selfishness, and cynicism above, was at home and abroad equally hateful to him. "I have simplified my politics," he writes, "into an utter detestation of all existing governments." And again: "Give me a republic. The king-times are fast finishing; there will be blood shed like water and tears like mist, but the peoples will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it." This is not the sort of Liberal peer to move the Address in the House of Lords, to pay compliments to the energy and self-reliance of British middle-class Liberalism, and to adapt his politics to suit it. Byron threw himself upon poetry as his organ; and in poetry his topics were not Queen Mab, and the Witch of Atlas, and the Sensitive Plant, they were the upholders of the old order, George the Third, and Lord Castlereagh, and the Duke of Wellington, and Southey, and they were the canters and trampers of the great world, and they were his enemies and himself.

Such was Byron's personality, by which "he is different from all the rest of English poets, and, in the main, greater." But he posed all his life, says M. Scherer. Let us distinguish. There is the Byron who posed, there is the Byron with his affectations and silliness, the Byron whose weakness Lady Blessington, with a woman's acuteness, so admirably seized: "his great defect is flippancy and a total want of self-possession." But when this theatrical and easily criticised personage betook himself to poetry, and when he had fairly warmed to his work, then he became another man; then the theatrical personage passed away; then a higher

power took possession of him and filled him; then at last came forth into light that true and puissant personality, with its direct strokes, its ever-welling force, its satire, its energy, and its agony. This is the real Byron; whoever stops at the theatrical preludings, does not know him. And this real Byron may well be superior to the stricken Leopardi, may well be declared "different from all the rest of English poets, and, in the main, greater," in so far as it is true of him, as M. Taine well says, that "all other souls, in comparison with his, seem inert;" in so far as it is true of him that with superb, exhaustless energy he maintained, as Professor Nichol well says, "the struggle that keeps alive, if it does not save, the soul": in so far, finally, as he deserves (and he does deserve) the noble praise of him which I have already quoted from Mr. Swinburne; the praise for "the splendid and imperishable excellence which covers all his offences and outweighs all his defects: the excellence of sincerity and strength."

True, as a man, Byron could not manage himself, could not guide his ways aright, but was all astray. True, he has no light, cannot lead us from the past to the future; "the moment he reflects, he is a child." True, as a poet, he has no fine and exact sense for word, and structure, and rhythm; he has not the artist's nature and gifts. Yet a personality of Byron's force counts for so much in life, and a rhetorician of Byron's force counts for so much in literature! But it would be most unjust to label Byron, as M. Scherer is disposed to label him, as a rhetorician only. Along with his astounding power and passion, he had a strong and deep sense for what is beautiful in nature, and for what is beautiful in human action and suffering. When he warms to his work, when he is inspired, Nature herself seems to take the pen from him, as she took it from Wordsworth, and to write for him as she wrote for Wordsworth, though in a different fashion,

with her own penetrating simplicity. Goethe has well observed of Byron, that when he is at his happiest his representation of things is as easy and real as if he were improvising. It is so; and his verse then exhibits quite another and a higher quality from the rhetorical quality—admirable as this also in its own kind of merit is—of such verse as

"Minions of splendour shrinking from distress,"

and of so much more verse of Byron's of that stamp. Nature takes the pen for him; and then, assured master of a true poetic style though he is not, any more than Wordsworth, yet as from Wordsworth at his best there will come such verse as

"And never lifted up a single stone,"

so from Byron, too, at his best, there will come such verse as

"He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far
away."

Of verse of this high quality, Byron has much; of verse of a quality lower than this, of a quality rather rhetorical than truly poetic, yet still of extraordinary power and merit, he has still more. To separate, from the mass of poetry which Byron poured forth, all this higher portion, so superior to the mass, and still so considerable in quantity, and to present it in one body by itself, would be to do a service, I believe, to Byron's reputation, and to the poetic glory of our country. Surely the critic who does most for his author is the critic who gains readers for his author himself, not for any lucubrations on his author;—gains more readers for him, and enables those readers to read him with more admiration.

And in spite of his prodigious vogue, Byron has never yet, perhaps, had the serious admiration which he deserves. Society read him and talked about him, as it reads and talks about *Endymion* to-day; and with the same sort of result. It looked in Byron's

glass as it looks in Lord Beaconsfield's, and sees, or fancies that it sees, its own face there; and then it goes its way, and straightway forgets what manner of man it saw. Even of his passionate admirers, how many never got beyond the theatrical Byron, from whom they caught the fashion of deranging their hair, or of knotting their neck-handkerchief, or of leaving their shirt-collar unbuttoned; how few profoundly felt his vital influence, the influence of his splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength!

His own aristocratic class, whose cynical make-believe drove him to fury; the great middle-class, on whose impregnable Philistinism he shattered himself to pieces,—how little have either of these felt Byron's vital influence! As the inevitable break-up of the old order comes, as the English middle-class slowly awakens from its intellectual sleep of two centuries, as our actual present world, to which this sleep has condemned us, shows itself more clearly,—our world of an aristocracy materialised and null, a middle-class purblind and hideous, a lower class crude and brutal,—we shall turn our eyes again, and to more purpose, upon this passionate and dauntless soldier of a forlorn hope, who, ignorant of the future and unconsoled by its promises, nevertheless waged against the conservation of the old impossible world so fiery battle; waged it till he fell

—waged it with such splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength.

Wordsworth's value is of another kind. Wordsworth has an insight into permanent sources of joy and consolation for mankind which Byron has not; his poetry gives us more which we may rest upon than Byron's, more which we can rest upon now, and which men may rest upon always. I place his poetry, therefore, above Byron's on the whole, although in some points he was greatly Byron's inferior. But these two, Wordsworth and Byron, stand, it seems to me, first and pre-eminent in actual performance, a glorious pair, among the English poets of this century. Keats had probably, indeed, a more consummate poetic gift than either of them; but he died having produced too little and being as yet too immature to rival them. I for my part can never even think of equalling with them any other of their contemporaries;—either Coleridge, poet and philosopher wrecked in a mist of opium; or Shelley, beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain. Wordsworth and Byron stand out by themselves. When the year 1900 is turned, and our nation comes to recount her poetic glories in the century which has then just ended, the first names with her will be these.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

CONNEMARA.

IN these days of land agitation in Ireland there are two classes who are, perhaps, after all, the two most important in the matter, whose voices are seldom heard, and whose conduct is often cruelly, misrepresented on both sides of the Channel. I allude to the landlords and small tenants of Ireland. In the past year of distress these are the two classes that have principally suffered, with this difference, that the tenant received a relief which could not be extended to the landlord. I say that first of all the cause of the landlord has been but indifferently pleaded; he has been too often represented in statements, none the less false because they were uncontradicted, as the cruel exterminator and ruthless oppressor. There are good and bad landlords, just as there are good and bad tenants, but I think, after all has been said and done, the landlords may be said to have come out of their time of trial—and it has been a hard trial—with very few charges of harshness and cruelty established against them; while it is not too much to say that the conduct of the tenants has been frequently violent and unjust. In like manner the cause of the small tenant is never truly pleaded, his voice is stifled by that of the noisy landless agitator or of the larger tenant, who endeavours to make his money out of his poor neighbour's distress. The question is never considered how far fixity of tenure, peasant proprietorship, or abolition of landlordism may suit a man who has to keep a large family on the produce of two or three acres of land. Ignorant and misled, the small tenant may lend himself for a while to carrying out the designs of needy spouters, but he will find that while *they* are enriched, his interests have been entirely neglected. "Pocket all you can and pay nothing,"

is an admirable policy, but there is a point at which even the best of landlords must make a stand; and the tenant will eventually find himself evicted, while the only consolation his advisers can give him is, that no one else dare take the land—this may do his landlord some harm, but assuredly does him no good. But in all the platform oratory to which Ireland is at present treated, the real Irish difficulty is kept out of sight, and that is, the future of the small tenant farmers of Ireland. How men are to live on land which cannot possibly support them is a question which must be met sooner or later. The establishment of a peasant proprietary, without ascertaining whether the peasant proprietors have enough to live on, would be an error which could only end in the perpetuity of poverty. If land cannot, after supporting its occupier, pay its fair letting value, the fault must clearly be that of the occupier and tiller. Now, as this is the position of a great number of the small tenants of the west, I cannot help thinking that a few remarks on small tenantry in Connemara will prove interesting at the present crisis.

There is probably no one of the scheduled districts which contains a larger number of small tenants than Western Galway. The reason for this is not hard to find. In the old days, before the famine, when the Martins owned nearly all that country, the system of subletting, though not recognised as a rule of the property, was winked at. The sons and daughters of the tenant married and built houses, or in other words "squatted" on the holding. By and by disputes arose as to the division of the land—"the masher" was appealed to, and made what is known as "a fair divide," among the several families. In this way holdings became

one fifth or sixth of their original size. The tenants were quite content to live nearly altogether on potatoes; the peat soil of Connemara grew potatoes in enormous quantities, and on "praties" and "poteen" the Connemara families increased and multiplied. It is needless to remark that with such a system the internal resources of the country were not much developed; the principal, indeed almost the only Connemara road, was the celebrated Ballinahinch Avenue, extending from Outard to Ballinahinch, a distance of twenty Irish miles. That avenue is now the high road to the town of Clifden. All disputes arising among the tenants, and they were numerous, were generally referred to and settled by the "masther," who was to the Connemara tenants the supreme authority—far superior to all law.

To show that this idea is not as yet altogether extinct, I have myself received a letter within the last few months, from one of my tenants, to inform me that one of his sons, "by an accident had given the keeper a backward stroke of a trap, and as it was a mere accident, in the hate of the moment," he begged me to order his release from gaol. He added that if his son must go for trial, and that I wouldn't let him out, that if I'd just write "a small bit of a note" to the judge it would be all right.

Without stopping to consider the merits of such a system, I may say that "the masther's" decisions were accepted, if not with satisfaction, at least with respect, and acted on invariably. And I may add that to this confidence between landlord and tenant I attribute the fact that Ribbonism, until very lately, was utterly unknown in Western Galway; although, as I will show, the change brought about by the famine was of a startling and extreme kind. If the hospitality dispensed at Ballinahinch was of a lavish and perhaps indiscriminate nature at least no tenant was ever known to apply for relief at the "big house" in vain. One instance of the hospitality: "Go down to that gentleman sitting

half way down the table," said Mr. Martin of Ballinahinch to his butler at dinner one day, "kindly ask him his name, as I wish to have the pleasure of a glass of wine with him," which shows that a previous acquaintance, at all events, was not considered a necessary preliminary to an invitation to Ballinahinch.

I remember hearing a story which, though not particularly *à propos*, may still, as being characteristic, be allowed. In those days the Irish language only was spoken by most of the lower classes, and this necessitated at many trials the employment of an interpreter.

"Counsellor," said a countryman, coming up to a lawyer who was employed on the western circuit, "will you spake a defince for my brother?" "What has he done?" was the answer. "Left a blow of a stick on another boy who died on him." "And what is he to be tried for?" "Murther, of coorse, what else? and I was thinking that as yer honour has an iligant knowledge of Irish ye might be twisting it to and fro on the interprether." "Oh," said the lawyer, "if there is an interpreter in the case I won't defend, as I have another case on, and yours would take too long, but I will give you the names of two or three other lawyers who will do just as well as I can." The countryman seemed dissatisfied, but went away, and next day met the lawyer. "Oh, glory to you, counsellor," he cried, "shure my brother's not guilty of the blow he hit the other boy." "I'm glad to hear that; I suppose he employed the lawyer I recommended?" "Divil a one fear of him. Your counsellor was houlding out for three pounds, and all we had was two, so we wint and guv' it to the interprether."

On this primitive and thriftless race the famine of 1846-7-8 fell with special severity. The potatoes—their almost only means of subsistence—failed, the workhouses were crowded, poor-rates rose to 20s. in the pound, hundreds died of starvation, famine fever broke out and added to the horrors of the time; noble individual efforts were made

to meet the crisis, and the great generosity of the members of the "Society of Friends" should be always remembered; but the government of the day rendered but tardy aid, and numbers of the poorer classes perished. And it may be particularly recorded as one of the most remarkable features of this terrible time, that landlords and tenants shared in a common ruin. Connemara emerged from the famine with the loss of many of the tenantry, but all the old landlords were ruined or gone, and nearly every property changed hands. Mr. Martin of Ballinahinch died just as the storm broke, while nearly the first emigrant ship carried to New York his daughter, the "Princess of Connemara," and there, in the land of the stranger, she died a few days after landing. A London company became possessed of the Martin estates, while other properties fell into the hands of English and Scotch settlers, and became the subjects of various agricultural experiments of a curious and not very successful description; and now came the results of the reckless system of farming land indulged in by those who had, up to the famine time, led the hand-to-mouth existence which I have described.

They began to find that a different system of farming was necessary. The land would no longer yield potatoes in the same abundance, while by the nefarious practice of burning land, which they had largely indulged in, the soil was hardly fit for any other cereal: and here, as we are on this system of land burning, I would venture to quote from a very admirable pamphlet I have lately read, entitled *Help for Ireland*, and I hope the anonymous author will excuse me if I make use of his words:—

"Here, then, we see the origin of the vicious increase in the cultivation of the potato, the consequent increase of population, and all the mischiefs that accompanied and resulted from it. The land was impoverished, and famine only put the finishing touch to what ignorance and imprudence, lawlessness and recklessness initiated. A wide, a very wide, gap opened between the owner and occupier of the soil, a

gap which has now become still wider from the unfavourable climatic conditions of the seasons, and from the incapacity, recklessness, and folly of nearly all classes of the sufferers."

Indeed reckless improvidence is the distinguishing characteristic of these small tenants. The man who would not mend his roof in rain because he would get wet, nor in fine weather because there was no necessity, is a very fair type of the Connemara peasant. The fertility of the soil decreasing, guano began to be largely used throughout the country, and to the use of this manure I attribute much of the distress existing from time to time throughout Ireland. It got the people into debt to the guano merchant, the debt being allowed to stand out at interest till the harvest was got in; then the use of stable manure was entirely neglected, and by the substitution of guano the land gradually became exhausted; and so it came to pass that the same land which, before the famine, could support several families, perhaps can now hardly support one; and a bad harvest not only necessitates a public subscription, but furnishes to agitators a pretext on which to hang absurdly audacious demands. Of course in the bad years the landlord receives no rent, and so, as in the previous famine, tenant and landlord are involved in a common ruin. But I will return to this again. In the meantime I would try and note a change which came over the spirit of the people, and this may be ascribed to several causes. The old landlords were gone. There can be no doubt the respect, I might add reverence, which the Connemara peasant felt for his landlord became lessened towards his new master. The stranger perhaps did not understand him, or he did not understand the stranger; at all events the new landlord *was* a stranger, and had replaced the "ould stock," which is always an offence to an Irishman. Then again it was no doubt unfortunate that the big Connemara estate should be owned by an English company, a word which had no individuality to an

Irishman's ideas; and although an admirable resident agent in some degree atoned for the fact, still the fact was to be regretted, and certain it is, that since the famine the landlord influence in Connemara began to wane. Secondly, the success of Irish emigrants in America, and their return to this country, no doubt created discontent. These American Irishmen measured their relations' poverty by their own success, without any reference to the conditions under which that success was attained. They find their relations poor, and they come to the conclusion it is any one's fault but their relations'. It may be the Queen, or the Government, or the landlord, or the tax-collector, or perhaps all four, but certainly some one is to blame. Then for instance in America the wages are seven or eight shillings a day, in Connemara eighteenpence; the fault must clearly be with the wage-giver; the price of land or of corn, or the amount of produce the land gives has nothing whatever to say to the matter. Thirdly, there is no doubt that the existing discontent was largely increased by the introduction of the Land Bill of 1872. I am not of course going to discuss its necessity or its justice, but would simply say that although it seems to work fairly well, from the time of the introduction of that bill tenants first began to look upon landlords as oppressors. They were taught that landlords had taken an advantage of them—it was not quite clear how, and that every evil, from bad harvests to the Colorado beetle was owing to the landlords; and so on down to the present, when as we know young Ireland's oratory is devoted to preaching the assassination of land-owners in terms which may be "cowardly or wicked," but which the speaker takes good care do not bring him within reach of the law.

The position then is simply this—the small tenants of the west, and by small tenants I mean those paying not more than five pounds a year in rent—occupy land which cannot in even the best years support them, the land being

impoverished by reckless and thriftless cultivation. The landlord (whether he be landlord by birth or by purchase) will only occasionally receive the rent to which he is entitled, that is, the fair letting value of the land. But it may be asked, What rent can he receive at all? Much of such rent is paid from America. One of the finest traits of the Irish character is the fidelity of the emigrant to the old people at home—

"Tho' seas divide them, they'll still be true."

Far away, in their prosperity and success, the memory of those who succoured and helped them through many troubles is ever green. Happy themselves, their thoughts still turn towards the friends at home, and as some one has finely said: "Creeping into their desolate hearts they share with them a misery that is not their own." Even dying they still are faithful, and their hearts, like the setting sun, look to the east from whence they sprung.

Making of poteen (illicit whisky) is another way in which they get money; selling turf—which, by the way, they cut in a very wasteful way; and by the sale of that Irish domestic favourite, the pig.

But still the payment of rent is at best precarious. The question is, for this state of affairs, what is the remedy? The answer of the Land League is very simple—Abolish the landlord. "Rent," say they, "is only the profit arising from the produce of the land after the occupier and tiller has taken enough to support himself and his family, and pay for the expenses of his labour. The landlord wants what doesn't exist. Abolish him." As regards this definition of rent, I quite agree with them with regard to land which is capable of giving such a profit. A man trying to get a living for himself and his family out of one, two, or three acres of land, imposes on the soil, a burden which it is obviously unable to bear. I will yield to no one in a wish to see the

Irish "rooted in the soil," but never on such conditions as these. I may be excused if I quote the words of that very distinguished nationalist, Mr. P. I. Smyth, M.P., for the County of Tipperary, on this subject, in a letter which he has lately written :—

"Of all tasks that a people can put before them, the most dismal and unprofitable is that of abolishing each other, it ends in the survival of the fittest, and the fittest in our case would be found to be neither landlord nor tenant, nor peer nor peasant. Abolish the Irish landlords and the fittest would be the English Government, then lord direct over all the lands and woods and waters of this island ostensibly for thirty-five years, but in reality for all time."

Again at a meeting held in Clonmell, on August 11th, he said :—

"With regard to peasant proprietary, to be a healthy growth it must be a national growth. Let the tenant have every facility possible to become the owner by honest purchase, but not otherwise, of his farm. If he were obliged to borrow every shilling of the purchase-money, leaving himself without a shilling capital, in order to become proprietor, I should say he would arrive at the conclusion, 'Better continue as I am, an owner tenant than a pauper proprietor.'"

I quote Mr. Smyth's opinion because he is generally allowed to be one of the ablest and closest reasoners, and most eloquent speakers of the advanced party in Ireland. Another programme for the settlement of the land question is fixity of tenure and fair rents. I trust that by what I have already said I have shown, in the case of the small tenants at all events, it would be almost impossible. And so we come to the question of emigration. Here we are of course met by the so-called Irish patriots, who talk of the cruel government that drives thousands from their native land; of the cruel oppressors who hunt the Irish people from their hearths and homes. Now I would ask to begin with, quite putting the sentimental side of the matter out of the question—Has emigration been a failure up to this? Has the condition of those who have left Ireland been bettered? There can be but one

answer. Have not the old people at home received money and support from those who at home were able to give them neither the one nor the other? Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been sent from the New Ireland to the Old, and as I have mentioned, even the small tenant, owing to help received from abroad, need not look altogether for subsistence to the produce of his utterly inadequate farm. Might not much more be done in this direction?

In 1871 there were in Connaught *over thirty-four thousand mud cabins, which contained each but one room, and in each of these cabins a family lived.* Surely, to assist one member of each of these families to seek some means of bettering himself and help his relations, cannot be considered a very unpatriotic scheme. Emigration is not confined to the lower classes of the Irish. Are not the relations of the landlords themselves—their brothers and their sons—emigrants in all parts of the world? and is not old Ireland's pride the deeds of her sons who are far away? In every colony the sons of our Irish gentry are working for their living and attaining name and fame. Emigration with them may be a necessity, and perhaps a hardship, but it is never brought forward as a national grievance; and the question must be all the more carefully considered, because one of the sources of income of the small Irish farmers in the west is coming to an end. I allude to English harvesting. The introduction of steam agricultural implements, such as the grass and corn cutter, is rapidly taking away the necessity for manual labour, and the Irishmen who, to the number of several thousands every year could find two or three months' employment in England, now find that employment is entirely ceasing. It becomes, therefore, all the more necessary to consider how far an emigration scheme would help to improve the condition of those small farmers from whom this means of bread earning has been taken. I may give an instance of the value of emigration. A tenant died

suddenly, leaving a widow and a helpless family. The widow tried for a time to keep the farm, but finding it too much for her offered to give it up. The landlord, pitying her, assisted her son to emigrate, and for three years received no rent. Then the son sent home a year's rent, the landlord took it in lieu of all arrears, and the widow, happy and comfortable lives still in the old home; her son supplies her with the means of working her little farm, her rent is punctually paid, and the "ould stock still live, in the ould place." And this has been the result in many cases, and would be, I feel sure, in many more were emigration encouraged instead of decried. I prefer it at all events to any scheme which makes a tenant nominally a landowner, but in reality provides him with a new landlord, and, for many years to come, with an increased rent. The result of such a programme would be, the small money-lender or shopkeeper to whom the tenant would become indebted in bad years would be eventually the owner, and the occupier and tiller would have changed landlords very considerably for the worse. I want those thirty-four thousand mud cabins to be made fit for human habitation; I want those wretched families to be free from the possibility of famine, and without emigration I cannot see how this can be done. To come from the universal to the particular I would put forward my "plea for Connemara" on other matters. Connemara, owing to its great extent and small population, is extremely heavily taxed, while the large size of the union renders the carriage of the sick to the workhouse infirmary in some cases impossible. Even the application for dispensary relief and the attendance of the dispensary doctor are both extremely difficult. In the Outerard union the distance by road from one part of the union to the workhouse at Outerard is over twenty miles, and the distance by water is eight or nine. A man lately died in an open boat on Lough Corrib while being conveyed to the Outerard

workhouse, and this in a union where the poor-rate averages from 3s. to 4s. in the pound. For this it is perhaps very hard to suggest a remedy. Some Government assistance towards the establishment charges might enable the guardians to contract the size of the union and thus bring those who require relief nearer to it. And again, Connemara is greatly in want of roads. To be sure it will be said that grants for roads can be obtained by application at the road sessions, but at least one or two roads should be made which an already heavily taxed barony can not afford. The mountainous district lying due west of Outerard is without any road whatever. There are in this district two villages, Fermoyle and Rushinny, at least six miles distant from any road or path on which even a donkey could travel. The inhabitants carry their meal and provisions six miles across the mountains on their backs. I have seen little children staggering along over the hills under heavy loads. Yet these people pay poor-rate, and are entitled in case of sickness to dispensary relief, which, under the circumstances, is not a very easy matter to give them. And when I mention these villages I recollect a story of noble and poorly rewarded bravery on the part of one of these poor mountaineers. The police of Outerard had been out in the mountains searching for poteen—for the Irish constabulary are obliged to look after the making of illegal whisky quite as closely as any other illegal proceeding. They were successful in their search and found a still in full work close to the village of Fermoyle. The villagers had time to escape, but the still was captured and whisky spilt, which meant a loss of several pounds to the Fermoylers. Well, the police had had a long and wearisome march, they were still nine miles from Outerard, and they had no provisions. They were not likely to get any from the villagers; they took some of the poteen, which of course only gave them very temporary support. It was a winter's evening, a heavy fog with a cold sleet came over

the mountains, and before long the police lost their way. "They will die in the mountains," cried an old but hardy peasant. "Sarve them right," cried his fellows; "they have robbed us and ruined us, let them die." "I'll never see it done," he cried, and so he started in search of them. He found them thoroughly worn out and exhausted, having almost given up all hope. He put them in the right way. "Come on," he cried, "I'll put you right." One of them fell thoroughly exhausted, then another. The old mountaineer took one on his back, carried him a short way, then went back for the other, carried him up to where the first was lying, and so brought them all out on to the high road in safety. For this service he received 10s. from the constabulary themselves—this was his only reward; but I cannot help thinking that the Victoria Cross is worn by many a man who has deserved it less than old Tom Walshe of Fermoy. And with this characteristic story I will close my brief sketch, as characteristic I believe it to be of the Connemara peasant when rightly treated and well led. The present attitude of the Connemara tenant is entirely owing to wrong treatment and bad leadership. Of all people in this world these western peasants are the most simple, the most easily deceived; they have listened to the voice of the bad adviser. The appeal made through their poverty has been a little too much for them, and when the teacher has been in some instances their parish clergyman the state of affairs must not be wondered at. They have been taught to believe that by not

paying their rent they will abolish not only the landlord but landlordism, and that by refusing to pay a year's rent they do away with rent for ever. They cannot see that at best all they can achieve is a transfer of the property from the landlord whom they have defrauded, to the money-lender to whom he has been obliged to have recourse to make up for their defalcations. It is fortunate that the Government have at last awakened to a sense of the position, and determined that the law of the Land League shall be no longer the law of the land. Already the outrages which for the last few months have disgraced the country are greatly diminished in number before the first threat of coercion. Let us hope that the time is not far off when the old friendly relations between landlords and tenants, between the maligned and misled, may be renewed. To the small tenants of the West peasant-proprietorship or fixity of tenure offer no security against periodical famine, and I cannot think any scheme for dealing with the Irish Land Question would be complete which failed to deal with the case of these small cottiers. But they must be taught that the Government is powerful as well as kind, and that concession in no case arises from cowardice. Let lawlessness and outrage be checked; let the advancement of right be accompanied by the stern suppression of wrong, and the light of freedom, the truest of all freedom, freedom from all class, religious, and party prejudice, may at last shine over the mountains of the West.

ROBERT J. MARTIN.

THE PENNY PRESS.

HALF a century ago, or thereabouts, it was the dream of a number of amiable and philanthropic persons that society could be regenerated by means of the penny press. The working classes were, it was somewhat gratuitously assumed, panting for knowledge, and nothing stood in the way of their gratification but the various duties levied by the excise upon the materials of printing and upon paper. It must be owned that there was but little foundation for this notion, and that it was rather a question of what ought to be than of what actually existed. There were, it is true, a certain number of working men anxious for self-improvement, but their number was not large, nor, in view of the peculiar circumstances of their class, is it probable that it ever will be. A man must be very exceptionally constituted if, after nine or ten hours passed at a carpenter's bench, or in an engineer's workshop, he is prepared to sit down to mathematical or general scientific study. Persons of this type are, perhaps, more numerous than they were, and with the extension of education their number may be expected still farther to increase. Such working men will, however, always remain exceptions to the general rule, and that fact it will be as well to recognise. Brougham, and the philanthropic founders of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, failed to do so, and to that circumstance must be attributed the comparative failure of the Society, and of the almost innumerable Mechanics' Institutes which at one time dotted the surface of England. Had there been a little more practical common sense, and a little less unworldly theory to guide them, the founders of the Useful Knowledge Society might have accomplished infinitely more than they did. Their mistake lay in supposing that any considerable proportion of the working classes would invest an appre-

ciable proportion of their scanty earnings in the purchase of the interminable numbers of a Penny Cyclopædia, and in believing that they could be induced to read, much less to buy, such literary bran as Brougham's *Dialogues on Instinct*, or Harriet Martineau's *Illustrations of Political Economy*. The collapse of the Society, and the fact that no attempt has been made to resuscitate it, sufficiently prove the accuracy of this view, while the present condition of the penny press of this country affords an ample confirmation of it, supposing such further confirmation to be necessary.

Leaving newspapers out of the question, the weekly and monthly publications issued at this price may fairly be said to present one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern times. Their number is enormous, and their circulation almost fabulous. It is probably no exaggeration to say that between five and six millions of penny papers are circulated in London alone every week. Scarcely any of them are absolutely vicious in character—thanks to the energy which the police as a rule display in carrying out the provisions of Lord Campbell's Act—but there are not a few which trench on the border land of vice; while of the great majority which remain, the principal characteristic is a senile imbecility on the one hand, or an irrational sensationalism on the other, equally destructive to anything like masculine vigour of thought. Reading is, according to the copy-books, an intellectual occupation, but few will be hardy enough to contend that such intellectual fare as that provided by the non-political penny press requires the smallest amount of mental power for its assimilation. Its readers are indeed not those who want to think, but those who wish to escape from thought; and there can be very little doubt in the minds of

most people as to the fact that it would be desirable on every account if those who are in this latter case should seek their diversion in avowed recreation rather than in the enfeeblement of their intellects by idle and enervating reading. It is perhaps hopeless to expect that this view of the matter will meet with any general acceptance. Anything in the shape of a book is of consequence in the minds of some people; and thousands more are still under the dominion of those manuals of advice for students and aspiring working men which hold up for emulation the examples of certain of their heroes who in their leisure time occupied themselves, not with such frivolities as chess, or draughts, or backgammon, but invariably sought their amusement amongst books. Still, an examination of the matter which forms almost the only intellectual food of a vast proportion of the inhabitants of this country, may not be without interest, though the conclusions arrived at may not be precisely those in favour of the admirers of "cheap literature for the people."

In this connection newspapers may fairly be left out of account, though it is a somewhat unpleasant reflection that there are millions of Englishmen who never read anything else, and that amongst them the organs which command the largest circulation are those Sunday papers which are chiefly distinguished by the objectionable violence of their tone, by their frequent selection of disgusting law reports, by their attacks upon the reigning family, and by otherwise pandering to the worst instincts of the uneducated classes. Nor is it necessary to speak of those "religious" newspapers which represent the interests of the various sections of the Church of England and other religious bodies. Upon the borderland between these journals and the secular press are, however, a number of penny prints of very large circulation, half magazine, and half newspaper, which are worthy of some notice. First on the list comes the *Christian World*, which is pub-

lished twice a week, and which having a very large circulation is in great favour with advertisers. The news which it gives may be succinctly described as a brief summary of the information and opinions of the *Daily News*, with a strong infusion of sectarian pietism. Religious intelligence, or rather the doings of the dissenting sects, occupies a large share of the space, and a sermon is occasionally given; but the leading feature is the part of the paper which bears the heading, "The Family Circle," and which usually consists of a large instalment of a floridly sensational religious novel, depicting the influence of evangelical theology upon the manners and morals of the upper classes. The intention is undoubtedly excellent, but the effect is slightly ludicrous—much such as that which might be expected to follow the exertions of a lady's maid of humble origin, and of profound reverence for the aristocracy, who had been brought up in the family of a dissenting minister of the lower class. The advertisements are, however, the strongest point of the paper. All the quack medicines of the day—especially those which are owned or used by dissenting ministers, and which form a curiously large proportion of the whole¹—are advertised in these columns at great length, as are also bargains in drapery and haberdashery, and wonderful offers of articles of jewellery and personal adornment which are to be forwarded in return for twenty-six stamps and a "coupon." The young ladies of a serious turn who want situations behind the counters of drapers' and milliners' shops, and the young gentlemen of the same type who are willing to assist in the shops of drapers, grocers, and buttermen all over the kingdom, also place their wants before the public in the columns of the *Christian World*.

Another paper, much of the same type as to matter, and with a consider-

¹ It is curious to note how long this connexion between Dissent and quack medicines has existed. Wesley, very early in his career, found it necessary to forbid his local preachers to sell "pills, potions, or balsams."

able resemblance in the character of its advertisements, is the *Christian*, which, however, is more especially the organ of the Plymouth Brethren, and of the somewhat erratic members of other sects who sympathise with them. It will be remembered that it was in the columns of this paper that Lieutenant Carey gave vent to the pious satisfaction excited in his own bosom by his conduct on the occasion of the murder of the Prince Imperial in South Africa. The *Christian Age*, *Christian Globe*, and *Christian Union*, are papers much of the same description. The first is the organ of Dr. De Witt Talmage, of New York, whose visit to this country may be remembered—though perhaps with somewhat mixed emotions—by the managers of many dissenting “interests” on whose behalf he undertook to lecture for the moderate fee of a hundred guineas and his expenses. His sermons are regularly reprinted in the columns of this paper, as also in the *Christian Globe*, neither of which calls otherwise for special remark. All of them contain specimens of sensational preaching, short religious essays, and pious stories, of greater or less length, while the general advertisements are pretty much of the character of those of the *Christian World*. The *Christian Herald* stands upon a somewhat different footing. It is advertised as “edited by the Rev. M. Baxter, clergyman of the Church of England: circulation over 195,000 a week. This journal (with which is incorporated the *Christian Signal*) contains every week a portrait, a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, U.S., and, by special permission, a sermon or exposition by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; also always a prophetic article and summary of current events, as well as stories, anecdotes, &c. Also in every issue of its penny monthly supplement there are sermons by the Revs. W. Hay Aitken and W. M. Punshon, LL.D.” The principal feature of this paper is, as will probably be guessed by the judicious reader, its prophetic articles. The sermons, and the meek little anecdotes which fill the greater part

of its pages, are comparatively insignificant by the side of the amazing predictions of the gentleman who interprets current history by the light of the prophet Daniel and the Book of the Revelation. The number of the *Christian Herald* before us as we write, contains an article on “The New Radical Liberal Parliament,” which is described as “a step towards fulfilling five prophetic events and order of coming occurrences.” The writer has quite made up his mind on this subject, and reads in the constitution of the present Parliament a certain sign of the approaching end of the world. At the risk of appearing tedious it may be worth while to append a specimen or two of the matter which finds a weekly sale of 195,000, and according to the usual proportion between sales and readers, nearly a million of readers. Speaking of Mr. Gladstone’s administration, the prophetic writer says:—

“The existence of an unprecedentedly strong Liberal Government, which may promote extreme Radical measures or a Democratic policy distasteful to our Sovereign Lady the Queen, tends in the direction of occurrences which may lead to her abdication in favour of the Prince of Wales, as has already been rumoured in recent times, on the ground of advanced years and impaired health. Consequently, the present conjuncture of affairs points more than ever before towards the fulfilment of *Daniel’s prophecy that A MAN SHALL BE REIGNING OVER BRITAIN* (whether he be a king or a Republican president) at the time of the final crisis, when the latter day ten-kingdomed confederacy shall come into existence, and when Ireland shall be separated from England.”

A little lower down in the same article we find the remarkable statement that as Prince Jerome Napoleon (who is identified with “that eleventh king and future great Antichrist of the last days”) will be sixty-seven years old in 1890, the end of the world cannot be deferred much beyond that year. The writer goes on—

“The order of coming occurrences during the decade of 1880 to 1890, which will be the most eventful and momentous decade in the history of our world, will be briefly as follows: Unprecedented wars and revolutions will produce (probably by about 1883) the formation

of the whole extent of Cæsar's original Roman Empire into an *allied confederacy of ten kingdoms*—the *ten toes and ten horns*—viz., Britain separated from Ireland, France extended to the Rhine, Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Thrace-with-Bithynia, and Bulgaria, with some enlargements (as explained in the foregoing article). Then there will be parcelled out of one of the four horn kingdoms of Greece, Egypt, Syria, or Thrace, a *little horn kingdom*—i.e., a small territory—such, for example, as Macedonia or Palestine, &c.,—and a Napoleon (probably Prince Jerome Napoleon) will be appointed its ruler, and will thus become Daniel's *little horn*, or sovereign arising out of one of the four horns, and predicted gradually to 'wax exceeding great,' and to subdue three of the ten kings, and also to make a *seven years' covenant with the Jews* about seven years before the end of this dispensation (Dan. ix. 27). If the End is to be about 1890 he must make the covenant about 1883, but if he makes it later, the End will of course be proportionately later."

Last on the list of the religious papers comes the *Fountain*, which is described as "Literary, Religious, and Social," and which appears to be the organ of Dr. Joseph Parker, of the Holborn Viaduct. The paper contains but little that is likely to interest any one not attached to the Rev. Doctor's particular form of faith, but it is said to have a large circulation, and judging from the fact that it contains about nine pages of advertisements the facts probably bear out this statement. The principal attraction is to be found in the publication of Dr. Parker's weekly sermons—extempore discourses which, with the equally extempore prayers before them, are reported from a shorthand writer's notes. Besides these sermons there is a certain amount of fiction, together with a few reprints from American religious newspapers and magazines. It is not necessary to criticise the sermons in this place, but there are probably few who read them who will be surprised at the quality of the fiction which Dr. Parker purveys for the use of his congregation. The most remarkable feature about all these prints is, however, not so much their contents as their circulation. It is not very easy to get at accurate statistics on this point, but there is good reason for believing that the eight papers in

question enjoy an average circulation amongst them of from a million and a quarter to a million and a half copies every week. One of the principal evidences of their great circulation is the immense number of costly advertisements which they contain. The persons who advertise thus largely are usually keen business men, and it may be taken for granted that they would not continue to expend from five to ten pounds per week on advertisements in religious weekly papers unless they found the investment a profitable one. The proprietor of one quack medicine has been shrewd enough to perceive what this implies, and he has accordingly started one of the most unctuous of these papers, in the advertising columns of which his nostrum is regularly and most vehemently announced.

Somewhat akin to these prints, but of a more distinctly philanthropic character, is a small group of papers, the circulation of which, under the most favourable circumstances, could hardly pay the cost of production, whilst as they have no advertisements—quack medicine or other—to fall back upon, it is probable that they are issued at some pecuniary loss to the proprietors. First on the list is the *British Workman*, an imperial folio sheet, published in the interests of teetotalism and of evangelical Christianity. The illustrations are excellent and the printing is admirable; nothing of the kind could, in fact, be better, but it is to be feared that the paper does not reach the class at which it is aimed. Copies may be seen occasionally in cabmen's shelters and similar places—usually the gift of philanthropic ladies, and in a suspicious state of cleanliness—but there is good reason to doubt if the working classes as a body trouble themselves much about tracts in disguise. If they are put in their way they will read them—perhaps; at all events they will accept them for the sake of the pictures, which they think will please their children. But of all people in the world the working classes are the most suspicious and the most haughty. There is nothing that they

resent so much as being lectured and treated like children, and the idea that they are being angled for with baits of pretty pictures and stories of an almost infantile mildness, such as are found in the *British Workman*, will probably do more to prejudice them against teetotalism and "Sabbath keeping" than all the mild exhortations of that paper can counterbalance. No one can doubt the excellent intentions of its founders and of those who distribute it amongst the members of the class which it is intended to influence, but at the same time it is impossible to live amongst working men and to observe their habits without becoming convinced that nothing is less likely to influence them than tracts and magazines of the tract type. They infinitely prefer *Lloyd's* or *Reynolds's* newspapers as the companion of their after-dinner-pipes and pints of modest "four 'arf;" while if they want fiction they patronise a class of literature of which we shall have occasion to speak later on. The same remark applies to *Old Jonathan*, who appears to be a sort of successor of that friend of our youth, *Old Humphrey*. The illustrations are good, but the letter-press is of the type sometimes called "goody goody," and some of the reflections and observations strike the average reader as being remarkably trite and obvious, whilst matters of fact are given with less attention to accuracy that is quite desirable. Thus, for example, in an account of his summer holiday by an obviously youthful curate, which appears in the number for July last, may be found the following sentence:—"As soon as we had steamed a little farther south of the Admiralty Pier, but before arriving off the Shakespeare Cliff, we passed close to the scene of the wreck of the German ironclad, the *Grosser Kurfürst*, which foundered off Dover the month before with four hundred souls on board"—a sentence which contains almost as many blunders as lines. After such a specimen of accuracy as this the reader will be quite prepared to light upon a remarkably apocryphal anecdote of George III. as one of the principal points of the number. The

British Workwoman does not issue, as might be expected, from the office of the *British Workman*, but is published under the auspices of the National Temperance League. Its circulation is stated to be considerable, but it may be doubted whether it is bought by many of the class to which it is addressed. In the first place, as compared with the secular papers, it is rather dear, and in the second working women, like their husbands, are not greatly given to expending their pence in buying tracts—to which class these well-meaning and rather dull papers must, after all, be relegated. Another paper, which somewhat ostentatiously announces itself as "a journal of pure literature," is the *Daisy*, which is now in its ninth volume. The editor is Mr. John Lobb, who also conducts the *Christian Age*, already mentioned. Its contents are stories, essays, and social papers, and as the greater part is reprinted from other papers, chiefly of American origin, it does not call for much attention.

Turning now to the purely secular papers, we find ourselves in a very different atmosphere. These last are not very wise perhaps, but they are free from the forced and pietistic air which hangs about the class of prints to which reference has just been made; and as they are very largely bought by the lower middle, and working classes, they afford a fair criterion of their intelligence and intellectual tastes. First on the list by right of seniority, and it ought perhaps to be added, of character also, is the *Family Herald*. This paper is now approaching its 2,000th number, having been founded in 1844; and if it does not deserve all the rapturous eulogy once poured out upon it in the *Saturday Review*, and since lavishly used in advertisements, it is an eminently creditable specimen of the penny magazine of the day. It usually contains in each number a complete story, with instalments of two serials; a leading article on some current topic of the day, about three pages of selected reprint, some small quantity of original poetry, and a

page of answers to correspondents. Of the fiction it need only be said that it is very good stuff of the second order. A great many three-volume novels are issued every year by fashionable publishers which fall far below the standard of most of these stories. If the heroes and heroines are rather "intense," and if the scene is somewhat too frequently laid in the highest places, the fault is one which the writers share with authors of much greater pretension. The late Mr. Thackeray had a story, which he was wont to tell with great enjoyment, of a novelist whose first MS. was sent back by the publisher's reader with a hint that it would be well if he would give every character a step or two in rank. The country squire was to be turned into a wealthy baronet; the city knight into a mushroom peer, ennobled for his wealth; the earl was to become a duke; and the mysterious artist an illegitimate scion of royalty. The scheme was adopted; the novel succeeded, and its author, who has since largely contributed to the revenues of the trunkmaker and the buttermilk, never afterwards introduced a character into his stories of less rank than a captain in the Guards. Small blame then to the novelists of the *Family Herald* if their tales are usually of the aristocracy. It can do no harm, and the smart housemaids and milliners' apprentices, who are the chief patrons of these prints, are naturally made happy by the discovery that the higher classes are—in novels—as vulgar and as frivolous as themselves. The leading articles of the *Family Herald* are not distinguished by profundity, but they are readable and intelligent. At one time they were usually the work of the author of *The Gentle Life*, whose place as a purveyor of mild moralisings and pleasant platitudes it has not been altogether easy to supply. The great feature of the paper is, however, its answers to correspondents. For many years this department was under the care of a man of letters of considerable ability, who was accustomed to answer many of his correspondents with brief essays of much pith and point. His

successors follow his example, evidently with the object of making this page amusing to the general reader as well as to those for whose benefit it is more especially intended. The following is a fair average specimen of the kind of answer to which we refer:—

"G. R. S.—We have it on the highest poetic authority that there is much virtue in "if." But there are "ifs" and "ifs"—possibilities that are solemn and that demand careful pondering, conditions the statement of which is apt to provoke a smile. The author of *The World Unmasked* gives a beautiful illustration of the former. In calling attention to the Christian doctrine of perseverance as affording a stable prop to upright minds, yet lending no wanton cloak to corrupt hearts—as bringing a cordial to revive the faint, and keeping a guard to check the forward—he says that the guard attending this doctrine is Sergeant If, low in stature, but lofty in significance, a very valiant guard, though only a monosyllable. Kind notice, he adds, has been taken of the serjeant by the Master and His apostles, and much respect is due to him from all the Lord's recruiting-officers and every soldier in His army. Instances of the serjeant's speech are given in John viii. 31; 2 Pet. i. 10; 1 John ii. 24, and elsewhere. Here is "if" in all its telling gravity and immeasurable importance, with eternal results depending on its consideration. But—to take the other class of improbable "possibles"—if the sun go out of the zodiac, as Sterne asks—what then? It is a terrible thought, yet how many will waste a moment over it? If it rained macaroni, what a fine time it would be for gluttons, says an Italian proverb; but the contemplation of such a contingency would hardly satisfy needy and hungry lovers of this nutritious comestible. Writes G. R. S., 'If all the sons of the Queen of England were to die, and their sons and daughters were to die also, would the Crown Princess of Germany come to the throne, or who else, at the death of the Queen?' Here is a question for editorial leisure and editorial wisdom. It has taken away our breath! Dear G. R. S., if a beard were all, the goat would be a winner; more, if we let Correspondents put the calf on our shoulders, we fear they would soon clap on the cow! We are willing, as far as we are able, to reply to readers' inquiries; but those that are put we expect to be reasonable.

*Within the brain's most secret cells
A certain Lord Chief-Justice dwells,
Of sov'reign power, whom one and all
With common voice we reason call.*

Is there reason in the matter upon which you wish to be enlightened?"

Besides answers of this kind, replies are given to questions on a host of other

subjects. In the number from which the above paragraph has been cited there are no fewer than ninety-three answers on matters ranging from the price of Norwegian timber houses and the difficulties of a literary career, down to a recipe for cleaning terra cotta, and a little sensible advice to a person afflicted with a too florid complexion.

The *London Journal* was founded about a year and a half after the *Family Herald*, and consequently is now in the thirty-sixth year of its age. It is distinguished from its elder rival by its illustrations and by the more gushing and sensational character of its fiction. In the earlier years of its existence the artistic work was chiefly supplied by the present President of the Society of Painters in Water Colours—Sir John Gilbert, R.A.—whose place was afterwards held by his brother, Mr. Frederick Gilbert. The drawings are now supplied by two or three artists, and though somewhat rough in execution and conventional in design, they are not much worse than the illustrations to many more pretentious magazines. The designers of these compositions appear in almost all cases to labour under the delusion that the proper height for a man is at the least eight feet, and for a woman six feet and a half. The stories were for many years supplied by a Mr. J. F. Smith, who is entitled to whatever credit may be due to the founder of the "London Journal School" of romance. Within certain limits his work was sufficiently clever. It was exceedingly florid, sensational after a mild fashion, and it had the merit of being almost ostentatiously moral. His successors, amongst whom were Mr. Charles Reade (with "White Lies"), Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Henry Wood, and the late Pierce Egan the younger, followed pretty closely in the footprints of their great exemplar. Their stories certainly contained plenty of crime and not a little vice, but the criminal always came to grief in the end, and virtue was duly rewarded with wealth and titles and honour. The villains were generally of high birth and reputa-

sive presence; the lowly personages were always of ravishing beauty and unsullied virtue. Innocence and loveliness in a gingham gown were perpetually pursued by vice and debauchery in varnished boots and spotless gloves. Life was surrounded by mystery; detectives were ever on the watch, and the most astonishing pitfalls and man-traps were concealed in the path of the unwary and of the innocent. Nor were reflection and observation wanting. Maxims of the most tremendous morality, overwhelming aphorisms and descriptive passages of surprising fineness were scattered lavishly over the pages. The result was perhaps a little bewildering to the sober-minded, but it suited the tastes of a certain class, and the *London Journal* became the most popular of the penny weeklies. Such popularity naturally excited no little rivalry, under which the circulation of the *London Journal* has, I believe, somewhat fallen off. It still stands, however, very high in favour with domestic servants and the "young persons" engaged in shops, for whose delectation the old style of romance is perpetuated. The leading story at present running through its pages is "Nellie Raymond, a Romance of Regent Street," which is just as full of mysterious intrigues, low-born virtue, aristocratic vice, sensational incident and profound reflections as any of its predecessors. Thus, for example, Captain Mallandaine, having kissed the heroine, reflects, or the author reflects for him:—

"Easier to stop Ixion's wheel than the multitudinous fancies of love. Like a man who sees rare and golden fruit ready for his hand to gather, but to grasp which he must needs wade through dark and sodden pools, so the captain resolved to close his eyes and heart against the fatal fascinations of this half-gipsy girl, unlike other gipsies, however, in the fair, Greuze-like tints of her complexion."

Of this aristocratic seducer the reader is told that he

"was not unacquainted with splendid ladies of rank and fashion, attired in the latest Pompadour costumes and duchesse hats; women of a very different world and stamp to the *divas* of South Belgravia and St. John's

Wood, and yet who were anxious to 'out-Herod' these in eccentricity of dress, luxury, and display. He understood women fairly well, not with the exquisite genius and platonic grace of a Balzac, but with more than the careless analysis of the ordinary man of the world. He could unveil love's hypocrisies, deceits, and falsities; he knew when fair lids drooped from passion or coquetry, and when alabaster necks rose and fell from emotion or design. But he had never met with an intense, all-absorbing devotion."

A foil is provided for Captain Mallandaine in the person of a certain M. Lepelletier, "a true Parisian, a member of the Jockey Club," who opens fire upon the virtuous heroine with the novel compliment, "Ah! welcome as the flowers in May," and who follows up his gallant speech with the remark—

"*'Impayable !'*" cried the Frenchman. 'She's delicious—*l'audace, toujours l'audace (sic)*. I'll make her the fashion by and by.'

Two pages of genteel comedy of this kind are followed by the same quantity of comedy of a much lower type, all leading up to a ghastly murder, with which the week's instalment of this improving tale concludes.

Like the *Family Herald*, the *London Journal* makes its correspondence a prominent feature. The answers are less essay-like, but they are not without interest, inasmuch as fully two-thirds of them are matrimonial advertisements. In the number from which the passages quoted above have been taken, there are no fewer than twenty-seven of these announcements, of which the following are fair specimens:—

"M. A. Y. would like to correspond with and receive the *carte de visite* of a steady young man about thirty, tall, dark, and good-tempered. She is a domestic, twenty-three, tall, rather fair, and not bad-looking. She will advertise her address in the *Weekly Times* the second Saturday after this appears."

"D. C. E. (London), twenty-one, a mechanic, would like to receive the *carte de visite* of a young woman not over twenty; a domestic servant preferred."

"EMMA (Derby), wishes to correspond with and receive the *carte de visite* of a respectable tradesman of gentlemanly appearance. She is twenty-two, passable, and domestic."

"MAUD and MAX, sisters, wish to correspond with two steady officers in the army—friends preferred. Maud is nineteen and of

medium height. May is seventeen, tall and fair. Both are domestics, and have nothing but loving hearts to offer."

The *London Reader* is an imitation of the *London Journal*, both in form and in character. Started some seventeen years ago, it has attained a corresponding circulation. The stories are of precisely the same type, but the names of the authors are carefully concealed. All that we know of the authorship of the two now running is that "Fate or Folly; or, An Ill-omened Marriage," is by the writer of those well-known and soul-stirring romances, "Lady Violet's Victories," and "Lord Jasper's Secret," while "Her Husband's Secret" is by the author of "Frank Bertram's Wife," "Strong Temptations," &c., &c. It is hardly necessary to say that both of these stories are of the very genteel description. Most of the characters introduced are titled, and if the existence of vulgar people is mentioned, it is only that they may act as foils to the more exalted personages. How intimate the acquaintance of the author with the life they describe really is may be guessed from the following passage. Dudley is described as the cousin of Lord Ivers; Clarice, a refined young lady, resident in the house of a wealthy baronet. They have been caught in a shower, and have taken refuge in the village inn, or, as the author prefers to call it, a "modest hostelry."

"Clarice shivered a good deal as she found herself in the pretty little sitting-room of the inn, alone for the first time with her lover. She did not as yet feel the effects of the shower, for she had thrown a little waterproof cape over her shoulders long ere the storm had spent its fury; and, pale as the white bloom of the narcissus, she now leant thoughtfully against the mantelpiece. Dudley ordered biscuits and wine, and insisted on Clarice drinking some. He swallowed off a couple of glasses of sherry himself, and rose superbly to the situation. For the present wooing should suffice.

"'Won't you take off your hat, Clarice?'" he asked, rising and standing by her side. 'I'm sure it must be soaked through with the rain. We shall have to remain here an hour at the least, if we wish to escape it on our return journey.'

"For the first time Clarice recollected those who were waiting for her at home. She

started as one roused from a drugged stupor, and drew her hand over her eyes; and with the action her black, wavy hair, loosened from its braid by the ride, and always too heavy for the fetters of comb and hair pins, fell over her shoulders in a damp, rippling mass.

"The flower in Dudley's button-hole was a good deal the worse for the rain, but he drew it from his coat and playfully fastened it in those ebony locks, while he rested one arm round Clarice's waist, and by degrees, and almost without her knowing it, pressed his lips to hers.

"Have you not promised to be my own darling wife?" he cried, as she struggled to escape his caresses.

"The joy was too exquisite. Clarice knew she must resist, or love would speedily assume a form of intoxication.

"Yes," she answered, detecting a faint reproach in his tones.

"He released her at once, almost coldly.

"If you really loved me, Clarice," he said, slowly, "you would not shrink from my embrace—I, who have loved you too well for my peace."

"Clarice feared he was aggrieved, and that she had wounded him. She laid her hand in his and came nearer. All her calmness, her queenly dignity and grace, had vanished. She fancied she must die if he were harsh or scorned her. And then the tears came. Dudley rather disliked the 'weeping' form of woman, but he now trusted in her natural weakness of character to save him from the deadly snare awaiting him. He must play a desperate game if he would be free.

"I know it's awfully silly to cry," sobbed poor Clarice, burying her face in her hands, and leaning over the table, "but I've been thinking so much of you for days; and, never sleeping, I've got quite nervous. And then you seem to doubt me. It—it makes me wish I—I was dead."

After such exquisitely refined love-making as this it is not surprising that Clarice is easily won to consent to a secret marriage; but it must be confessed that it is somewhat startling to find that the haughty and aristocratic Dudley is taken by a vulgar detective at the church door and carried off with a promise of fifteen years' penal servitude. The last page of the *London Reader* is given up week by week to correspondence, by far the greater number of the paragraphs being matrimonial advertisements of the kind to be found in the *London Journal*. It would seem that the conductors of both journals act as go-betweens in this peculiar commerce of the sexes, receiving letters, forwarding cartes, and effecting introductions.

Bow Bells is a paper which has a somewhat higher aim than either of those last referred to. The stories are not very wise, but they are not quite such unmingled trash as that which is offered to the maidservants and footmen who read the *London Journal* and its rival. The fiction is varied with short articles on subjects of general interest—unfortunately not always very accurate either in point of fact or of grammar. Thus, for example, in an article on Hawarden Castle we are told that that estate "has descended to Mr. Gladstone's eldest son"—a statement which is not quite correct at present. Again:—"There is something of an analogy to be drawn between the first of the family and he (*sic*) who now sways the destinies of Hawarden Castle," from which it would appear that the writer is under the impression that Mr. Gladstone is a descendant of Sir John Glynne. Similar mistakes may be detected by any one who takes the trouble to look for them, in almost every page. The leading feature of the paper is, however, less its fiction or its essays than its papers on the fashions and on dressmaking generally, which are edited by "Madame Elise." Another characteristic feature is the publication in each number of a piece of music—a song or a trifle for the pianoforte of moderate difficulty. It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that a column is devoted to chess, and another to riddles, charades, and puzzles generally. From time to time supplements consisting of patterns for dress and fancy work are issued. On the whole it may be admitted that *Bow Bells* is an exceedingly good specimen of the penny weekly paper. Nothing appears in its pages which might not be read by the most refined of women, whilst the needlework and household columns must be valuable to the class for which they are designed. It may be added that, although correspondents are answered, there is a marked absence in the column devoted to them of the objectionable matrimonial advertisements which figure elsewhere. Judging from the published answers, however, the editor would seem to have abundant

opportunities afforded to him for gauging the depths of human folly, *e.g.* :—

"DOUBTER (Edinburgh), is respectfully advised that after having sent us four folios relative to the flirtations of the young lady, his best course would be to think no more of her; but as to his final question, 'whether a woman can make a man love her quicker than a man can make a woman love him?'—well, that's a riddle, as Lord Dundreary would say, 'no fellow can answer.'"

Another paper of the same type, which enjoys a tolerably large circulation amongst young women of the lower class, is the *Family Reader*, now in the tenth year of its existence. This print is of the same size as the *London Journal*, and is usually adorned with three engravings to each number, all of the somewhat exaggerated type to which reference has already been made. The stories, like those of its prototype, are invariably of the most exalted and most fashionable personages, and the sentiments of the intensest kind. Thus in one story, "At the Eleventh Hour," the Lady Fay meets her lover :—

"It so happened that morning she was obliged to drive to a great publishing office in the West End; she had business there which she did not care to entrust to any one else; and as she stood in the large, beautiful shop, which was like a museum of art, Clive had entered. When she saw him her face burned as though it would never grow cool again; her eyes flashed their sweetest welcome to him; her hands trembled. It seemed to her that her whole soul sank with the sweetness of his presence."

She invites him to a *tete-a-tete* (*sic*) dinner with terrible results :

"It was well, yet ill for her that she did not see the man she loved after she had left him, when the light and joy that her presence caused him had in some measure died away; great drops of anguish stood on his brow, his strong frame trembled, his strong white hands were tightly clenched, his lips white with strong emotion and pain."

It is the same key always. Thus in another tale of the same number, "Paul and Olivia," the blind hero has proposed marriage to a girl who does not care for him :—

"He never remembered how that day passed, because of the intense fever of love which was upon him; never before had he

known such excitement; he wandered from place to place, but all alike were haunted by her presence; he sat down to the organ, but when his fingers pressed the keys, it was her voice which seemed to ring out upon the stillness. His hands trembled, his heart beat nearly to suffocation, his temples throbbed. Oh, the madness, the sweet madness which had fallen upon him!

"Everything was dreamlike. Esther Emerson came and talked with him, but of what he said in reply he was scarcely conscious. Dinner was served, and he ate thereof, knowing nothing of what he tasted; evening wore on, Esther played and sang for him; even that did not disturb that dreaminess which enfolded him; voice and music came to him as part of a vision.

" 'Is this a dream?

Then waking would be pain :

Ah! do not wake me, let me dream again.'"

"Those were the words which Esther sang—sang with passion and feeling, which thrilled him through and through, because they seemed the cry of his own soul. He was dreaming, and the dreaming was sweet—sweet! Other words she sang, but those alone made themselves clear to him.

"Was it a dream that he had whispered to Olivia of his love for her—his desire to make her his wife? If it were, then let him so continue to dream for all time."

Forty-two columns of stories of this kind, and a column or two of miscellaneous cuttings lead up to the inevitable three columns of "Answers to Correspondents," almost the whole of which are addressed to young women. These columns very clearly show to what class the *Family Reader* addresses itself, exactly as in the case of the correspondence of the *London Journal* and the *London Reader*. The correspondents of this paper are obviously milliners' apprentices, and the "young ladies" who serve behind the counters, who seem to consider the editor as their guide, philosopher, and friend in ordinary. Thus in the number before us "Clytie" is informed that "an apprentice in a millinery shop would be expected to carry parcels if the porters were absent." "Mary Russell" learns that as she "writes well and spells correctly, she might be able to undertake the duties of a clerk or bookkeeper;" "Barmaid" is told to "ask the clergyman the cost of the banns;" "Topsy" is advised to "take no notice of a young man who stares about in church;" and "Bella

Donna," and "Scotch Lassie" are instructed in the art of washing the feet!

All these papers issue monthly supplements. Those of the *Family Herald*, *London Journal*, and *London Reader* take the form of novelettes, each the size of an ordinary number of the paper, and of the type of those with which their readers are familiar. The *Family Reader* gives a "Fashion Supplement" containing paper patterns of articles of dress, and a plate of the fashions, "designed expressly by a leading French artist," and *Bow Bells* issues every month elaborate supplements of the same kind. In addition to these, a series of stories appears monthly under the title of *Bow Bells Novelettes*. These are printed in a large quarto size, in double columns, and with three engravings apiece. It is hardly necessary to say that these stories concern only the most illustrious personages, and equally unnecessary to add that they are of the most astounding silliness. This last quality unfortunately clings to the whole list of "family" and "illustrated" novelettes, of which a multitude pour from the press from week to week and from month to month. Thus the specimen of the *Bow Bells Novelette* now before us is No. 75, and bears the title "Firm as Fond; or, Love's Victory." The hero, Lord Bidlington, has picked up a young artist, a Miss Juliana Altingham, whom he maintains in great splendour by the simple device of buying such pictures as she produces at an enormous price, through the intervention of a convenient picture-dealer. The said picture-dealer, Brashford, falls in love with the artist, and asks Lord Bidlington's assistance, whereupon his lordship awakes to the fact that he is in love with her himself. A Mr. Dar-montel, the professor who had taught what little she knew to Juliana, enters upon the scene, and becomes the *Deus ex machina* through whose intervention the lovers are united, in spite of the efforts of the villain of the piece—Sir Jocelyn Jerningham—to seduce the lady with his wealth. The story is typical of the class to which it belongs.

The upper classes are in the minds of these writers superhumanly wicked or as superhumanly virtuous; the principal occupation of the former division is the corruption of virtuous girls of lower rank than their own, and the chief delight of the virtuous aristocracy is in raising poor, but honest and beautiful girls to their own level by marrying them. On these lines the tales published in the *Illustrated Family Novelist*, the *Illustrated London Novelette*, the *Family Novelette*, and the *Lady's Own Novelist*, are usually built. Occasionally an author who has obtained some reputation in other ways, such as Miss Annie Thomas, Mr. George Manville Fenn, and Miss Florence Marryatt, may be induced to contribute a story, but as a general rule the tales are written by persons whose principal qualification would seem to be a most astounding ignorance of the life they pretend to depict.¹ Thus in "Firm as Fond," the hero—a peer—is spoken of indifferently as Lord Bidlington and Lord Charles Bidlington, while "Lord Delmar's Vow"—the 104th number of the *Illustrated Family Novelist*—turns upon the efforts of Viscount Delmar to induce his nephew, the heir to the title and estates to "break the entail." This said nephew is a third-class clerk in a government office, and lives in lodgings in the Euston Road. He eventually marries his landlady's daughter, though not until he has signed a deed by which the mysterious operation of "breaking the entail" is effected, and thereby reduced himself to poverty and a brain-fever. Of course in the end all comes right, the high-minded hero buying the mysterious deed from a butler, who had stolen it, and Lord Delmar, dying without a will, Hugh succeeds to the title and estates. The extraordinary ignorance betrayed by such a story as this is only equalled by the innocence with which the writer makes the future peer

¹ That this ignorance is only natural may be inferred from the fact that a friend of the present writer, a senior assistant in the British Museum, has in his service a housemaid whose father writes novels for a Fleet Street publisher from ten to four daily.

of the realm marry his landlady's daughter.

The *Weekly Budget* is a journal which belongs to this class, and which, though not so frequently seen in London as some of its rivals, circulates to the extent of about half a million of copies weekly. With certain offshoots it is perhaps one of the most valuable newspaper properties in existence. It owes its origin to a somewhat curious circumstance. When the proprietors of the *Manchester Guardian* determined upon a daily issue of their paper they were naturally anxious to feel sure of their ground. An *employé* of theirs, a Mr. Henderson, was sent accordingly amongst the towns of North Lancashire and the neighbouring counties to establish agencies. He speedily found, however, that in those remote districts there was little, if any, demand for a daily paper. What was wanted was a weekly paper which, whilst giving a certain amount of news, should contain a considerable proportion of light amusing reading. To a great extent that demand is now met by the weekly supplements published by such papers as the *Manchester Courier* and the *Leeds Mercury*; but long before they assumed their present form the *Weekly Budget* came into existence, and for twenty years it has enjoyed an extensive circulation amongst the working classes in all parts of the country. About one half of the paper is occupied with news and with comments upon it from the moderate Liberal point of view; the greater part of the remainder consists of serial stories of the *London Journal* type, of which four are usually running at once. Three or four columns are devoted to answers to correspondents, and this part of the paper is evidently most popular. Medical questions are answered and advice is given by a physician; a barrister replies to queries on legal matters, and the editorial staff deal with general topics. It should be added that the recommendations appear to be very simple and very sensible, while the political matter is commendably free from rancour and violence.

One and All is the title of a new candidate for public favour. It describes itself as a "journal for everybody," and is edited by Mr. George R. Sims, a young *littérateur* of more than common ability, who has favourably distinguished himself in many ways. His magazine is worthy of his reputation. The tales are bright and readable, free from the affectations and the follies of the romances of high life of the other weeklies. And in addition to the fiction there is a provision of more solid matter in the shape of well-written and intelligent essays contributed by authors of reputation and capacity. It is, perhaps, rather unwise in a paper of this kind to allow so much latitude to the expression of political opinion. Everybody does not admire Mr. Bradlaugh and his political principles quite so much as Mr. Sims.

Literature for boys is a very important feature of the penny press. There are some fourteen or fifteen papers published for their amusement every week, with a total circulation of at least a million and a half. It is somewhat melancholy to have to add that, with few exceptions, these papers are silly and vulgar in the extreme, and that two or three are positively vicious. The best and wholesomest of them all is unquestionably the *Union Jack*, which started on its career some twelve months ago, under the editorial care of the late Mr. W. H. G. Kingston, whose name is wonderfully popular—and deservedly so—with all boys. In the course of a short time Mr. Kingston, in consequence of the pressure of other engagements, retired, and his place was taken by Mr. Henty, the well-known special correspondent of the *Standard*. As might be expected, the paper has, under such management, taken a very high place. The stories are excellently written, in a thoroughly manly tone, and the moral inculcated is never obtrusively thrust forward. No boy can be the worse for reading the *Union Jack*, and most boys will be improved. Much the same thing may be said of the *Boy's Own Paper*, which is published by the Religious Tract Society. The

tales are very good, though somewhat weaker and slighter than those of the *Union Jack*, but any defect in this way is made up for by excellent articles on natural history, cricket, boat-sailing, bees and bee-keeping, and similar subjects. A paper which numbers amongst its contributors writers of the standing of the Rev. J. G. Wood, Dr. Grace the cricketer, Jules Verne, W. H. Harris, and Miss Fyvie Mayo cannot but be successful, and it is gratifying to know that the paper enjoys a very large circulation. More recently a *Girl's Own Paper* has been issued by the same society, and being modelled on the same lines and carried on in the same spirit it has met with a corresponding amount of success. *Young Folks*, a paper which issues from the office of the *Weekly Budget*, is a paper which occupies ground of its own. The leading feature is always an instalment of one of those fairy stories of giants, monsters, gallant knights, and lovely ladies, which possess perennial attraction for the young. Stories of boys' and girls' life, and occasionally short sketches by young readers of the paper, fill up the remainder of the space, room being found occasionally for criticisms on attempts by the young readers to produce essays, poems, and tales. A large amount of space is also given to riddles and puzzles.

So far the papers for boys are excellent in tone and in execution. Those which remain to be considered come under a different category. *Our Boys' Journal* is as unlike anything that a prudent father would care to place in the hands of a boy as can well be imagined. The principal story is one of schoolboy life, and the instalment in the number before me is mainly composed of a sickening description of a fight in a dormitory. A second story has for title "Wild Tom of Cambridge," and is actually occupied with a description of the doings of a body-snatcher, with an illustration of this delectable subject. "The Scapegrace of London," the third story of this paper, is as silly and as vulgar as the last-mentioned is improper. The *Boys*

of England, the *Boys' Standard*, the *Boys' World*, and the *Young Men of Great Britain*, are equally distinguished by sensationalism and silliness; the last mentioned, which boasts that it "has with one exception the Largest Circulation of any Boy's Paper in the world," adding to its literary attractions a lottery for watches, pictures, books, parrots, cricket-bats, fishing-rods, boxes of puzzles, a tame monkey, a donkey, and a bicycle.

These things are bad enough, but there is an even lower depth, and it is an unflattering comment on our boasted civilisation that the worst papers have the largest circulation. The *Illustrated Police News* is to be found in every town and village in England. Its chief contents are reports extracted from the daily papers of proceedings at police courts, trials and inquests; its illustrations minister to the morbid craving of the uneducated for the horrible and the repulsive, and its advertisements call for the intervention of the police. Lord Campbell's Act was certainly intended to meet such cases as this, and why it is not put in force it is difficult to see. The same remark applies to the filthy rags which are thrust under the eyes of passers by in every crowded thoroughfare in London, which, for gross and stupid indecency, have no rivals in the press. Yet they are permitted to continue unchecked in their career, and to circulate—in the case of one publication at all events—to the extent of about 100,000 a week.

Against the existence of these wretched prints must be set the decadence of the old school of "Penny Dreadfuls"—those ill-printed sheets adorned with clumsy and inartistic wood-cuts, which were wont to tell from week to week *The Horrors of the Haunted Cellar*; or, *Blood and Crime*, and similar grisly stories. A few, however, still exist. A *Life of Calcraft the Hangman* is now in course of issue in penny numbers—"number two given away with number one." So also is a catchpenny publication bearing the title, *Charles Peace, the Burglar*, which

affects to give an account of the adventures of that notorious criminal, but which really is merely a dull and stupid hash up of old stories. It would seem, however, that there is a public for this sort of literature, for this "romance" has been issued from week to week over a period of more than eighteen months. Their length is, indeed, one of the most striking features of these productions. The *Mysteries of London*, and the *Mysteries of the Court*, which were the representative specimens of this class of publication, extended over several hundred; of numbers. Naturally people who read such romances have ceased to take an interest in them since they found that the penny weeklies gave them three or four times as much matter of the same character for the same price. There are, however, a few survivals: *Joseph Wilmot; or, The Memoirs of a Man Servant*, by the late G. W. M. Reynolds; *The Poor Girl*, by Pierce Egan, and one or two other romances of the same type, are still in course of reproduction from week to week, but the circulation is not large. Occasionally, too, announcements may be seen of some new serial story of the Claude Duval type; and one publisher has a rather unenviable notoriety for the publication of tales of gangs of highwaymen commanded by "boy captains," to which sundry ingenuous youths are indebted for their knowledge of the interior of the City Prison at Holloway. In spite of all this, and of the periodical oburgations of the sitting alderman when some wretched boy, translating the poetry of Grub Street into prose, picks the lock of his master's till to buy a cheap revolver and fancy himself a "dashing highwayman," there is a great falling off in the trade in "Penny Dreadfuls." Whether the many objectionable boys' papers, to which reference has been made, do not effect quite as much harm may be open to question, whilst there can be little doubt that the weeklies of the *London Journal* type afford to their readers mental food of nearly as unwholesome a character as that provided by the bygone romance in penny num-

bers. That there is much vice in any of these papers no one will contend. On the other hand, few will doubt that it is by no means a subject for agreeable reflection that the only reading indulged in by an enormous proportion of the lower middle classes, consists of nothing better than these exceedingly foolish and frivolous stories. Yet it is hard to devise a remedy for such a state of things, and in fact no remedy from without is applicable. It can only be hoped that matters will mend with the more general diffusion of education. So long, however, as education is allowed almost as a matter of course to exclude culture, we shall find foolish people taking pleasure in foolish things. The demand for these frivolous stories naturally creates the supply. Publishers are much the same as other tradesmen—they sell the goods for which their customers ask. Now and then a Firm like that of the brothers Chambers takes a higher view of its calling, and itself creates the demand. It were to be wished that other members of the trade would follow so admirable an example, especially since experience shows that the supply of good literature is by no means unprofitable. The *Leisure Hour*, for example, is, we believe, the most profitable of all the publications of the Religious Tract Society, and has largely increased in circulation since the admission of a more distinctively secular element. If some enterprising publisher would produce as good a magazine, from which the tract-element should be wholly expunged, he would probably find that it would pay him exceedingly well. But to render it successful it must be dealt with purely as a matter of business. No surer way of missing the object in view could be devised than that of putting such a venture into the forcing-house of a philanthropic society. The common sense and the business instincts of publishers must provide the remedy for present evils, and in time there is reason to believe that they will do so.

FRANCIS HITCHMAN.

ON A RECENT CRITICISM OF MR. SWINBURNE'S.

In the days of Chivalry, whose spirit, I am sure, still lingers with us, though its forms may have passed away, the prelude to a peaceful tournament, or *joute de plaisance*, was the salutation of each other by the combatants. Be it frankly said, that in the pages which are to follow, an effort will be made in some degree to dislodge Mr. Swinburne from that seat of critical judgment which he occupies with such gallant confidence, with such waving of plume and such clashing of shield. But before the lists are opened, let me salute, with something more than ceremonial courtesy, the volatile genius of the poet, and the solid accomplishments of the scholar. That premised, I will, without further preliminary, betake me to my task.

In the latest number of one of the ablest of monthly reviews, Mr. Swinburne, enlarging on a passage, rather cursory and incidental than definitive or judicial, inserted by M. Taine at the close of his brilliant survey of English poetry, institutes a comparison between Mr. Tennyson and Alfred de Musset. With Mr. Swinburne's opening remark, every one must agree. It is distinctive of this age, he says, that the greatest of the great writers who were born about the opening of the century, are still working with splendid persistence. It was affirmed by Menander that those the gods love die young. Is it because the gods themselves are dead, that the heavenly favourites are nowadays permitted to exceed even the scriptural span of life? Be this as it may, to Mr. Tennyson, with peculiar aptness, may be addressed the lines of Wordsworth, inspired by a very different personage—

"Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee when gray hairs are nigh,
A melancholy slave;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave."

More appropriate still perhaps, for the moment, would be an excerpt from Alfred de Musset himself, whom the gods loved not well enough either to cut off in the flower of his youth, or to leave hanging till he had achieved maturity. Mr. Swinburne, no doubt, knows the lines by heart—

"Mais comment fais-tu donc, vieux maître,
Pour renaître?
Car tes vers, en dépit du temps,
Ont vingt ans."

"Si jamais ta tête qui penche
Devient blanche,
Ce sera comme l'amandier,
Cher Nodier :

"Ce qui le blanchit n'est pas l'âge,
Ni l'orage;
C'est la fraîche rosée en pleurs
Dans les fleurs."

To this survival of power in Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Swinburne pays homage after his fashion. Who could possibly withhold it? *The Revenge*, *The Battle of Lucknow*, and most of all *Rizpah*, show that, even as in the days of *Locksley Hall*, ancient founts of inspiration well through Mr. Tennyson's fancy yet; serving to remind us that Nature rejoices in the occasional violation of her own laws, that roses are not altogether unknown in November, and that even when the snowdrop whitens the ground, the lark will sometimes carol up to heaven.

To the wedded strength and sadness in *Rizpah* Mr. Swinburne offers ample testimony, and this is how he does it—

"Nothing more piteous, more passionate, more adorable for intensity of beauty, was ever before this wrought by human cunning into the likeness of such words, as words are powerless to praise. Any possible commentary on a poem of this rank must needs be as weak and worthless as the priceless thing which evoked it is beautiful and strong."

I confess I am disposed to feel that this is so. But Mr. Swinburne, disregarding his candid avowal of what is worthless, proceeds with the commentary—

"But one which should attempt by selection or indication to underline, as it were, and to denote the chiefest among its manifold beauties and glories, would be also as long and as wordy as the poem is short and reticent. Once or twice in reading it a man may feel, and may know himself to be none the unmanlier for feeling, as though the very heart in him cried out for agony of pity, and hardly the flesh could endure the burden and the strain of it, the burning bitterness of so keen and divine a draught. A woman might weep it away and be 'all right' again—but a man born of woman can hardly be expected to bear the pity of it."

There is more to the same effect; indeed two whole pages, in the course of which we are assured that "never assuredly has any poor penman of the humblest order been more inwardly conscious of such impotence in words to sustain the weight of their intention than am I at this moment of my inability to cast into any shape of articulate speech, the impression and the emotion produced by the first reading of Tennyson's *Rizpah*;" that "the poet never lived on earth whose glory would not be heightened by the attribution of this poem to his hand;" that any one who hesitated to affirm as much must be "either cancerous with malevolence or paralytic with stupidity;" that now at least "there must be an end for ever on all hands to the once debateable question whether the author can properly be called in the strictest sense a great poet; and, finally, that "there must be an end for ever, and a day beyond at least, of a question which once was even more hotly debateable than this, the long contested question of poetic precedence between Alfred Tennyson and Alfred de Musset."

To all who, like myself, admire *Rizpah* vastly, and who never doubted that Mr. Tennyson was a larger poet than Alfred de Musset, the above is, in a sense, consolatory. But I confess that, even when first perusing it, and not having yet reached what follows, the note of panegyric struck me as strained, not to say forced, and I had an uncomfortable sort of feeling that somebody would have to pay the expense of this prodigal eulogium. To borrow a line Mr. Swinburne himself quotes—

"Cette promotion me laisse un peu rêveur."

Even when Mr. Swinburne praises, and no one praises more liberally, I do not know how it strikes other people, but he always gives me the idea that he is directing his panegyric at somebody who is not being panegyricised; in other words, that he is, to say the least, as much bent upon scarifying some one who is not mentioned, as on complimenting the person who is. Even in the passage just reproduced, with the chant over the glories of Mr. Tennyson, is mingled a gibe at "wandering apes" and "casual mules." This, I say, put me upon my guard. "Is it conceivable," I said to myself, "that *Rizpah*, fine, forcible, and effective as it is, should cause all this difference in a man's estimate of Mr. Tennyson as a poet? Is it possible that any Englishman at least, should have had to wait till this time of day, to discover that 'any comparison of claims between the two men must be unprofitable in itself, as well as unfair to the memory of the lesser poet'?" Finally, and to speak my whole mind with perfect candour, it struck me that, splendid of its kind as *Rizpah* undoubtedly is, there is surely some exaggeration in saying, "If this be not great work, no great work was ever, or will ever be done in verse by any human hand"; and that Mr. Tennyson himself has not unfrequently done work fully as good as it, and, *me jussu*, even better.

One had not to read much further to discern that these misgivings were

well founded. Somebody indeed had to pay for all the lavish praise of *Rizpah*, and it was the author of *Rizpah* himself. I felt sure I should come to the other side of the shield, the obverse hollows of all this embossed, and, if I may be permitted to say so, somewhat turgid appreciation; and come to it I did.

"There are whole poems of Mr. Tennyson's first period which are no more properly to be called metrical than the more shapeless and monstrous parts of Walt Whitman, which are lineally derived as to their form—if form that can be called where form is none—from the vilest example set by Cowley, when English verse was first infected and convulsed by the detestable duncery of sham Pindarics. At times, of course, his song was then as sweet as ever it has sounded since; but he never could make sure of singing right for more than a few minutes or stanzas. The strenuous drill through which since then he has felt it necessary to put himself, has done all that hard labour can do to rectify this congenital complaint: by dint of stocks and backboard he has taught himself a more graceful carriage. . . . It may be the highest imaginable sign of poetic power or native inspiration that a man should be able to grind a beauty out of a deformity or carve a defect into a perfection; but whatever may be the comparative worth of this peculiar faculty, no poet surely ever had it in a higher degree or cultivated it with more patient and strenuous industry than Mr. Tennyson. Idler men, or men less qualified and disposed to expend such length of time and energy of patience on the composition and modification, the rearrangement and recision and re-issue, of a single verse or copy of verses, can only look on at such a course of labour with amused or admiring astonishment, and a certain doubt whether the linnets, to whose method of singing Mr. Tennyson compares his own, do really go through the training of such a musical gymnasium before they come forth qualified to sing."

Everybody has heard of the operation described by Pope as "damning with faint praise." But damning with exaggerated praise is a new invention, and it is employed in Mr. Swinburne's paper, doubtless unintentionally, but with striking effect. As we shall see directly, it is not only on what Mr. Swinburne calls, "the crowning question of metre," that Mr. Tennyson is assigned a comparatively inferior place, but he is arraigned for his low estimate of women, for his

sympathy with princes, and for various other crimes and misdemeanours. To say of *Rizpah*, "never since the beginning of all poetry were the twin passions of terror and pity more divinely done into deathless words, or set to more perfect and profound magnificence of music," seems a poor set-off to the reproaches just cited, and still more to those that have yet to be set forth. There is no fear that any one—and Mr. Tennyson himself, I should think, least of all—will place *Rizpah* quite in the same category with *Œdipus* or *Lear*. But there is perhaps some little danger lest the inadvertent should believe, on Mr. Swinburne's authority, that Mr. Tennyson hits and maintains the right note only after the same sad drudgery and pain by dint of which we are told—with about equal accuracy—poor Malibran was taught to sing. It is said that women of not very generous temperament will go out of their way to insist that a beautiful slattern dresses admirably, in order to be in a position plausibly to challenge her beauty. I am sure Mr. Swinburne is not purposely ungenerous; but in first extolling Mr. Tennyson to the skies for his poem of *Rizpah*, and then decrying him almost below the ground for his defective ear, for his base estimate of women, and for his adulation of princes, he reminds me of the fable of the eagle who bore the tortoise aloft into heaven, and then let it fall to earth, in the hope of smashing its shell, and dining off the contents. If I remember rightly, the shell did not break after all, and the bird had to flap away as hungry as ever. In any case, after reading first the extravagant laudation, and then the yet more extreme obloquy contained in Mr. Swinburne's paper, I think everybody will agree that, to quote a line with which doubtless he is familiar, Mr. Tennyson deserved:—

"Ni cet excès d'honneur ni cette indignité."

What is the full measure of "*cette*

indignité," will be seen by and by. But before passing to the other reproaches addressed by Mr. Swinburne to the Laureate, I should like to be allowed to say something about this question of singing, of ear, of what Mr. Swinburne calls "the crowning question of metre." It is not the first time Mr. Swinburne has assumed that he possesses infallible authority upon this point. Now he must forgive me for remarking that though musicalness is unquestionably the most noticeable mark, and the most prominent quality, of his own verse, it is, for the most part, music of a particular kind. It is of the florid order, rather than of the stately; it is lyrical and Lydian, well calculated to soothe or to carry along, and sometimes enjoying the Lethean faculty of making those who read it forget to ask what it means, or indeed if it means anything very substantial. I will not say that Mr. Swinburne has adopted the principle, "Take care of the sound, and the sense will take care of itself." But he not unfrequently reminds one of this facile theory, and some of his imitators have adopted it without reserve. I cannot say whether the story is accurate; but I remember being told that, on hearing a poem of Mr. Swinburne's read aloud, Mr. Tennyson quietly quoted a line of his own, from the *Lotos Eaters* :—

"Like a tale of little meaning, though the words seem strong."

I should be as unfair to Mr. Swinburne as Mr. Swinburne is to Mr. Tennyson, if I hinted that he has not done much work to which the above verse is altogether inapplicable. But he is at once the poet, the prophet, and the critic of what I may call, *par excellence*, the Lyrical School; and his idea of singing, his standard of ear, his touchstone of "the crowning question of metre," is associated with the great triumphs of lyricism pure and simple.

Now, I trust I am not insensible to

the exquisite melody, the delicious dactyls of Shelley, of De Musset, and, I will add, of Mr. Swinburne himself. But the Lyricists pure and simple—and certainly, as far as verse is concerned, De Musset never became anything else—are, after all, the *flentes in limine primo*. They are children, or at most they are boys. Every poet, no doubt, should pass through that preliminary stage; but he should not stay there. There should come a time when the puerile voice changes, and henceforward is recognised as masculine. It should acquire a passionate composure, and like the spirit that informs it, should be, not only spacious as the air, not only soaring and circumambient as the sky, but deep and sonorous as the sea. De Musset, as Mr. Swinburne half allows, never underwent this solemn transformation; and it is perhaps, on that very account, that all of us find him, within limits, so irresistibly attractive. He is the poet of the transitional period between boyhood and manhood.

"Mes premiers vers sont d'un enfant,
Les seconds, d'un adolescent."

He never got beyond the sweet sick springtime of the soul, when it searches for what it is never to find, when it strains towards what it never can clutch, when the "flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell," and the whole want and utterance of the heart is embodied in the cry, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away!" He who has not "*passé par là*," will never be much of a poet; but he who does not pass beyond it, will never be a great one. Yet this season of the "Song of Songs" is the eternal quest of the young, the eternal regret of the old. Nothing can superannuate its charm, nothing can quench its fascination. At the climax of his strength and his fame, Byron could not help exclaiming, "The days of our youth are the days of our

glory," and M. Taine was doubtless under the spell of this periodically recurring sentiment, this irresistible return, ever and anon, to one's first love, when, for a brief moment, flinging sober criticism and just judgment to the winds, he asked if it is not pardonable to prefer the author of *Les Nuits* to the author of the *Idylls*.

Just one word more about "singing." Speaking of the earlier poems of De Musset, Mr. Swinburne observes: "Of all thin and shallow criticisms, none ever was shallower or thinner than that which would describe these firstlings of Musset's genius as mere Byronic echoes." True enough. But, he goes on to say, "in that case they would be tuneless in their original, whereas they are the notes of a singer who cannot but sing."

This is not the first time we have been treated to this opinion. Once before Mr. Swinburne has spoken of Byron as a singer who could not sing. I ventured to reply, at the time, that he was a singer who could not or would not shriek. It is necessary to repeat the protest. No doubt Byron shows, as a rule, rather volume of voice than flexibility; and from a determination not to resemble excellent models, but to strike out a line for himself—a passion for pseudo-originality, from which lesser poets that could be named, since his time, have likewise suffered—his blank verse is generally detestable. But Shelley did not find out that Byron could not sing; neither did Scott, nor Goethe, nor Lamartine, nor Pushkin, nor Leopardi, nor De Musset himself. He speaks of the "chant" of Byron as that of "*un cygne*," and compares the echo of his song to "*le torrent dans la verte vallée*." Mr. Swinburne's discovery is strictly his own, and I should advise him not to press it. Indeed it would not be difficult to dispose of it by the method of reasoning familiarly known as a *reductio ad absurdum*. Mr. Swinburne affirms that the question of metre is the crowning question, in other words,

that the greatest poets are the most musical, and most people would be disposed to agree with the dictum, if the question what music is were first satisfactorily settled. But Mr. Swinburne will have it that Byron cannot sing, whereas it is quite certain that Mr. Swinburne can. Therefore Mr. Swinburne is a greater poet than Byron: which, everybody will allow, is absurd. Q. E. D.

I daresay larks do not find much music in the thunder. But they have the sense to be silent when they hear the roll of that untrembling diapason that makes all things tremble.

To speak the plain truth, we are threatened, just at present, with too much of what Mr. Swinburne means by "singing." Does he not remember the following passage in the Fourth Book of *Paradise Regained*?—

"There shalt thou hear and learn the secret
power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured
verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them birth, but higher
sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called."

Milton goes on to speak of "the lofty grave tragedians" who employed "chorus or iambic,"

"High actions and high passions best describing."

Sheer lyricism just now is over much the mode. It is all very nice and pleasant in its way, and within bounds, but one can have too much of a good thing, and one does not want poetry to become *vox et preterea nihil*. It is a fashion, doubtless, that will pass. If it does not, I fear people will begin to say of poetry what some one said of operatic music, *Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit on le chante*, and we shall require a Wagner in literature to denounce the meaningless *fioriture* of musical bards bent on recalling the most irrelevant flourishes of Donizetti. Mr. Tennyson never does, and has never done, that.

The assertion that Mr. Tennyson

was born with an inaptitude for musical verse, though I conceive it to be very wide of the mark, I can at least understand. It is made intelligible by remembering the limits Mr. Swinburne assigns to music, and the characteristic preference he exhibits, in his own writings, for certain forms of it. But when we are told that "among all poems of serious pretensions in that line . . . this latest epic of King Arthur took the very lowest view of virtue, set up the very poorest and most pitiful standard of duty, or of heroism for woman or for man," I own I feel as much perplexity as surprise. Perhaps the solution of the riddle might be got at by again resorting to the process just employed, and by inquiring what is Mr. Swinburne's own standard of duty or heroism for woman or for man, and informing ourselves through a diligent reperusal of his poems, and of those writers whose productions he has the loudest extolled, what it is he and they consider men and women ought mainly to feel, and what it is they ought mainly to occupy themselves with. But such a course might be invidious. Happily, moreover, it is unnecessary. It is enough to bring Mr. Tennyson's men and women into court, to let men and women be the jury, and to read over to them the following indictment:—

"I cannot say that Mr. Tennyson's life-long tone about women and their shortcomings has ever commended itself to my poor mind as the note of a very pure or high one. There is always a latent, if not a patent propensity in many of his very lovers, to scold and whine after a fashion which makes even Alfred de Musset seem by comparison a model or a type of manliness. His Enids and Edith Aylmers are much below the ideal mark of Wordsworth, who has never, I believe, been considered a specially great master in that kind; but his 'little Letties' were apparently made mean and thin of nature to match their pitifully poor-spirited suitors! It cannot respectfully be supposed that Mr. Tennyson is unaware of the paltry curishness and mean-spirited malice displayed in verse too dainty for such base uses by the plaintively spiteful manikins with the thinnest whey of sour milk in their poor fretful veins, whom he brings forward to

vent upon some fickle or too discerning mistress the vain and languid venom of their contemptible contempt."

What does it mean? Several years ago I ventured to express the opinion that Mr. Tennyson's was rather a feminine than a masculine Muse, borrowing, naturally enough, its idiosyncrasy from the period when it was most susceptible to surrounding influences. One or two persons of far higher critical authority than I can pretend to, told me I had struck a true note, and to the opinion then advanced, I am still disposed in substance to adhere. But I seize this opportunity to say that I have long perceived that the opinion was advanced with exaggeration, and somewhat unbecomingly; that the essay in which it appeared has for a considerable time been out of print, and will never with the author's consent be republished; and finally that it would never have appeared at all but for a circumstance which it would be disagreeable, because egotistical, to explain explicitly, but which perhaps many will at once understand, if I quote the following lines of De Musset to Sainte Beuve:—

"Ami, tu l'as bien dit : . . .
'Il existe, en un mot, chez les trois quarts
des hommes,
Un poète mort jeune à qui l'homme survit,'
Tu l'as bien dit, ami, mais tu l'as trop bien
dit.
Tu ne prenais pas garde, en traçant ta
pensée
. . . que tu blasphémais . . .
. . . Je te rends à ta Muse offensée,
Et souviens-toi qu'en nous il existe souvent
Un poète endormi toujours jeune et vivant."

But it is precisely because there is so much of the feminine quality in Mr. Tennyson's Muse, that his Muse is beloved of women, and is attractive to all men to whom women are attractive. How often has it happened to one to ask "What shall I read?" and to get for answer "Tennyson." And though one might be almost angry because neither Shakespeare, nor

Milton, nor Byron, nor Wordsworth, could get a hearing, so it was, and *femme le veut Dieu le veut*. He is the poet of their predilection; and if it were true that his women are not "very pure or high," it would seem to follow that the women in flesh and blood who love to read of them, are themselves not very high or pure. Is not that another *reductio ad absurdum*? I confess I never knew them ask any one to read "Vivien." They prefer "Elaine," and "Guinivere." Yet "Vivien" is a masterpiece, and that "harlot" as Mr. Tennyson very properly does not shrink from calling her, is the consummate poetic type of women with very little poetry about them. But the blameless love of Elaine, and the pardonable passion of Guinivere, are, to say the least of it, equally emblematic; and I confess I should find myself so different in blood, in language, in race, in instinct, in everything, from the man who told me that he found the one mean and low, or the other poor, pitiful, and base, that, as I have declared, I should not understand him.

On two points, I imagine, most men, on consideration, would agree with Mr. Swinburne. *The Idylls of the King*, are idylls of the King, and not an epic poem, nor indeed *one* poem of any kind. I am not aware that Mr. Tennyson has ever said or suggested the contrary; and no man is responsible for the extravagances of his less discreet or too generous admirers. I suspect Mr. Tennyson would consider the terms Mr. Swinburne himself applies to *Rizpah* as a trifle uncritical. The other point of agreement they would have with Mr. Swinburne is that King Arthur, in the *Idylls*, is not an adequate and satisfactory hero. But heroes from time immemorial have had a knack of breaking in the hands of their creator. The "pious Æneas" is not worthy of his vicissitudes, his mission, and his fate, or of the splendid verse in which his name is for ever embalmed. Milton assuredly did not intend

to make Lucifer his hero; but the ruined Archangel dwarfs into insignificance all other personages in *Paradise Lost*, human, divine, or infernal. From *Childe Harold*, Childe Harold all but disappears; and I suspect it is only by aid of the drama that a writer is able to say successfully, "Behold a man!"

I think Mr. Swinburne will perceive that, though my lights may be less than his, I am sincerely anxious to get at the truth, and that my object is neither to provoke nor to propitiate, neither to extol nor to decry. But what can I or any one say, in sufficient moderation, respecting the following passage?—

"'But,' says the Laureate, 'it is not Mallory's King Arthur, nor yet Geoffrey's King Arthur, that I have desired to reproduce: on the contrary, it is "scarcely other than" Prince Albert' . . . who, if neither a wholly gigantic nor altogether a divine personage, was, at least, one would imagine, a human figure. . . . This fact, it would seem, was revealed to Mr. Tennyson himself, of all men on earth, by some freak of the same humorous or malicious fairy who disclosed to him the not less amusing truth, and induced him to publish it, with a face of unmoved gravity, to the nation and the world, that whenever he said King Arthur he meant Prince Albert. No satirist could have ventured on either stroke of sarcasm. . . . Not as yet had the blameless Albert, at the bidding of his Merlin Palmerston, led forth—we will not say his Guinivere—to clasp the thievish hand of a then uncrowned assassin."

I said, a little while back, that I would not accuse Mr. Swinburne of intentional want of generosity. Yet I am compelled to aver that a more ungenerous passage than the above I never read; and it would seem still more ungenerous were it to be quoted from more freely. Mr. Swinburne has not the excuse that might be pleaded by a critic who was stupid. He is a poet, and he knows what fine, delicate, subtle analogies are as well as any one. There is a striking resemblance between the nobler qualities of Mr. Tennyson's "ideal knight" and those of the late Prince Consort, and it was a true and fresh stroke of poetry to associate them as Mr. Tennyson

has done. But is it true, or fair, or "manly," to assert that the poet wished the one to be entirely identified with the other, much more that when he mentions the one he means the other? I fear some people will conclude that the above unmag-nanimous passage was dictated by Mr. Swinburne's hatred of princes; and less indulgent persons will add, by his want of love for Mr. Tennyson.

Now, to my thinking, the most loathsome of all characters is a sycophant. Perhaps I am more comprehensive in my contempt for that tribe even than Mr. Swinburne himself; for I hold in equal disdain the flatterers of princes and the flatterers of the people. The folly, the feebleness, and the fury of kings is to be matched only by the feebleness, the folly, and the fury of crowds. Sensible men entertain a careful distrust of each, and devise and maintain every possible barrier against the selfish vagaries of both alike. It is the rare distinction of Prince Albert that he imposed upon himself those checks which most men require to have imposed upon them by others, and against which, whether proceeding from within or from without, princes usually rebel. When we are shown a *demos* as wise, as patriotic, as conscientious, and as capable of self-abnegation, as Prince Albert, the time will have come for an honest man to chant its virtues, and we shall be able to look forward to the future of our race with more hopeful feelings than are at present possible to a sane philanthropy.

Sycophants, therefore, can dance attendance on the Many as easily and as mischievously as on the One; and of all the unmeasured adulators of the multitude I know no one to compare with the poet before whom Mr. Swinburne is perpetually prostrating himself, and before whom he bows and bobs and genuflects an almost countless number of times in the course of the paper on which I am commenting — to wit, M. Victor Hugo.

I have no wish to assail any man of letters, be his foibles what they may. But when Mr. Swinburne girds at both De Musset and Mr. Tennyson for having written civilly of princes, and observes that "poeticules' love princelings as naturally as poets abhor tyrants," it is perhaps pertinent to ask him if he is aware that the first verses of M. Victor Hugo were passionately Royalist; that the refrain of one of his early poems is "*Vive le Roi! Vive la France!*" that he celebrated the Duc d'Angoulême as "the greatest of warriors"; that he mourned the death of Louis XVIII. with loyal pathos; that he wrote a tragedy whose last line was "*Quand on hait les tyrans, on doit aimer les rois*"; that the first patron of the author of *Odes et Poésies Diverses* was a king, who gave M. Victor Hugo a pension of a thousand francs out of his privy purse, which was afterwards doubled, and which I believe was not resigned till the year 1832, or when M. Victor Hugo was thirty years of age; and that though he for a time seemed disposed to declare himself a Republican, he sought for and obtained a seat in the House of Peers from Louis Philippe as recently as 1845. Far be it from me to attempt to turn these facts against the reputation of M. Victor Hugo. I entertain no doubt they are capable of a perfectly satisfactory explanation. But let us not have two weights and two measures; and before Mr. Swinburne takes to throwing stones against those who incur his displeasure, let him look carefully round to see if some of those who excite his admiration are not living in a house with a good many glass windows.

Against M. Victor Hugo as a man I have necessarily no word to utter. But Mr. Swinburne compels one to say something about him as a poet. In this paper upon Mr. Tennyson and De Musset alone, we come upon the following phrases, all of them applied to M. Victor Hugo: "The mightiest

master of the nineteenth century;" "One far greater than Byron or Lamartine"; "The greatest living poet"; "The godlike hand of Victor Hugo"; "Only Victor Hugo himself can make words thunder and lighten like these." There is more, I think, of the same kind; but it perhaps suffices to mention these, for previous experience has made us familiar with the assumption that underlies them.

It would be as presumptuous in me to make the world a present of my opinion as to who is the greatest of modern poets, as I conceive it is in Mr. Swinburne to be perpetually pursuing that course. I will therefore content myself with saying that to attribute that distinction to M. Hugo seems to me simply ludicrous, unless clatter be the same thing as fame, and confident copiousness is to be accepted as a conclusive credential of superiority; that in the opinion of Sainte-Beuve, De Musset was far more of a poet than M. Victor Hugo; and that, with the exception of Mr. Swinburne himself, all English critics, with whom I am acquainted, entertain no sort of doubt that Mr. Tennyson is a more considerable poet than both De Musset and M. Victor Hugo put together with a large margin to spare. In any case, does Mr. Swinburne think that, by "damnable iteration" about the "great master," he will alter the fact, or convert any human being to a creed in the propagation of which he seems unaccountably zealous? If he does, I recommend to his perusal the following brief observation of Sainte-Beuve, which he will find in a "Causerie" upon George Sand:—

"Ceux qui cherchent à imposer aux autres une foi qu'ils ne sont pas bien surs d'avoir eux-mêmes, s'échauffent en parlant, affirment sur tous les tons, et se font prophètes afin de tâcher d'être croyants."

I have said that the zeal of Mr. Swinburne in perpetually asseverating the unapproachable superiority of M. Victor Hugo is unaccountable. Perhaps, however, it is to be accounted

for by reading between the lines of the following passage:—

"As lyric poet and as republican leader, the master poet of the world has equally deserved to attain this obloquy, to incur this tribute from a journal"—the reference, I believe, is to the *Figaro* of Paris—"to which the principles of republican faith, a writer to whom the pretensions of lyric poetry are naturally and equally abhorrent and contemptible: nor could any law of nature or any result of chance be more equitably satisfactory than one which should gratify the wish—or the three wishes—that all who do not love the one should hate the other: that all such men should be even as M. Zola: and that all such writers as M. Zola, should be haters and scorners alike of republican principles and of lyric song."

With every desire not to be intolerant, and to inform oneself of what is going on in this world, I think one may be pardoned for being unable to read M. Zola. I should as soon think of doing things I will not even name, as of reading *L'Assommoir*; and I fancy most Englishmen, whether Monarchists or Republicans, whether lyrists or the most prosaic folk in the world, entertain the same repugnance. But what, in the name of all that is fair, and manly, and magnanimous, have political opinions got to do with literary merit? Politics and literature are distinct, and though, as abundant experience has shown, one and the same man may make his mark in both, they are separate spheres of the same brain, and a man may be a good poet and a bad politician, or a bad poet and a good politician, or either good or bad in each capacity alike. Once you care one straw what are the political opinions of a poet, there is an end of you as a critic. Royalist, Republican, Communist, Deist, Pantheist,—what care I which of these a poet is, so he is a poet? As a fact, I fancy the greater sort of poets usually wear their creeds rather loosely; and if we find a poet, in his character of poet, a perpetually passionate advocate, misgivings as to his permanent fame may reasonably be entertained. Still no absolute rule can be applied to these irregular planets. One likes a poet to love his country, on the

same principle which Cicero says made Ulysses love Ithaca, "not because it was broad, but because it was his own." Mr. Tennyson loves his country warmly, and for this Mr. Swinburne rebukes him with indulging in the "beardless bluster of the Tory member, not of a provincial deputy, but of a provincial schoolboy." This is perhaps the most inapt of all the inapt observations in his amazing piece of criticism.

I might say more, but I feel I have said enough, I hope, not too much of a paper which, it seems to me, would be not unjustly described, in Mr. Swinburne's own words, as "pseudo-poetic rhapsody is hermaphroditic prose," and concerning which a person whose authority all would recognise were I to mention him, observed to me,

"This is the *Carmagnole* of criticism." But, before concluding, I should like, if Mr. Swinburne will not think me presuming, to remind him, in all friendliness, that he, no more than I, is any longer in the consulship of Plancus; that some of us would have been thankful to have had our youthful follies treated as leniently as his have been; and that the least return he can make for the indulgence that has been extended to him in consideration of his genius, is to remember the lines of the really "great master,"—not M. Victor Hugo, but Shakespeare—

". Reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low."

ALFRED AUSTIN.

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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

XXV.

GILBERT OSMOND came to see Isabel again; that is, he came to the Palazzo Crescentini. He had other friends there as well; and to Mrs. Touchett and Madame Merle he was always impartially civil; but the former of these ladies noted the fact that in the course of a fortnight he called five times, and compared it with another fact that she found no difficulty in remembering. Two visits a year had hitherto constituted his regular tribute to Mrs. Touchett's charms, and she had never observed that he selected for such visits those moments, of almost periodical recurrence, when Madame Merle was under her roof. It was not for Madame Merle that he came; these two were old friends, and he never put himself out for her. He was not fond of Ralph—Ralph had told her so—and it was not supposable that Mr. Osmond had suddenly taken a fancy to her son. Ralph was imperturbable—Ralph had a kind of loose-fitting urbanity that wrapped him about like an ill-made overcoat, but of which he never divested himself; he thought Mr. Osmond very good company, and would have been willing at any time to take the hospitable view of his idiosyncracies. But he did not flatter himself that the desire to repair a past injustice was the motive of their visitor's calls; he

read the situation more clearly. Isabel was the attraction, and in all conscience a sufficient one. Osmond was a critic, a student of the exquisite, and it was natural he should admire an admirable person. So when his mother said to him that it was very plain what Mr. Osmond was thinking of, Ralph replied that he was quite of her opinion. Mrs. Touchett had always liked Mr. Osmond; she thought him so much of a gentleman. As he had never been an importunate visitor he had had no chance to be offensive, and he was recommended to Mrs. Touchett by his appearance of being as well able to do without her as she was to do without him—a quality that always excited her esteem. It gave her no satisfaction, however, to think that he had taken it into his head to marry her niece. Such an alliance, on Isabel's part, would have an air of almost morbid perversity. Mrs. Touchett easily remembered that the girl had refused an English peer; and that a young lady for whom Lord Warburton had not been up to the mark, should content herself with an obscure American dilettante, a middle-aged widower with an overgrown daughter and an income of nothing—this answered to nothing in Mrs. Touchett's conception of success. She took, it will be observed, not the sentimental, but the political, view of matrimony—a view which has always had much to

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

recommend it. "I trust she won't have the folly to listen to him," she said to her son; to which Ralph replied that Isabel's listening was one thing and her answering quite another. He knew that she had listened to others, but that she had made them listen to her in return; and he found much entertainment in the idea that, in these few months that he had known her, he should see a third suitor at her gate. She had wanted to see life, and fortune was serving her to her taste; a succession of gentlemen going down on their knees to her was by itself a respectable chapter of experience. Ralph looked forward to a fourth and a fifth *soupirant*; he had no conviction that she would stop at a third. She would keep the gate ajar and open a parley; she would certainly not allow number three to come in. He expressed this view, somewhat after this fashion, to his mother, who looked at him as if he had been dancing a jig. He had such a fanciful, pictorial way of saying things that he might as well address her in the deaf-mute's alphabet.

"I don't think I know what you mean," she said; "you use too many metaphors; I could never understand allegories. The two words in the language I most respect are Yes and No. If Isabel wants to marry Mr. Osmond, she will do so in spite of all your similes. Let her alone to find a favourable comparison for anything she undertakes. I know very little about the young man in America; I don't think she spends much of her time in thinking of him, and I suspect he has got tired of waiting for her. There is nothing in life to prevent her marrying Mr. Osmond if she only looks at him in a certain way. That is all very well; no one approves more than I of one's pleasing one's self. But she takes her pleasure in such odd things; she is capable of marrying Mr. Osmond for his opinions. She wants to be disinterested: as if she were the only person who is in danger of not being

so! Will he be so disinterested when he has the spending of her money? That was her idea before your father's death, and it has acquired new charms for her since. She ought to marry some one of whose disinterestedness she should be sure, herself; and there would be no such proof of that as his having a fortune of his own."

"My dear mother, I am not afraid," Ralph answered. "She is making fools of us all. She will please herself, of course; but she will do so by studying human nature and retaining her liberty. She has started on an exploring expedition, and I don't think she will change her course, at the outset, at a signal from Gilbert Osmond. She may have slackened speed for an hour, but before we know it she will be steaming away again. Excuse another metaphor."

Mrs. Touchett excused it perhaps, but she was not so much reassured as to withhold from Madame Merle the expression of her fears. "You who know everything," she said, "you must know this: whether that man is making love to my niece."

Madame Merle opened her expressive eyes, and with a brilliant smile—"Heaven help us!" she exclaimed; "that's an idea!"

"Has it never occurred to you?"

"You make me feel like a fool—but I confess it hasn't. I wonder," added Madame Merle, "whether it has occurred to her."

"I think I will ask her," said Mrs. Touchett.

Madame Merle reflected a moment. "Don't put it into her head. The thing would be to ask Mr. Osmond."

"I can't do that," said Mrs. Touchett; "it's none of my business."

"I will ask him myself," Madame Merle declared, bravely.

"It's none of yours, either."

"That's precisely why I can afford to ask him; it is so much less my business than any one's else that in me the question will not seem to him embarrassing."

"Pray let me know on the first day,

then," said Mrs. Touchett. "If I can't speak to him, at least I can speak to her."

"Don't be too quick with her; don't inflame her imagination."

"I never did anything to any one's imagination. But I am always sure she will do something I don't like."

"You wouldn't like this," Madame Merle observed, without the point of interrogation.

"Why should I, pray? Mr. Osmond has nothing to offer."

Again Madame Merle was silent, while her thoughtful smile drew up her mouth more than usual toward the left corner. "Let us distinguish. Gilbert Osmond is certainly not the first comer. He is a man who under favourable circumstances might very well make an impression. He has made an impression, to my knowledge, more than once."

"Don't tell me about his love-affairs; they are nothing to me!" Mrs. Touchett cried. "What you say is precisely why I wish he would cease his visits. He has nothing in the world that I know of but a dozen or two of early masters and a grown-up daughter."

"The early masters are worth a good deal of money," said Madame Merle, "and the daughter is a very young and very harmless person."

"In other words, she is an insipid school-girl. Is that what you mean? Having no fortune, she can't hope to marry, as they marry here; so that Isabel will have to furnish her either with a maintenance or with a dowry."

"Isabel probably would not object to being kind to her. I think she likes the child."

"Another reason for Mr. Osmond stopping at home! Otherwise, a week hence, we shall have Isabel arriving at the conviction that her mission in life is to prove that a stepmother may sacrifice herself—and that, to prove it, she must first become one."

"She would make a charming step-mother," said Madame Merle, smiling; "but I quite agree with you that she

had better not decide upon her mission too hastily. Changing one's mission is often awkward! I will investigate and report to you."

All this went on quite over Isabel's head; she had no suspicion that her relations with Mr. Osmond were being discussed. Madame Merle had said nothing to put her on her guard; she alluded no more pointedly to Mr. Osmond than to the other gentlemen of Florence, native and foreign, who came in considerable numbers to pay their respects to Miss Archer's aunt. Isabel thought him very pleasant; she liked to think of him. She had carried away an image from her visit to his hill-top which her subsequent knowledge of him did nothing to efface, and which happened to take her fancy particularly—the image of a quiet, clever, sensitive, distinguished man, strolling on a moss-grown terrace above the sweet Val d'Arno and holding by the hand a little girl whose sympathetic docility gave a new aspect to childhood. The picture was not brilliant, but she liked its lowness of tone, and the atmosphere of summer twilight that pervaded it. It seemed to tell a story—a story of the sort that touched her most easily; to speak of a serious choice, a choice between things of a shallow, and things of a deep, interest; of a lonely, studious life in a lovely land; of an old sorrow that sometimes ached to-day; a feeling of pride that was perhaps exaggerated, but that had an element of nobleness; a care for beauty and perfection so natural and so cultivated together, that it had been the main occupation of a lifetime of which the arid places were watered with the sweet sense of a quaint, half-anxious, half-helpless fatherhood. At the Palazzo Crescentini Mr. Osmond's manner remained the same; shy at first, and full of the effort (visible only to a sympathetic eye) to overcome this disadvantage; an effort which usually resulted in a great deal of easy, lively, very positive, rather aggressive, and always effective, talk. Mr. Osmond's talk was not in-

jured by the indication of an eagerness to shine; Isabel found no difficulty in believing that a person was sincere who had so many of the signs of strong conviction—as for instance an explicit and graceful appreciation of anything that might be said on his own side, said perhaps by Miss Archer in particular. What continued to please this young lady was his extraordinary subtlety. There was such a fine intellectual intention in what he said, and the movement of his wit was like that of a quick-flashing blade. One day he brought his little daughter with him, and Isabel was delighted to renew acquaintance with the child, who, as she presented her forehead to be kissed by every member of the circle, reminded her vividly of an *ingénue* in a French play. Isabel had never seen a young girl of this pattern; American girls were very different—different too were the daughters of England. This young lady was so neat, so complete in her manner; and yet in character, as one could see, so innocent and infantine. She sat on the sofa, by Isabel; she wore a small grenadine mantle and a pair of the useful gloves that Madame Merle had given her—little grey gloves, with a single button. She was like a sheet of blank paper—the ideal *jeune fille* of foreign fiction. Isabel hoped that so fair and smooth a page would be covered with an edifying text.

The Countess Gemini also came to call upon her, but the Countess was quite another affair. She was by no means a blank sheet; she had been written over in a variety of hands, and Mrs. Touchett, who felt by no means honoured by her visit, declared that a number of unmistakable blots were to be seen upon her surface. The Countess Gemini was indeed the occasion of a slight discussion between the mistress of the house and the visitor from Rome, in which Madame Merle (who was not such a fool as to irritate people by always agreeing with them), availed herself humorously of that large license of dissent which her

hostess permitted as freely as she practised it. Mrs. Touchett had pronounced it a piece of audacity that the Countess Gemini should have presented herself at this time of day at the door of a house in which she was esteemed so little as she must long have known herself to be at the Palazzo Crescentini. Isabel had been made acquainted with the estimate which prevailed under this roof; it represented Mr. Osmond's sister as a kind of flighty reprobate. She had been married by her mother—a heartless featherhead like herself, with an appreciation of foreign titles which the daughter, to do her justice, had probably by this time thrown off—to an Italian nobleman who had perhaps given her some excuse for attempting to quench the consciousness of neglect. The Countess, however, had consoled herself too well, and it was notorious in Florence that she had consoled others also. Mrs. Touchett had never consented to receive her, though the Countess had made overtures of old. Florence was not an austere city; but, as Mrs. Touchett said, she had to draw the line somewhere.

Madame Merle defended the unhappy lady with a great deal of zeal and wit. She could not see why Mrs. Touchett should make a scapegoat of that poor Countess, who had really done no harm, who had only done good in the wrong way. One must certainly draw the line, but while one was about it one should draw it straight; it was a very crooked chalk-mark that would exclude the Countess Gemini. In that case Mrs. Touchett had better shut up her house; this perhaps would be the best course so long as she remained in Florence. One must be fair and not make arbitrary differences; the Countess had doubtless been imprudent; she had not been so clever as other women. She was a good creature, not clever at all; but since when had that been a ground of exclusion from the best society? It was a long time since one had heard

anything about her, and there could be no better proof of her having renounced the error of her ways than her desire to become a member of Mrs. Touchett's circle. Isabel could contribute nothing to this interesting dispute, not even a patient attention; she contented herself with having given a friendly welcome to the Countess Gemini, who, whatever her defects, had at least the merit of being Mr. Osmond's sister. As she liked the brother, Isabel thought it proper to try and like the sister; in spite of the growing perplexity of things she was still perfectly capable of these rather primitive sequences of feeling. She had not received the happiest impression of the Countess on meeting her at the villa, but she was thankful for an opportunity to repair this accident. Had not Mr. Osmond declared that she was a good woman? To have proceeded from Gilbert Osmond, this was rather a rough statement; but Madame Merle bestowed upon it a certain improving polish. She told Isabel more about the poor Countess than Mr. Osmond had done, and related the history of her marriage and its consequences. The Count was a member of an ancient Tuscan family, but so poor that he had been glad to accept Amy Osmond, in spite of her being no beauty, with the modest dowry her mother was able to offer—a sum about equivalent to that which had already formed her brother's share of their patrimony. Count Gemini, since then, however, had inherited money, and now they were well enough off, as Italians went, though Amy was horribly extravagant. The Count was a low-lived brute; he had given his wife every excuse. She had no children; she had lost three within a year of their birth. Her mother, who had pretensions to "culture," wrote descriptive poems, and corresponded on Italian subjects with the English weekly journals—her mother had died three years after the Countess's marriage, the father having died long before. One could see this

in Gilbert Osmond, Madame Merle thought—see that he had been brought up by a woman; though to do him justice one would suppose it had been by a more sensible woman than the American Corinne, as Mrs. Osmond liked to be called. She had brought her children to Italy after her husband's death, and Mrs. Touchett remembered her during the years that followed her arrival. She thought her a horrible snob; but this was an irregularity of judgment on Mrs. Touchett's part, for she, like Mr. Osmond, approved of political marriages. The Countess was very good company, and not such a fool as she seemed; one got on with her perfectly if one observed a single simple condition—that of not believing a word she said. Madame Merle had always made the best of her for her brother's sake; he always appreciated any kindness shown to Amy, because (if it had to be confessed for him), he was rather ashamed of her. Naturally, he couldn't like her style, her loudness, her want of repose. She displeased him; she acted on his nerves; she was not *his* sort of woman. What was his sort of woman? Oh, the opposite of the Countess, a woman who should always speak the truth. Isabel was unable to estimate the number of fibs her visitor had told her; the Countess indeed had given her an impression of rather silly sincerity. She had talked almost exclusively about herself; how much she should like to know Miss Archer; how thankful she should be for a real friend; how nasty the people in Florence were; how tired she was of the place; how much she should like to live somewhere else—in Paris, or London, or St. Petersburg; how impossible it was to get anything nice to wear in Italy, except a little old lace; how dear the world was growing everywhere; what a life of suffering and privation she had led. Madame Merle listened with interest to Isabel's account of her conversation with this plaintive butterfly; but she had not needed it, to feel exempt from

anxiety. On the whole, she was not afraid of the Countess, and she could afford to do what was altogether best—not to appear so.

Isabel had another visitor, whom it was not, even behind her back, so easy a matter to patronise. Henrietta Stackpole, who had left Paris after Mrs. Touchett's departure for San Remo and had worked her way down, as she said, through the cities of North Italy, arrived in Florence about the middle of May. Madame Merle surveyed her with a single glance, comprehended her, and, after a moment's concentrated reflection, determined to like her. She determined, indeed, to delight in her. To like her was impossible; but the intenser sentiment might be managed. Madame Merle managed it beautifully, and Isabel felt that in foreseeing this event she had done justice to her friend's breadth of mind. Henrietta's arrival had been announced by Mr. Bantling, who, coming down from Nice while she was at Venice, and expecting to find her in Florence, which she had not yet reached, came to the Palazzo Crescentini to express his disappointment. Henrietta's own advent occurred two days later, and produced in Mr. Bantling an emotion amply accounted for by the fact that he had not seen her since the termination of the episode at Versailles. The humorous view of his situation was generally taken, but it was openly expressed only by Ralph Touchett, who, in the privacy of his own apartment, when Bantling smoked a cigar there, indulged in Heaven knows what genial pleasantries on the subject of the incisive Miss Stackpole and her British ally. This gentleman took the joke in perfectly good part, and artlessly confessed that he regarded the affair as an intellectual flirtation. He liked Miss Stackpole extremely; he thought she had a wonderful head on her shoulders, and found great comfort in the society of a woman who was not perpetually thinking about what would be said

and how it would look. Miss Stackpole never cared how it looked, and if she didn't care, pray why should he? But his curiosity had been roused; he wanted awfully to see whether she ever would care. He was prepared to go as far as she—he did not see why he should stop first.

Henrietta showed no signs of stopping at all. Her prospects, as we know, had brightened upon her leaving England, and she was now in the full enjoyment of her copious resources. She had indeed been obliged to sacrifice her hopes with regard to the inner life; the social question, on the continent, bristled with difficulties even more numerous than those she had encountered in England. But on the continent there was the outer life, which was palpable and visible at every turn, and more easily convertible to literary uses than the customs of those opaque islanders. Out of doors, in foreign lands, as Miss Stackpole ingeniously remarked, one seemed to see the right side of the tapestry; out of doors, in England, one seemed to see the wrong side, which gave one no notion of the figure. It is mortifying to be obliged to confess it, but Henrietta, despairing of more occult things, was now paying much attention to the outer life. She had been studying it for two months at Venice, from which city she sent to the *Interviewer* a conscientious account of the gondolas, the Piazza, the Bridge of Sighs, the pigeons and the young boatman who chanted Tasso. The *Interviewer* was perhaps disappointed, but Henrietta was at least seeing Europe. Her present purpose was to get down to Rome before the malaria should come on—she apparently supposed that it began on a fixed day; and with this design she was to spend at present but few days in Florence. Mr. Bantling was to go with her to Rome, and she pointed out to Isabel that as he had been there before, as he was a military man, and as he had had a classical education—he was brought up at Eton, where they study

nothing but Latin, said Miss Stackpole—he would be a most useful companion in the city of the Caesars. At this juncture Ralph had the happy idea of proposing to Isabel that she also, under his own escort, should make a pilgrimage to Rome. She expected to pass a portion of the next winter there—that was very well; but meantime there was no harm in surveying the field. There were ten days left of the beautiful month of May—the most precious month of all to the true Rome-lover. Isabel would become a Rome-lover; that was a foregone conclusion. She was provided with a well-tested companion of her own sex, whose society, thanks to the fact that she had other calls upon her sympathy, would probably not be oppressive. Madame Merle would remain with Mrs. Touchett; she had left Rome for the summer and would not care to return. This lady possessed herself delighted to be left at peace in Florence; she had locked up her apartment and sent her cook home to Palestrina. She urged Isabel, however, to assent to Ralph's proposal, and assured her that a good introduction to Rome was not a thing to be despised. Isabel, in truth, needed no urging, and the party of four arranged its little journey. Mrs. Touchett, on this occasion, had resigned herself to the absence of a duenna; we have seen that she now inclined to the belief that her niece should stand alone.

Isabel saw Gilbert Osmond before she started, and mentioned her intention to him.

"I should like to be in Rome with you," he said; "I should like to see you there."

She hesitated a moment.

"You might come, then."

"But you'll have a lot of people with you."

"Ah," Isabel admitted, "of course I shall not be alone."

For a moment he said nothing more.

"You'll like it," he went on, at last. "They have spoiled it, but you'll like it."

"Ought I to dislike it, because it's spoiled?" she asked.

"No, I think not. It has been spoiled so often. If I were to go, what should I do with my little girl?"

"Can't you leave her at the villa?"

"I don't know that I like that—though there is a very good old woman who looks after her. I can't afford a governess."

"Bring her with you, then," said Isabel, smiling.

Mr. Osmond looked grave.

"She has been in Rome all winter, at her convent; and she is too young to make journeys of pleasure."

"You don't like bringing her forward?" Isabel suggested.

"No, I think young girls should be kept out of the world."

"I was brought up on a different system."

"You? Oh, with you it succeeded, because you—you were exceptional."

"I don't see why," said Isabel, who, however, was not sure there was not some truth in the speech.

Mr. Osmond did not explain; he simply went on. "If I thought it would make her resemble you to join a social group in Rome, I would take her there to-morrow."

"Don't make her resemble me," said Isabel; "keep her like herself."

"I might send her to my sister," Mr. Osmond suggested. He had almost the air of asking advice; he seemed to like to talk over his domestic matters with Isabel.

"Yes," said the girl; "I think that would not do much towards making her resemble me!"

After she had left Florence, Gilbert Osmond met Madame Merle at the Countess Gemini's. There were other people present—the Countess's drawing-room was usually well filled, and the talk had been general; but after a while Osmond left his place and came and sat on an ottoman half-behind, half-beside, Madame Merle's chair.

"She wants me to go to Rome with her," he announced, in a low tone of voice.

"To go with her?"

"To be there while she is there. She proposed it."

"I suppose you mean that you proposed it, and that she assented."

"Of course I gave her a chance. But she is encouraging—she is very encouraging."

"I am glad to hear it—but don't cry victory too soon. Of course you will go to Rome."

"Ah," said Osmond, "it makes one work, this idea of yours!"

"Don't pretend you don't enjoy it—you are very ungrateful. You have not been so well occupied these many years."

"The way you take it is beautiful," said Osmond. "I ought to be grateful for that."

"Not too much so, however," Madame Merle answered. She talked with her usual smile, leaning back in her chair, and looking round the room. "You have made a very good impression, and I have seen for myself that you have received one. You have not come to Mrs. Touchett's seven times to oblige me."

"The girl is not disagreeable," Osmond quietly remarked.

Madame Merle dropped her eye on him a moment, during which her lips closed with a certain firmness.

"Is that all you can find to say about that fine creature?"

"All? Isn't it enough? Of how many people have you heard me say more?"

She made no answer to this, but still presented her conversational smile to the room.

"You're unfathomable," she murmured at last. "I am frightened at the abyss I shall have dropped her into!"

Osmond gave a laugh.

"You can't draw back—you have gone too far."

"Very good; but you must do the rest yourself."

"I shall do it," said Osmond.

Madame Merle remained silent, and he changed his place again; but when

she rose to go he also took leave. Mrs. Touchett's victoria was awaiting her in the court, and after he had helped Madame Merle into it, he stood there detaining her.

"You are very indiscreet," she said, rather wearily; "you should not have moved when I did."

He had taken off his hat; he passed his hand over his forehead.

"I always forget; I am out of the habit."

"You are quite unfathomable," she repeated, glancing up at the windows of the house; a modern structure in the new part of the town.

He paid no heed to this remark, but said to Madame Merle, with a considerable appearance of earnestness—

"She is really very charming; I have scarcely known any one more graceful."

"I like to hear you say that. The better you like her, the better for me."

"I like her very much. She is all you said, and into the bargain she is capable of great devotion. She has only one fault."

"What is that?"

"She has too many ideas."

"I warned you she was clever."

"Fortunately they are very bad ones," said Osmond.

"Why is that fortunate?"

"*Dame*, if they must be sacrificed!"

Madame Merle leaned back, looking straight before her; then she spoke to the coachman. But Osmond again detained her.

"If I go to Rome, what shall I do with Pansy?"

"I will go and see her," said Madame Merle.

XXVI.

I SHALL not undertake to give an account of Isabel's impressions of Rome, to analyse her feelings as she trod the ancient pavement of the Forum, or to number her pulsations

as she crossed the threshold of St. Peter's. It is enough to say that her perception of the endless interest of the place was such as might have been expected in a young woman of her intelligence and culture. She had always been fond of history, and here was history in the stones of the street and the atoms of the sunshine. She had an imagination that kindled at the mention of great deeds, and wherever she turned some great deed had been acted. These things excited her, but she was quietly excited. It seemed to her companions that she spoke less than usual, and Ralph Touchett, when he appeared to be looking listlessly and awkwardly over her head, was really dropping an eye of observation upon her. To her own knowledge she was very happy; she would even have been willing to believe that these were to be on the whole the happiest hours of her life. The sense of the mighty human past was heavy upon her, but it was interfused in the strangest, suddenest, most capricious way, with the fresh, cool breath of the future. Her feelings were so mingled that she scarcely knew whither any of them would lead her, and she went about in a kind of repressed ecstasy of contemplation, seeing often in the things she looked at a great deal more than was there, and yet not seeing many of the items enumerated in *Murray*. Rome, as Ralph said, was in capital condition. The herd of re-echoing tourists had departed, and most of the solemn places had relapsed into solemnity. The sky was a blaze of blue, and the plash of the fountains, in their mossy niches, had lost its chill and doubled its music. On the corners of the warm, bright streets one stumbled upon bundles of flowers.

Our friends had gone one afternoon—it was the third of their stay—to look at the latest excavations in the Forum; these labours having been for some time previous largely extended. They had gone down from the modern street to the level of the Sacred Way, along which they wan-

dered with a reverence of step which was not the same on the part of each. Henrietta Stackpole was struck with the fact that ancient Rome had been paved a good deal like New York, and even found an analogy between the deep chariot-ruts which are traceable in the antique street, and the iron grooves which mark the course of the American horse-car. The sun had begun to sink, the air was filled with a golden haze, and the long shadows of broken column and formless pedestal were thrown across the field of ruin. Henrietta wandered away with Mr. Bantling, in whose Latin reminiscences she was apparently much engrossed, and Ralph addressed such elucidations as he was prepared to offer, to the attentive ear of our heroine. One of the humble archeologists who hover about the place had put himself at the disposal of the two, and repeated his lesson with a fluency which the decline of the season had done nothing to impair. Some digging was going on in a remote corner of the Forum, and he presently remarked that if it should please the *signori* to go and watch it a little, they might see something interesting. The proposal commended itself more to Ralph than to Isabel, who was weary with much wandering, so that she charged her companion to satisfy his curiosity while she patiently awaited his return. The hour and the place were much to her taste, and she should enjoy being alone. Ralph accordingly went off with the cicerone, while Isabel sat down on a prostrate column, near the foundations of the Capitol. She desired a quarter of an hour's solitude, but she was not long to enjoy it. Keen as was her interest in the rugged relics of the Roman past that lay scattered around her, and in which the corrosion of centuries had still left so much of individual life, her thoughts, after resting a while on these things, had wandered, by a concatenation of stages it might require some subtlety to trace, to regions and objects more contemporaneous. From the Roman

past to Isabel Archer's future was a long stride, but her imagination had taken it in a single flight, and now hovered in slow circles over the nearer and richer field. She was so absorbed in her thoughts, as she bent her eyes upon a row of cracked but not dislocated slabs covering the ground at her feet, that she had not heard the sound of approaching footsteps before a shadow was thrown across the line of her vision. She looked up and saw a gentleman—a gentleman who was not Ralph come back to say that the excavations were a bore. This personage was startled as she was startled; he stood there, smiling a little, blushing a good deal, and raising his hat.

"Lord Warburton!" Isabel exclaimed, getting up.

"I had no idea it was you," he said. "I turned that corner and came upon you."

Isabel looked about her.

"I am alone, but my companions have just left me. My cousin is gone to look at the digging over there."

"Ah yes; I see." And Lord Warburton's eyes wandered vaguely in the direction Isabel had indicated. He stood firmly before her; he had stopped smiling; he folded his arms with a kind of deliberation. "Don't let me disturb you," he went on, looking at her dejected pillar. "I am afraid you are tired."

"Yes, I am rather tired." She hesitated a moment, and then she sat down. "But don't let me interrupt you," she added.

"Oh dear, I am quite alone, I have nothing on earth to do. I had no idea you were in Rome. I have just come from the East. I am only passing through."

"You have been making a long journey," said Isabel, who had learned from Ralph that Lord Warburton was absent from England.

"Yes, I came abroad for six months—soon after I saw you last. I have been in Turkey and Asia Minor; I came the other day from Athens."

He spoke with visible embarrassment; this unexpected meeting caused him an emotion that he was unable to conceal. He looked at Isabel a moment, and then he said, abruptly—"Do you wish me to leave you, or will you let me stay a little?"

She looked up at him, gently. "I don't wish you to leave me, Lord Warburton; I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you for saying that. May I sit down?"

The fluted shaft on which Isabel had taken her seat would have afforded a resting-place to several persons, and there was plenty of room even for a highly-developed Englishman. This fine specimen of that great class seated himself near our young lady, and in the course of five minutes he had asked her several questions, taken rather at random, and of which, as he asked some of them twice over, he apparently did not always heed the answer; had given her, too, some information about himself which was not wasted upon her calmer feminine sense. Lord Warburton, though he tried hard to seem easy, was agitated; he repeated more than once that he had not expected to meet her, and it was evident that the encounter touched him in a way that would have made preparation advisable. He had abrupt alternations of gaiety and gravity; he appeared at one moment to seek his neighbour's eye and at the next to avoid it. He was splendidly sunburnt; even his multitudinous beard seemed to have been burnished by the fire of Asia. He was dressed in the loose-fitting, heterogeneous garments in which the English traveller in foreign lands is wont to consult his comfort and affirm his nationality; and with his clear grey eye, his bronzed complexion, fresh beneath its brownness, his manly figure, his modest manner, and his general air of being a gentleman and an explorer, he was such a representative of the British race as need not in any clime have been disavowed by those who have a kindness for it. Isabel noted these

things, and was glad she had always liked Lord Warburton. He was evidently as likeable as before, and the tone of his voice, which she had formerly thought delightful, was as good as an assurance that he would never change for the worse. They talked about the matters that were naturally in order; her uncle's death, Ralph's state of health, the way she had passed her winter, her visit to Rome, her return to Florence, her plans for the summer, the hotel she was staying at; and then Lord Warburton's own adventures, movements, intentions, impressions and present domicile. At last there was a silence, and she knew what he was thinking of. His eyes were fixed on the ground; but at last he raised them and said gravely—"I have written to you several times."

"Written to me? I have never got your letters."

"I never sent them. I burned them up."

"Ah," said Isabel with a laugh, "it was better that you should do that than I!"

"I thought you wouldn't care about them," he went on, with a simplicity that might have touched her. "It seemed to me that after all I had no right to trouble you with letters."

"I should have been very glad to have news of you. You know that I hoped that—that—" Isabel stopped; it seemed to her there would be a certain flatness in the utterance of her thought.

"I know what you are going to say. You hoped we should always remain good friends." This formula, as Lord Warburton uttered it, was certainly flat enough; but then he was interested in making it appear so.

Isabel found herself reduced simply to saying—"Please don't talk of all that;" a speech which hardly seemed to her an improvement on the other.

"It's a small consolation to allow me!" Lord Warburton exclaimed, with force.

"I can't pretend to console you,"

said the girl, who, as she sat there, found it good to think that she had given him the answer that had satisfied him so little six months before. He was pleasant, he was powerful, he was gallant, there was no better man than he. But her answer remained.

"It's very well you don't try to console me; it would not be in your power," she heard him say, through the medium of her quickened reflections.

"I hoped we should meet again, because I had no fear you would attempt to make me feel I had wronged you. But when you do that—the pain is greater than the pleasure." And Isabel got up, looking for her companions.

"I don't want to make you feel that; of course I can't say that. I only just want you to know one or two things, in fairness to myself as it were. I won't return to the subject again. I felt very strongly what I expressed to you last year; I couldn't think of anything else. I tried to forget—energetically, systematically. I tried to take an interest in some one else. I tell you this because I want you to know I did my duty. I didn't succeed. It was for the same purpose I went abroad—as far away as possible. They say travelling distracts the mind; but it didn't distract mine. I have thought of you perpetually, ever since I last saw you. I feel exactly the same. I love you just as much, and everything I said to you then is just as true. However, I don't mean to trouble you now; it's only for a moment. I may add that when I came upon you a moment since, without the smallest idea of seeing you, I was in the very act of wishing I knew where you were."

He had recovered his self-control, as I say, and while he spoke it became complete. He spoke plainly and simply, in a low tone of voice, in a matter-of-fact way. There might have been something impressive, even to a woman of less imagination than the one he addressed, in hearing this brilliant, brave-looking gentleman

express himself so modestly and reasonably.

"I have often thought of you, Lord Warburton," Isabel answered. "You may be sure I shall always do that." And then she added, with a smile—"There is no harm in that, on either side."

They walked along together, and she asked kindly about his sisters and requested him to let them know she had done so. He said nothing more about his own feelings, but returned to those more objective topics they had already touched upon. Presently he asked her when she was to leave Rome, and on her mentioning the limit of her stay, declared he was glad it was still so distant.

"Why do you say that, if you yourself are only passing through?" she inquired, with some anxiety.

"Ah, when I said I was passing through, I didn't mean that one would treat Rome as if it were Clapham Junction. To pass through Rome is to stop a week or two."

"Say frankly that you mean to stay as long as I do!"

Lord Warburton looked at her a moment, with an uncomfortable smile. "You won't like that. You are afraid you will see too much of me."

"It doesn't matter what I like. I certainly can't expect you to leave this delightful place on my account. But I confess I am afraid of you."

"Afraid I will begin again? I promise to be very careful."

They had gradually stopped, and they stood a moment face to face. "Poor Lord Warburton!" said Isabel, with a melancholy smile.

"Poor Lord Warburton, indeed! But I will be careful."

"You may be unhappy, but you shall not make me so. That I cannot allow."

"If I believed I *could* make you unhappy, I think I should try it." At this she walked in advance, and he also proceeded. "I will never say a word to displease you," he promised, very gently.

"Very good. If you do, our friendship's at an end."

"Perhaps some day—after a while—you will give me leave," he suggested.

"Give you leave—to make me unhappy?"

He hesitated. "To tell you again—" But he checked himself. "I will be silent," he said; "silent always."

Ralph Touchett had been joined, in his visit to the excavation, by Miss Stackpole and her attendant, and these three now emerged from among the mounds of earth and stone collected round the aperture, and came into sight of Isabel and her companion. Ralph Touchett gave signs of greeting to Lord Warburton, and Henrietta exclaimed in a high voice, "Gracious, there's that lord!" Ralph and his friend met each other with undemonstrative cordiality, and Miss Stackpole rested her large intellectual gaze upon the sunburnt traveller.

"I don't suppose you remember me, sir," she soon remarked.

"Indeed I do remember you," said Lord Warburton. "I asked you to come and see me, and you never came."

"I don't go everywhere I am asked," Miss Stackpole answered, coldly.

"Ah well, I won't ask you again," said Warburton, good-humouredly.

"If you do I will go; so be sure!"

Lord Warburton, for all his good-humour, seemed sure enough. Mr. Bantling had stood by, without claiming a recognition, but he now took occasion to nod to his lordship, who answered him with a friendly "Oh, you here, Bantling?" and a hand-shake.

"Well," said Henrietta, "I didn't know you knew him!"

"I guess you don't know every one I know!" Mr. Bantling rejoined, facetiously.

"I thought that when an Englishman knew a lord he always told you."

"Ah, I am afraid Bantling was ashamed of me!" said Lord Warburton, laughing. Isabel was glad to hear him laugh; she gave a little sigh

of relief as they took their way homeward.

The next day was Sunday; she spent her morning writing two long letters—one to her sister Lily, the other to Madame Merle; but in neither of these epistles did she mention the fact that a rejected suitor had threatened her with another appeal. Of a Sunday afternoon all good Romans (and the best Romans are often the northern barbarians) follow the custom of going to hear vespers at St. Peter's; and it had been agreed among our friends that they would drive together to the great church. After lunch, an hour before the carriage came, Lord Warburton presented himself at the Hotel de Paris and paid a visit to the two ladies, Ralph Touchett and Mr. Bantling having gone out together. The visitor seemed to have wished to give Isabel an example of his intention to keep the promise he had made her the evening before; he was both discreet and frank; he made not even a tacit appeal, but left it for her to judge what a mere good friend he could be. He talked about his travels, about Persia, about Turkey, and when Miss Stackpole asked him whether it would "pay" for her to visit those countries, assured her that they offered a great field to female enterprise. Isabel did him justice, but she wondered what his purpose was, and what he expected to gain even by behaving heroically. If he expected to melt her by showing what a good fellow he was, he might spare himself the trouble. She knew already he was a good fellow, and nothing he could do would add to this conviction. Moreover, his being in Rome at all made her vaguely uneasy. Nevertheless, when on bringing his call to a close, he said that he too should be at St. Peter's and should look out for Isabel and her friends, she was obliged to reply that it would be a pleasure to see him again.

In the church, as she strolled over its tessellated acres, he was the first person she encountered. She had not

been one of the superior tourists who are "disappointed" in St. Peter's and find it smaller than its fame; the first time she passed beneath the huge leathern curtain that strains and bangs at the entrance—the first time she found herself beneath the far-arching dome and saw the light drizzle down through the air thickened with incense and with the reflections of marble and gilt, of mosaic and bronze, her conception of greatness received an extension. After this it never lacked space to soar. She gazed and wondered, like a child or a peasant, and paid her silent tribute to visible grandeur. Lord Warburton walked beside her and talked of Saint Sophia of Constantinople; she was afraid that he would end by calling attention to his exemplary conduct. The service had not yet begun, but at St. Peter's there is much to observe, and as there is something almost profane in the vastness of the place, which seems meant as much for physical as for spiritual exercise, the different figures and groups, the mingled worshippers and spectators, may follow their various intentions without mutual scandal. In that splendid immensity individual indiscretion carries but a short distance. Isabel and her companions, however, were guilty of none; for though Henrietta was obliged to declare that Michael Angelo's dome suffered by comparison with that of the Capitol at Washington, she addressed her protest chiefly to Mr. Bantling's ear, and reserved it, in its more accentuated form, for the columns of the *Interviewer*. Isabel made the circuit of the church with Lord Warburton, and as they drew near the choir on the left of the entrance, the voices of the Pope's singers were borne towards them over the heads of the large number of persons clustered outside of the doors. They paused a while on the skirts of this crowd, composed in equal measure of Roman cockneys and inquisitive strangers, and while they stood there the sacred concert went forward. Ralph, with

Henrietta and Mr. Bantling, was apparently within, where Isabel, above the heads of the dense group in front of her, saw the afternoon light, silvered by clouds of incense that seemed to mingle with the splendid chant, sloping through the embossed recesses of high windows. After a while the singing stopped, and then Lord Warburton seemed disposed to turn away again. Isabel for a moment did the same; whereupon she found herself confronted with Gilbert Osmond, who appeared to have been standing at a short distance behind her. He now approached, with a formal salutation.

"So you decided to come?" she said, putting out her hand.

"Yes, I came last night, and called this afternoon at your hotel. They told me you had come here, and I looked about for you."

"The others are inside," said Isabel.

"I didn't come for the others," Gilbert Osmond murmured, smiling.

She turned away; Lord Warburton was looking at them; perhaps he had heard this. Suddenly she remembered that it was just what he had said to her the morning he came to Garden-court to ask her to marry him. Mr. Osmond's words had brought the colour to her cheek, and this reminiscence had not the effect of dispelling it. Isabel sought refuge from her slight agitation in mentioning to each gentleman the name of the other, and fortunately at this moment Mr. Bantling made his way out of the choir, cleaving the crowd with British valour, and followed by Miss Stackpole and Ralph Touchett. I say fortunately, but this is perhaps a superficial view of the matter; for on perceiving the gentleman from Florence, Ralph Touchett exhibited symptoms of surprise which might not perhaps have seemed flattering to Mr. Osmond. It must be added, however, that these manifestations were momentary, and Ralph was presently able to say to his cousin, with due jocularly, that she would soon have all her friends about her. His greeting to Mr. Osmond was apparently

frank; that is, the two men shook hands and looked at each other. Miss Stackpole had met the new-comer in Florence, but she had already found occasion to say to Isabel that she liked him no better than her other admirers—than Mr. Touchett, Lord Warburton, and little Mr. Rosier, in Paris. "I don't know what it is in you," she had been pleased to remark, "but for a nice girl you do attract the most unpleasant people. Mr. Goodwood is the only one I have any respect for, and he's just the one you don't appreciate."

"What's your opinion of St. Peter's?" Mr. Osmond asked of Isabel.

"It's very large and very bright," said the girl.

"It's too large; it makes one feel like an atom."

"Is not that the right way to feel—in a church?" Isabel asked, with a faint but interested smile.

"I suppose it's the right way to feel everywhere, when one *is* nobody. But I like it in a church as little as anywhere else."

"You ought indeed to be a Pope!" Isabel exclaimed, remembering something he had said to her in Florence.

"Ah, I should have enjoyed that!" said Gilbert Osmond.

Lord Warburton meanwhile had joined Ralph Touchett, and the two strolled away together.

"Who is the gentleman speaking to Miss Archer?" his lordship inquired.

"His name is Gilbert Osmond—he lives in Florence," Ralph said.

"What is he besides?"

"Nothing at all. Oh yes, he is an American; but one forgets that; he is so little of one."

"Has he known Miss Archer long?"

"No, about a fortnight."

"Does she like him?"

"Yes, I think she does."

"Is he a good fellow?"

Ralph hesitated a moment. "No, he's not," he said, at last.

"Why then does she like him?" pursued Lord Warburton, with noble *naïveté*.

"Because she's a woman."

Lord Warburton was silent a moment. "There are other men who are good fellows," he presently said, "and them—and them——"

"And them she likes also!" Ralph interrupted, smiling.

"Oh, if you mean she likes him in that way!" And Lord Warburton turned round again. As far as he was concerned, however, the party was broken up. Isabel remained in conversation with the gentleman from Florence till they left the church, and her English lover consoled himself by lending such attention as he might to the strains which continued to proceed from the choir.

XXVII.

ON the morrow, in the evening, Lord Warburton went again to see his friends at their hotel, and at this establishment he learned that they had gone to the opera. He drove to the opera, with the idea of paying them a visit in their box, in accordance with the time-honoured Italian custom; and after he had obtained his admittance—it was one of the secondary theatres—looked about the large, bare, ill-lighted house. An act had just terminated, and he was at liberty to pursue his quest. After scanning two or three tiers of boxes, he perceived in one of the largest of these receptacles a lady whom he easily recognised. Miss Archer was seated facing the stage, and partly screened by the curtain of the box; and beside her, leaning back in his chair, was Mr. Gilbert Osmond. They appeared to have the place to themselves, and Warburton supposed that their companions had taken advantage of the *entr'acte* to enjoy the relative coolness of the lobby. He stood a while watching the interesting pair in the box, and asking himself whether he should go up and interrupt their harmonious

colloquy. At last it became apparent that Isabel had seen him, and this accident determined him. He took his way to the upper regions, and on the staircase he met Ralph Touchett, slowly descending, with his hat in the attitude of *ennui* and his hands where they usually were.

"I saw you below a moment since, and was going down to you. I feel lonely and want company," Ralph remarked.

"You have some that is very good that you have deserted."

"Do you mean my cousin? Oh, she has got a visitor and doesn't want me. Then Miss Stackpole and Bantling have gone out to a café to eat an ice—Miss Stackpole delights in an ice. I didn't think they wanted me either. The opera is very bad; the women look like laundresses and sing like peacocks. I feel very low."

"You had better go home," Lord Warburton said, without affectation.

"And leave my young lady in this sad place? Ah no, I must watch over her."

"She seems to have plenty of friends."

"Yes, that's why I must watch," said Ralph, with the same low-voiced mock-melancholy.

"If she doesn't want you, it's probable she doesn't want me."

"No, you are different. Go to the box and stay there while I walk about."

Lord Warburton went to the box, where he received a very gracious welcome from the more attractive of its occupants. He exchanged greetings with Mr. Osmond, to whom he had been introduced the day before, and who, after he came in, sat very quietly, scarcely mingling in the somewhat disjointed talk in which Lord Warburton engaged with Isabel. It seemed to the latter gentleman that Miss Archer looked very pretty; he even thought she looked excited; as she was, however, at all times a keenly-glancing, quickly-moving, completely animated young woman, he

may have been mistaken on this point. Her talk with him betrayed little agitation; it expressed a kindness so ingenious and deliberate as to indicate that she was in undisturbed possession of her faculties. Poor Lord Warburton had moments of bewilderment. She had discouraged him, formally, as much as a woman could; what business had she then to have such soft, reassuring tones in her voice? The others came back; the bare, familiar, trivial opera began again. The box was large, and there was room for Lord Warburton to remain if he would sit a little behind, in the dark. He did so for half an hour, while Mr. Osmond sat in front, leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, just behind Isabel. Lord Warburton heard nothing, and from his gloomy corner saw nothing but the clear profile of this young lady, defined against the dim illumination of the house. When there was another interval no one moved. Mr. Osmond talked to Isabel, and Lord Warburton remained in his corner. He did so but for a short time, however; after which he got up and bade good-night to the ladies. Isabel said nothing to detain him, and then he was puzzled again. Why had she so sweet a voice—such a friendly accent? He was angry with himself for being puzzled, and then angry for being angry. Verdi's music did little to comfort him, and he left the theatre and walked homeward, without knowing his way, through the tortuous, tragical streets of Rome, where heavier sorrows than his had been carried under the stars.

"What is the character of that gentleman?" Osmond asked of Isabel, after the visitor had gone.

"Irreproachable—don't you see it?"

"He owns about half England; that's his character," Henrietta remarked. "That's what they call a free country!"

"Ah, he is a great proprietor? Happy man!" said Gilbert Osmond.

"Do you call that happiness—the

ownership of human beings?" cried Miss Stackpole. "He owns his tenants, and he has thousands of them. It is pleasant to own something, but inanimate objects are enough for me. I don't insist on flesh and blood, and minds and consciences."

"It seems to me you own a human being or two," Mr. Bantling suggested jocosely. "I wonder if Warburton orders his tenants about as you do me."

"Lord Warburton is a great radical," Isabel said. "He has very advanced opinions."

"He has very advanced stone walls. His park is inclosed by a gigantic iron fence, some thirty miles round," Henrietta announced for the information of Mr. Osmond. "I should like him to converse with a few of our Boston radicals."

"Don't they approve of iron fences?" asked Mr. Bantling.

"Only to shut up wicked conservatives. I always feel as if I were talking to you over a fence!"

"Do you know him well, this unreformed reformer?" Osmond went on, questioning Isabel.

"Well enough."

"Do you like him?"

"Very much."

"Is he a man of ability?"

"Of excellent ability, and as good as he looks."

"As good as he is good-looking do you mean? He is very good-looking. How detestably fortunate! to be a great English magnate, to be clever and handsome into the bargain, and, by way of finishing off, to win your admiration! That's a man I could envy."

Isabel gave a serious smile.

"You seem to me to be always envying some one. Yesterday it was the Pope; to-day it's poor Lord Warburton."

"My envy is not dangerous; it is very platonic. Why do you call him poor?"

"Women usually pity men after they have hurt them; that is their

great way of showing kindness," said Ralph, joining in the conversation for the first time, with a cynicism so transparently ingenious as to be virtually innocent.

"Pray, have I hurt Lord Warburton?" Isabel asked, raising her eyebrows, as if the idea were perfectly novel.

"It serves him right if you have," said Henrietta, while the curtain rose for the ballet.

Isabel saw no more of her attributive victim for the next twenty-four hours, but on the second day after the visit to the opera she encountered him in the gallery of the Capitol, where he was standing before the lion of the collection, the statue of the Dying Gladiator. She had come in with her companions, among whom, on this occasion again, Gilbert Osmond was numbered, and the party, having ascended the staircase, entered the first and finest of the rooms. Lord Warburton spoke to her with all his usual geniality, but said in a moment that he was leaving the gallery.

"And I am leaving Rome," he added. "I should bid you good-bye."

I shall not undertake to explain why, but Isabel was sorry to hear it. It was, perhaps, because she had ceased to be afraid of his renewing his suit; she was thinking of something else. She was on the point of saying she was sorry, but she checked herself and simply wished him a happy journey.

He looked at her with a somewhat heavy eye.

"I am afraid you think me rather inconsistent," he said. "I told you the other day that I wanted so much to stay a while."

"Oh no; you could easily change your mind."

"That's what I have done."

"*Bon voyage*, then."

"You're in a great hurry to get rid of me," said his lordship, rather dismally.

"Not in the least. But I hate partings."

"You don't care what I do," he went on, pitifully.

Isabel looked at him for a moment.

"Ah," she said, "you are not keeping your promise!"

He coloured like a boy of fifteen.

"If I am not, then it's because I can't; and that's why I am going."

"Good-bye, then."

"Good-bye." He lingered still, however. "When shall I see you again?"

Isabel hesitated, and then, as if she had had a happy inspiration—"Some day after you are married."

"That will never be. It will be after you are."

"That will do as well," said Isabel, smiling.

"Yes, quite as well. Good-bye."

They shook hands, and he left her alone in the beautiful room, among the shining antique marbles. She sat down in the middle of the circle of statues, looking at them vaguely, resting her eyes on their beautiful blank faces; listening, as it were, to their eternal silence. It is impossible, in Rome at least, to look long at a great company of Greek sculptures without feeling the effect of their noble quietude. It soothes and moderates the spirit, it purifies the imagination. I say in Rome especially, because the Roman air is an exquisite medium for such impressions. The golden sunshine mingles with them, the great stillness of the past, so vivid yet, though it is nothing but a void full of names, seems to throw a solemn spell upon them. The blinds were partly closed in the windows of the Capitol, and a clear, warm shadow rested on the figures and made them more perfectly human. Isabel sat there a long time, under the charm of their motionless grace, seeing life between their gazing eyelids and purpose in their marble lips. The dark red walls of the room threw them into relief; the polished marble floor reflected their beauty. She had seen them all before, but her enjoyment repeated itself, and it was all the greater because she was

glad, for the time, to be alone. At the last her thoughts wandered away from them, solicited by images of a vitality more complete. An occasional tourist came into the room, stopped and stared a moment at the Dying Gladiator, and then passed out of the other door, creaking over the brilliant pavement. At the end of half an hour Gilbert Osmond reappeared, apparently in advance of his companions. He strolled towards her slowly, with his hands behind him, and with his usual keen, pleasant, inquiring, yet not appealing smile.

"I am surprised to find you alone," he said. "I thought you had company."

"So I have — the best." And Isabel glanced at the circle of sculpture.

"Do you call this better company than an English peer?"

"Ah, my English peer left me some time ago," said Isabel, getting up. She spoke, with intention, a little dryly.

Mr. Osmond noted her dryness, but it did not prevent him from giving a laugh.

"I am afraid that what I heard the other evening is true; you are rather cruel to that nobleman."

Isabel looked a moment at the Lycian Apollo.

"It is not true. I am scrupulously kind."

"That's exactly what I mean!" Gilbert Osmond exclaimed, so humorously that his joke needs to be explained.

We knew that he was fond of originals, of rarities, of the superior, the exquisite; and now that he had seen Lord Warburton, whom he thought a very fine example of his race and order, he perceived a new attraction in the idea of taking to himself a young lady who had qualified herself to figure in his collection of choice objects by rejecting the splendid offer of a British aristocrat. Gilbert Osmond had a high appreciation of the British aristocracy — he had never

forgiven Providence for not making him an English duke — and could measure the unexpectedness of this conduct. It would be proper that the woman he should marry should have done something of that sort.

XXVIII.

RALPH TOUCHETT, for reasons best known to himself, had seen fit to say that Gilbert Osmond was not a good fellow; but this assertion was not borne out by the gentleman's conduct during the rest of the visit to Rome. He spent a portion of each day with Isabel and her companions, and gave every indication of being an easy man to live with. It was impossible not to feel that he had excellent points, and indeed this is perhaps why Ralph Touchett made his want of good fellowship a reproach to him. Even Ralph was obliged to admit that just now he was a delightful companion. His good-humour was imperturbable, his knowledge universal, his manners were the gentlest in the world. His spirits were not visibly high; it was difficult to think of Gilbert Osmond as boisterous; he had a mortal dislike to loudness or eagerness. He thought Miss Archer sometimes too eager, too pronounced. It was a pity she had that fault; because if she had not had it she would really have had none; she would have been as bright and soft as an April cloud. If Osmond was not loud, however, he was deep, and during these closing days of the Roman May he had a gaiety that matched with slow irregular walks under the pines of the Villa Borghese, among the small sweet meadow-flowers and the mossy marbles. He was pleased with everything; he had never before been pleased with so many things at once. Old impressions, old enjoyments renewed themselves; one evening, going home to his room at the inn, he wrote down a little sonnet to which he prefixed the title of "Rome Revisited." A day or two

later he showed this piece of correct and ingenious verse to Isabel, explaining to her that it was an Italian fashion to commemorate the pleasant occasions of life by a tribute to the muse. In general Osmond took his pleasures singly; he was usually disgusted with something that seemed to him ugly or offensive; his mind was rarely visited with moods of comprehensive satisfaction. But at present he was happy—happier than he had perhaps ever been in his life; and the feeling had a large foundation. This was simply the sense of success—the most agreeable emotion of the human heart. Osmond had never had too much of it; in this respect he had never been spoiled; as he knew perfectly well and often reminded himself. “Ah no, I have not been spoiled; certainly I have not been spoiled,” he used to repeat to himself. “If I do succeed before I die, I shall have earned it well.” Absolutely void of success his career had not been; a very moderate amount of reflection would have assured him of this. But his triumphs were, some of them, now, too old; others had been too easy. The present one had been less difficult than might have been expected; but it had been easy—that is, it had been rapid—only because he had made an altogether exceptional effort, a greater effort than he had believed it was in him to make. The desire to succeed greatly—in something or other—had been the dream of his youth; but as the years went on, the conditions attached to success became so various and repulsive that the idea of making an effort gradually lost its charm. It was not dead, however; it only slept; it revived after he had made the acquaintance of Isabel Archer. Osmond had felt that any enterprise in which the chance of failure was at all considerable would never have an attraction for him; to fail would have been unspeakably odious, would have left an ineffaceable stain upon his life. Success was to seem in advance definitely certain—certain, that is, on this

one condition, that the effort should be an agreeable one to make. That of exciting an interest on the part of Isabel Archer corresponded to this description, for the girl had pleased him from the first of his seeing her. We have seen that she thought him “fine”; and Gilbert Osmond returned the compliment. We have also seen (or heard) that he had a great dread of vulgarity, and on this score his mind was at rest with regard to our young lady. He was not afraid that she would disgust him or irritate him; he had no fear that she would even, in the more special sense of the word, displease him. If she were too eager, she could be taught to be less so; that was a fault which diminished with growing knowledge. She might defy him, she might anger him; this was another matter from displeasing him, and on the whole a less serious one. If a woman were ungraceful and common, her whole quality was vitiated, and one could take no precautions against that; one’s own delicacy would avail little. If, however, she were only wilful and high-tempered, the defect might be managed with comparative ease; for had one not a will of one’s own that one had been keeping for years in the best condition—as pure and keen as a sword protected by its sheath?

Though I have tried to speak with extreme discretion, the reader may have gathered a suspicion that Gilbert Osmond was not untainted by selfishness. This is rather a coarse imputation to put upon a man of his refinement; and it behoves us at all times to remember the familiar proverb about those who live in glass houses. If Mr. Osmond was more selfish than most of his fellows, the fact will still establish itself. Lest it should fail to do so, I must decline to commit myself to an accusation so gross; the more especially as several of the items of our story would seem to point the other way. It is well known that there are few indications of selfishness more conclusive (on the part of a

gentleman at least) than the preference for a single life. Gilbert Osmond, after having tasted of matrimony, had spent a succession of years in the full enjoyment of recovered singleness. He was familiar with the simplicity of purpose, the lonely liberties, of bachelorhood. He had reached that period of life when it is supposed to be doubly difficult to renounce these liberties, endeared as they are by long association; and yet he was prepared to make the generous sacrifice. It would seem that this might fairly be set down to the credit of the noblest of our qualities—the faculty of self-devotion. Certain it is that Osmond's desire to marry had been deep and distinct. It had not been notorious; he had not gone about asking people whether they knew a nice girl with a little money. Money was an object; but this was not his manner of proceeding, and no one knew—or even greatly cared—whether he wished to marry or not. Madame Merle knew—that we have already perceived. It was not that he had told her; on the whole he would not have cared to tell her. But there were things of which she had no need to be told—things as to which she had a sort of creative intuition. She had recognised a truth that was none the less pertinent for being very subtle: the truth that there was something very imperfect in Osmond's situation as it stood. He was a failure, of course; that was an old story; to Madame Merle's perception he would always be a failure. But there were degrees of ineffectiveness, and there was no need of taking one of the highest. Success, for Gilbert Osmond, would be to make himself felt; that was the only success to which he could now pretend. It is not a kind of distinction that is officially recognised—unless indeed the operation be performed upon multitudes of men. Osmond's line would be to impress himself not largely but deeply; a distinction of the most private sort. A single character might offer the whole measure of it; the

clear and sensitive nature of a generous girl would make space for the record. The record of course would be complete if the young lady should have a fortune, and Madame Merle would have taken no pains to make Mr. Osmond acquainted with Mrs. Touchett's niece if Isabel had been as scantily dowered as when first she met her. He had waited all these years because he wanted only the best, and a portionless bride naturally would not have been the best. He had waited so long in vain that he finally almost lost his interest in the subject—not having kept it up by venturesome experiments. It had become improbable that the best was now to be had, and if he wished to make himself felt, there was soft and supple little Pansy, who would evidently respond to the slightest pressure. When at last the best did present itself Osmond recognised it like a gentleman. There was therefore no incongruity in his wishing to marry—it was his own idea of success, as well as that which Madame Merle, with her old-time interest in his affairs, entertained for him. Let it not, however, be supposed that he was guilty [of the error of believing that Isabel's character was of that passive sort which offers a free field for domination. He was sure that she would constantly act—act in the sense of enthusiastic concession.

Shortly before the time which had been fixed in advance for her return to Florence, this young lady received from Mrs. Touchett a telegram which ran as follows:—"Leave Florence 4th June, Bellaggio, and take you if you have not other views. But can't wait if you dawdle in Rome." The dawdling in Rome was very pleasant, but Isabel had no other views, and she wrote to her aunt that she would immediately join her. She told Gilbert Osmond that she had done so, and he replied that, spending his summers as well as his winters in Italy, he himself would loiter a little longer among the Seven Hills. He would not return to

Florence for ten days more, and in that time she would have started for Bellaggio. It might be long, in this case, before he should see her again. This conversation took place in the large decorated sitting-room which our friends occupied at the hotel; it was late in the evening, and Ralph Touchett was to take his cousin back to Florence on the morrow. Osmond had found the girl alone; Miss Stackpole had contracted a friendship with a delightful American family on the fourth floor, and had mounted the interminable staircase to pay them a visit. Miss Stackpole contracted friendships, in travelling, with great freedom, and had formed several in railway-carriages, which were among her most valued ties. Ralph was making arrangements for the morrow's journey, and Isabel sat alone in a wilderness of yellow upholstery—the chairs and sofas were orange; the walls and windows were draped in purple and gilt. The mirrors, the pictures, had great flamboyant frames; the ceiling was deeply vaulted and painted over with naked muses and cherubs. To Osmond the place was painfully ugly; the false colours, the sham splendour, made him suffer. Isabel had taken in hand a volume of Ampère, presented, on their arrival in Rome, by Ralph; but though she held it in her lap with her finger vaguely kept in the place, she was not impatient to go on with her reading. A lamp covered with a drooping veil of pink tissue-paper burned on the table beside her, and diffused a strange pale rosiness over the scene.

"You say you will come back; but who knows?" Gilbert Osmond said. "I think you are much more likely to start on your voyage round the world. You are under no obligation to come back; you can do exactly what you choose; you can roam through space."

"Well, Italy is a part of space," Isabel answered; "I can take it on the way."

"On the way round the world? No, don't do that. Don't put us into a

parenthesis—give us a chapter to ourselves. I don't want to see you on your travels. I would rather see you when they are over. I should like to see you when you are tired and satiated," Osmond added, in a moment. "I shall prefer you in that state."

Isabel, with her eyes bent down, fingered her volume of M. Ampère a little.

"You turn things into ridicule without seeming to do it, though not, I think, without intending it," she said at last. "You have no respect for my travels—you think them ridiculous."

"Where do you find that?"

Isabel went on in the same tone, fretting the edge of her book with the paper-knife.

"You see my ignorance, my blunders, the way I wander about as if the world belonged to me, simply because—because it has been put into my power to do so. You don't think a woman ought to do that. You think it bold and ungraceful."

"I think it beautiful," said Osmond. "You know my opinions—I have treated you to enough of them. Don't you remember my telling you that one ought to make one's life a work of art? You looked rather shocked at first; but then I told you that it was exactly what you seemed to me to be trying to do with your own life."

Isabel looked up from her book.

"What you despise most in the world is bad art."

"Possibly. But yours seem to me very good."

"If I were to go to Japan next winter, you would laugh at me," Isabel continued.

Osmond gave a smile—a keen one, but not a laugh, for the tone of their conversation was not jocular. Isabel was almost tremulously serious; he had seen her so before.

"You have an imagination that startles one!"

"That is exactly what I say. You think such an idea absurd."

"I would give my little finger to go to Japan; it is one of the countries I want most to see. Can't you believe that, with my taste for old lacquer?"

"I haven't a taste for old lacquer to excuse me," said Isabel.

"You have a better excuse—the means of going. You are quite wrong in your theory that I laugh at you. I don't know what put it into your head."

"It wouldn't be remarkable if you did think it ridiculous that I should have the means to travel, when you have not; for you know everything, and I know nothing."

"The more reason why you should travel and learn," said Osmond, smiling. "Besides," he added, more gravely, "I don't know everything."

Isabel was not struck with the oddity of his saying this gravely; she was thinking that the pleasantest incident of her life—so it pleased her to qualify her little visit to Rome—was coming to an end. That most of the interest of this episode had been owing to Mr. Osmond—this reflection she was not just now at pains to make; she had already done the point abundant justice. But she said to herself that if there were a danger that they should not meet again, perhaps after all it would be as well. Happy things do not repeat themselves, and these few days had been interfused with the element of success. She might come back to Italy and find him different—this strange man who pleased her just as he was; and it would be better not to come than run the risk of that. But if she was not to come, the greater was the pity that this happy week was over; for a moment she felt her heart throb with a kind of delicious pain. The sensation kept her silent, and Gilbert Osmond was silent too; he was looking at her.

"Go everywhere," he said at last, in a low, kind voice; "do everything; get everything out of life. Be happy—be triumphant."

"What do you mean by being triumphant?"

"Doing what you like."

"To triumph, then, it seems to me, is to fail! Doing what we like is often very tiresome."

"Exactly," said Osmond, with his quick responsiveness. "As I intimated just now, you will be tired some day." He paused a moment, and then he went on: "I don't know whether I had better not wait till then for something I wish to say to you."

"Ah, I can't advise you without knowing what it is. But I am horrid when I am tired," Isabel added, with due inconsequence.

"I don't believe that. You are angry, sometimes—that I can believe, though I have never seen it. But I am sure you are never disagreeable."

"Not even when I lose my temper?"

"You don't lose it—you find it, and that must be beautiful." Osmond spoke very simply—almost solemnly. "There must be something very noble about that."

"If I could only find it now!" the girl exclaimed, laughing, yet frowning.

"I am not afraid; I should fold my arms and admire you. I am speaking very seriously." He was leaning forward, with a hand on each knee; for some moments he bent his eyes on the floor. "What I wish to say to you," he went on at last, looking up, "is that I find I am in love with you."

Isabel instantly rose from her chair.

"Ah, keep that till I am tired!" she murmured.

"Tired of hearing it from others?" And Osmond sat there, looking up at her. "No, you may heed it now, or never, as you please. But, after all, I must say it now."

She had turned away, but in the movement she had stopped herself and dropped her gaze upon him. The two remained a moment in this situation, exchanging a long look—the large, clear look of the critical hours

of life. Then he got up and came near her, deeply respectful, as if he were afraid he had been too familiar.

"I am completely in love with you."

He repeated the announcement in a tone of almost impersonal discretion; like a man who expected very little from it, but spoke for his own relief.

The tears came into Isabel's eyes—they were caused by an intenser throb of that pleasant pain I spoke of a moment ago. There was an immense sweetness in the words he had uttered; but, morally speaking, she retreated before them—facing him still—as she had retreated in two or three cases that we know of in which the same words had been spoken.

"Oh, don't say that, please," she answered at last, in a tone of entreaty which had nothing of conventional modesty, but which expressed the dread of having, in this case too, to choose and decide. What made her dread great was precisely the force which, as it would seem, ought to have banished all dread—the consciousness of what was in her own heart. It was terrible to have to surrender herself to that.

"I haven't the idea that it will matter much to you," said Osmond. "I have too little to offer you. What I have—it's enough for me; but it's not enough for you. I have neither fortune, nor fame, nor extrinsic advantages of any kind. So I offer nothing. I only tell you because I think it can't offend you, and some day or other it may give you pleasure. It gives me pleasure, I assure you," he went on, standing there before her, bending forward a little, turning his hat, which he had taken up, slowly round, with a movement which had all the decent tremor of awkwardness and none of its oddity, and presenting to her his keen, expressive, emphatic face. "It gives me no pain, because it is perfectly simple. For me you will always be the most important woman in the world."

Isabel looked at herself in this character—looked intently, and thought that she filled it with a certain grace. But what she said was not an expression of this complacency. "You don't offend me; but you ought to remember that, without being offended, one may be incommoded, troubled." "Incommoded": she heard herself saying that, and thought it a ridiculous word. But it was the word that came to her.

"I remember, perfectly. Of course you are surprised and startled. But if it is nothing but that, it will pass away. And it will perhaps leave something that I may not be ashamed of."

"I don't know what it may leave. You see at all events that I am not overwhelmed," said Isabel, with rather a pale smile. "I am not too troubled to think. And I think that I am glad we are separating—that I leave Rome to-morrow."

"Of course I don't agree with you there."

"I don't know you," said Isabel, abruptly; and then she coloured, as she heard herself saying what she had said almost a year before to Lord Warburton.

"If you were not going away you would know me better."

"I shall do that some other time."

"I hope so. I am very easy to know."

"No, no," said the girl, with a flash of bright eagerness; "there you are not sincere. You are not easy to know; no one could be less so."

"Well," Osmond answered, with a laugh, "I said that because I know myself. That may be a boast, but I do."

"Very likely; but you are very wise."

"So are you, Miss Archer!" Osmond exclaimed.

"I don't feel so just now. Still, I am wise enough to think you had better go. Good-night."

"God bless you!" said Gilbert

Osmond, taking the hand which she failed to surrender to him. And then in a moment he added, "If we meet again, you will find me as you leave me. If we don't, I shall be so, all the same."

"Thank you very much. Good-bye."

There was something quietly firm about Isabel's visitor; he might go of his own movement, but he would not be dismissed. "There is one thing more," he said. "I haven't asked anything of you—not even a thought in the future; you must do me that justice. But there is a little service I should like to ask. I shall not return home for several days; Rome is delightful, and it is a good place for a man in my state of mind. Oh, I know you are sorry to leave it; but you are right to do what your aunt wishes."

"She doesn't even wish it!" Isabel broke out, strangely.

Osmond for a moment was apparently on the point of saying something that would match these words. But he changed his mind, and rejoined, simply—"Ah well, it's proper you should go with her, all the same. Do everything that's proper; I go in for that. Excuse my being so patronising. You say you don't know me; but when you do you will discover what a worship I have for propriety."

"You are not conventional?" said Isabel, very gravely.

"I like the way you utter that word! No, I am not conventional: I am convention itself. You don't understand that?" And Osmond paused a moment, smiling. "I should like to explain it." Then, with a

sudden, quick, bright naturalness—"Do come back again!" he cried. "There are so many things we might talk about."

Isabel stood there with lowered eyes. "What service did you speak of just now?"

"Go and see my little daughter before you leave Florence. She is alone at the villa; I decided not to send her to my sister, who hasn't my ideas. Tell her she must love her poor father very much," said Gilbert Osmond, gently.

"It will be a great pleasure to me to go," Isabel answered. "I will tell her what you say. Once more, good-bye."

On this he took a rapid, respectful leave. When he had gone, she stood a moment, looking about her, and then she seated herself, slowly, with an air of deliberation. She sat there till her companions came back, with folded hands, gazing at the ugly carpet. Her agitation—for it had not diminished—was very still, very deep. That which had happened was something that for a week past her imagination had been going forward to meet; but here, when it had come, she stopped—her imagination halted. The working of this young lady's spirit was strange, and I can only give it to you as I see it, not hoping to make it seem altogether natural. Her imagination stopped, as I say; there was a last vague space it could not cross—a dusky, uncertain tract which looked ambiguous, and even slightly treacherous, like a moorland seen in the winter twilight. But she was to cross it yet.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

(To be continued.)

THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT SOCIETY.

ON Saturday, July 3, 1880, was celebrated the second birthday of a musical society which, as it differs in its essential features from any other existing association of the kind, may be called unique among musical societies. Many, at the present day, are the undertakings started for the benefit of the poor, the reformation, or recreation, or edification of the working man. Many, on the other hand, are the concert-schemes that come into existence, sometimes flourish, more often die out. Of many it may be said that they are speculating bazaars of foreign fancy goods, to attract the curious and to invite the highest bidder; others have become permanent institutions, where the finest music in the world, splendidly performed, may be heard—by those who can afford it. Good concerts, however, are, from a variety of causes, especially expensive luxuries here. Practically, they exist only for well-to-do people; they are exotics, or a form of art-collection, kept under lock and key. The very name "people's concerts," applied latterly to certain musical performances given at low prices, shows plainly that, till now, our concerts have not been intended for the people, and have had no reference to them. "The people" are those who cannot afford to pay the price which high-class amusement in our cities commands.

The masterpieces of the sister arts and of literature have been made accessible to all, and at any time, by means of museums and libraries, art-galleries and public buildings. But those who would do the like for music find it a more complicated matter. It cannot be permanently located, caught, caged, and imprisoned within four walls, nor yet subjected to unchanging conditions of any kind.

Its existence is dual. The body may be preserved, bound in morocco or vellum, embalmed in a glass coffin for all to gaze upon, but the soul eludes the collector's grasp, and appears only from time to time, in response to certain incantations. Like an enchanted princess in a fairy-tale, she resumes her human shape at three, or eight, or whatever the concert hour may be, and vanishes with the last note. No wonder that some of those mortals who have been blest with the sight of this beautiful vision should long to obtain a few glimpses for those of their fellow-men who cannot pay the exorbitant fee for one look. Something of this feeling it was which, four or five years ago, prompted certain persons, connected with the "Harrow Music School," to organise a few cheap, or free, concerts "for the people." Of these, some were given in the schoolroom of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, by permission of the Rev. S. A. Barnett; others, for two consecutive seasons, at the Co-operative Institute, in Castle Street, under the practical management of Mr. Clement Templeton, honorary secretary, at that time, of the Harrow Music School. The object of that "School" is to popularise good music by means of short selections from the instrumental works of the great masters; accordingly, there were performed several trios, quartets, and quintets, by such composers as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Mendelssohn, but broken up into single movements, and interspersed with instrumental solos, songs, glees, and part-songs. The Whitechapel concerts were on Sunday evenings, were free, and always numerously attended. At Castle Street there were

small charges for admission, and though the people who did come evinced a hearty enjoyment of the music, the hall, which holds about 600, was rarely more than half full. This was not enough to make the enterprise self-supporting, or even nearly so, especially as the string-players were professional and regularly engaged. Good reason had been shown why the concerts should continue to exist, but they could not do this at the charge of one or two individuals, however enthusiastic and devoted. Incited, however, by them, a handful of people formed themselves into the "People's Concert Society," which was founded at a meeting held at the rooms of the Social Science Association, in June 1878, the Rev. Mr. Barnett in the chair, and which, following in the steps of the "Harrow Music School," adopted as its password "the popularization of the best music by means of cheap concerts." A committee was elected, with the Hon. Norman Grosvenor as chairman, and Mr. Templeton as honorary secretary, and operations were commenced in the following autumn with two sets of six concerts each; one (admission 3d.) at the "Eleusis" Working-men's Club in Chelsea, the other (free) on Sunday evenings at St. Jude's, Whitechapel.

A good start was made at Chelsea; but, after the first two concerts, there was such a falling off in the attendance as to discourage the concert-givers. Owing, however, to the assurances they received that this was due entirely to the bad times among workmen, which made a threepenny entrance-fee prohibitive, it was decided to give, at the conclusion of the series, one extra (free) concert, to see whether the people cared enough for the music to come and hear it when they had not to pay. The result left no doubt on this point. In spite of the failure, at the last moment, of a principal singer, the evening was a complete success. The hall was quite full, many people standing the whole time; piece after piece was loudly

applauded, and the last number in the programme, a Rondo from a string quartet of Spohr's, played by amateurs, was persistently encored. The hall was, however, very unfavourable to music, and partly owing to this, partly to difficulties in matters of arrangement, it was, after this season, abandoned by the society.

The Whitechapel schoolroom held about 200, and was always full, so much so that on one or two occasions people had to sit on the edge of the platform. After each concert, a voluntary collection towards expenses was made, of which the average result was three halfpence per head. The people here were even more warmly demonstrative than at Chelsea, encores being frequent, quite as much for instrumental pieces as for songs; while, to judge from the applause bestowed on the final numbers in the programmes, the concerts were never too long, nor even long enough, for the audiences. In this respect, it must be confessed, they are seriously unlike the cultivated æsthetic West-end audiences who set the fashion in such matters.

One other difference is very remarkable. The "People" do not appear to care to talk while music is going on. They are, as a rule, quiet and attentive, apparently absorbed, during instrumental as well as vocal performances. To this we only remember two exceptions (in two years, that is), and the conversation on these occasions, evidently to the point, and all about the matter in hand, was carried on quite as continuously and about as loudly as we hear it in opera-boxes, and in the "sofa" and other stalls at some very "select" concert-rooms, those portions of them, more especially, which are reserved for critics. In one case the audience *en masse* showed its sense of rhythm by stamping the time throughout the finale to the "Kreutzer" Sonata. Both at Whitechapel and Chelsea, too, the "cry of the children" occasionally broke in on the sweet sounds; but it is worth remarking that this rarely or never

happens during an instrumental piece, the babies seeming to respond naturally to the human voice!

Mr. Barnett has testified to the pleasure taken by his people in the music of which, be it observed, they had now had three seasons' experience. Of its indirect power as a moral agency he gave a remarkable instance: "A man came to me asking where he could hear a repetition of the music he had heard at the concert. He was, he said, a drunkard, but the music had come to him with a strange power, and made him long to be sober."

Intelligent interest of another kind was not absent. Among these Whitechapel people there were musicians. It chanced on one occasion that the violoncellist's instrument did not arrive. This was doubly awkward on a Sunday evening when all shops were shut and there was no possibility of hiring an instrument in a hurry. After some consultation, during which the audience began to show signs of impatience, it occurred to Mr. Grosvenor to apologize, from the platform, for the delay, and to ask if by chance any person present could lay hands on a violoncello. The call was no sooner made than responded to, and in less than a quarter of an hour two cellos made their appearance, one, the accepted one, borne in triumph enveloped in a parti-coloured tablecloth. On this instrument the violoncellist (a professional), played throughout the concert, and though it certainly was not a "Guarnerius" or "Ruggierius," it was fit to play on, and did its part creditably. Where was it in the habit of performing, and to what music had it been accustomed? On this occasion it took part in Beethoven's own arrangement of his Septet as a trio for clarinet, violoncello, and pianoforte; let us hope that after such a baptism it never reverted to anything lower.

The success of their first season encouraged the Society to begin a second with four centres instead of

two. There were two sets of programmes, each of which was performed in two places: one in the Chelsea Vestry Hall, and (by permission of the Rev. W. Rogers) in Skinner Street Schoolroom, Bishopsgate,—both large halls, capable of holding 800 or 900 people; the other in the schoolroom of St. Peter's, Hatton Garden, and in the Mission Room, Rackham Street, Notting Hill. Of these four centres the first two answered best. The Chelsea audience, though not crowded; was fairly regular, but contained only a small proportion of working men, seeming to consist mainly of well-dressed people of the lower middle class, inclined to be critical and somewhat capricious, though enthusiastic at times.¹

At Bishopsgate, where "organisation" is carried to a high degree of perfection, and the scheme was actively worked by a local committee, there were people of all sorts, and certainly no lack of applause. It was strange, though, how these two audiences evinced different tastes; some music and some performers who made great "hits" at Chelsea, falling flat at Bishopsgate, and *vice versa*. At the last concert of the series (in each place) the experiment was tried of giving Mozart's clarinet quintet in its entirety, but distributed over the programme in three divisions, other music, songs, and solos intervening. The performance—an admirable one, led by two ladies, both professional, and supported by three gentlemen amateurs—met with warm appreciation at both places, and at Bishopsgate the first movement narrowly escaped an encore. On the same occasion but slight notice was taken at Bishopsgate of a clarinet solo of Spohr's, which at Chelsea made quite a sensation. Glees and part-songs were far more popular at Bishopsgate than at Chelsea.

¹ The price of admission at Chelsea has now been reduced from 2d. to 1d., which has had the result of increasing the numbers of the audience, and also the relative proportion of working people.

At Hatton Garden and Notting Hill the results were perhaps less satisfactory. Anyhow, the committee has determined for the present to abandon these, and to concentrate its efforts on the more important centres. Not that the music was not liked, but it does not enter into the scheme to give free concerts, except on Sundays, when no other course is legal; and the people at these places are too poor, as a rule, to pay anything at all for experiments in amusement. At Hatton Garden the concerts took place in an Italian Protestant school, and among the hearers, many of whom manifested great delight, was a considerable admixture of foreigners, some belonging presumably to the organ-grinding branch of the musical profession. Could the concerts have been persevered in, it seems not unlikely that they might have become very popular with this poor public.

But perhaps of all the Society's concerts, during the season 1879-80, the most successful were the three at South Place Institute, Finsbury Circus. At the last of these, given on a Sunday evening, 1,100 people were present, mostly of the artisan class, among whom (in this, again, unlike upper-class audiences) there was a marked preponderance of men, though sometimes here also the voices of babes and sucklings loudly and unseasonably proclaimed the probable presence of their mothers. But, with this exception, an audience more quiet during music, more expressive of pleasure after it, and more discriminating in its appreciation of what was really best in the programmes, could hardly be, in any class. Fortnightly Sunday concerts are to be given next season in this place (an excellent room for music), which shows, we hope, that the managers of the Institute think them likely to be attractive. It is much to be desired that in this or some such promising centre the Society may take root, and establish a headquarters where the best chamber-music,

performed in the best manner by a permanent artist-quartet, may be heard regularly by those who are too poor and too distant from West-end opportunities to hear it elsewhere. But this must depend in great measure on the amount of help that the Society receives. Such work as is described cannot be done cheaply, and years must in all probability elapse before the scheme can become self-supporting. If there is one conclusion to which the concert-givers have come more than another, it is this, that if such music as they wish to popularise is to be *intelligible* to an uncultivated audience, it must be perfectly expounded. Unconsciously, these musically-uneducated people prove themselves the severest of critics. It is not that they are capable of detecting minute imperfections in execution, but that just in proportion as the performance is excellent do they enjoy the works performed. If the performance is defective or laboured, the music is blamed as obscure. There is in quartets and trios none of the variety and contrast of effect that we get in orchestral and choral compositions, where roughnesses and inequalities are merged in the general *ensemble*, and where the infectiousness of excitement lends powerful help to success. All depends on three or four players; and, unless these are masters of what they are doing, the points of the work cannot be so brought out and balanced as to make the whole understood. At these, as at all concerts, songs, whatever their calibre, are almost sure to please, especially if the words are printed. What "takes" least is the pianoforte. This may be partly due to the dreamy, abstract character of much modern music, dear to pianists, but too indefinite in rhythm and too shadowy in outline to be grasped by the uninitiated, unless very exceptionally performed. But the greatest enthusiasm is always reserved for the violin or violoncello solo, when these are, as they often have been, really good. Even the poor audience at Hatton Garden proved no

exception to this rule, and not even the popular *Sally in our Alley*, although she gave delight, had a more unanimous and clamorous encore than Herr Wiener's performance of Raff's "Cavatina," and a gavotte of Rameau's for violoncello, played by an accomplished amateur, whose appearance in that schoolroom became ever after the signal for applause.

During these two seasons, besides much valuable amateur support, artists have frequently been generous enough to play for nothing, or for merely nominal fees; and they have, as a rule, met with such a reception as may not disincline them to repeat the kind act.

This is not a state of things which can continue when the Society's operations are permanent, yet the help of artists can less than ever be dispensed with when the people have become accustomed to a high standard of excellence.

"Why, then" (it is often asked), "not give them something a little less serious and stiff, and less dependent on perfect and costly playing? Dance music, brilliant, showy solo-pieces, popular songs, and so on. You would get much larger audiences if you did, and they would enjoy it more than they do your trios and quartets."

Possibly a good many of them might, and, were the object harmless amusement only, the remark might be hard to answer. Apart from the difficulty that everybody feels in the mere taking-in, just at first, of anything quite new and strange, there is no use in denying the fact that to appreciate elevation of thought or style of any kind requires in the novice more mental effort than it would cost him to understand or be amused by what is on his own level or even below it. No doubt there is a larger reading public for "sensation-novels" than for the literary masterpieces that mould the language and direct the thought of nations. Would any one found on this fact an argument for the multiplication and diffusion among the half-educated of "cheap trash," to

the exclusion of works which would exact more effort on the part of the reader?

But, besides this, in declining from its proposed high standard of excellence, the People's Concert Society would lose sight of its distinctive aim, which is not merely to avoid something bad, but to confer what it believes to be a great good; not only to withdraw men now, at any price, from the public-house, but to provide for them, in the future, a source of active interest and intelligent pleasure, which may effectually supplant lower forms of amusement. Its primary object, therefore, is not charity, nor yet repression of vice. Indirectly we hope that it will tend powerfully to further these ends. But they are being directly furthered by other societies, whose work can best be done, not by rivaling, but by joining and helping them. To effect the awakening and humanizing of the lowest and most degraded class through the medium of so refined a form of art as classical instrumental music, would be a hopeless attempt; the tool is far too delicate for the purpose. The "People's Entertainment" and other societies are doing more efficient work in that way than the "People's Concerts" do, or could do. These last appeal to another class, or to the same class at a different stage, and should take up the work where the others leave it off. At present the feeling uppermost in their supporters is rather one of wonder that so quiet, unexciting a form of amusement should have been relished so keenly as it has been.

It is the Society's object and intention to associate the people themselves with its musical work whenever it may be possible to do so. As a step in this direction it is proposed to start elementary singing-classes (at a nominal fee) in the neighbourhood of some of the principal concert centres, free admission to the concerts being given to regular attendants at these classes. If the results of this first attempt are encouraging, its promoters are not

without hope that it may some day be in their power to found classes of a similar nature for concerted instrumental practice by working people. Should these objects be achieved the "People's Concert Society" will have conferred a more lasting boon on the poorer classes than that of a few evenings harmless amusement.

The significance of the Society's work must not be measured by immediate outward success. For years it may have but little to show; but it should persevere, for the right results of such work are permanent and progressive.

By helping our poor neighbours to know something of that art which less than any other recognises conventional distinctions, its concerts should, with time, prepare the way for others, which, although they may have no visible connection with it, will be the outcome of the present enterprise, and which, in the truest sense of the word, will be People's Concerts.

Since the above was written the Society has accomplished half of its third season, with very satisfactory results. Concerts are given monthly at Chelsea and Bishopsgate, and fortnightly at Finsbury, these last in particular attracting a crowded and attentive audience. Many of the people come long before the concert hour, so as to secure their places. Subjoined is a recent programme

(January 9, 1881). It lasted full half an hour beyond the usual time of concluding, but the audience remained quiet till after the last note.

1. ALLEGRO—from Quintet in A *Mozart*.
2. SONG—"Non piu andrai" . *Mozart*.
3. SONG—"My Mother bids me
bind my hair" *Haydn*.
4. DUET FOR TWO VIOLINS . *Spohr*.
5. SONG—"Maid of Athens" . *Gounod*.
6. LARGHETTO, MINUET AND
TRIOS—from Quintet in A *Mozart*.
7. SONG—"The Sailor's Story" *H. Smart*.
8. CLARINET SOLO—"Con-
certino" *Weber*.
9. BALLAD—"The Lass of Rich-
mond Hill"
10. VIOLONCELLO SOLO—"Ro-
mance" *Gottschmann*.
11. SONG—"Here's to the Year
that's awa!"
12. FINALE—"Tema con varia-
zioni" from Quintet in A *Mozart*.

The enjoyment of music shown by the audiences at these concerts has encouraged the Committee to proceed with the experiment of singing-classes, referred to above. Two such classes have begun work, one in Chelsea, the other in Bishopsgate. It is too early to hazard an opinion as to their chances of success, but the fact that the people who have joined them show a keen interest in music, and are mostly regular attendants at the concerts, encourages the hope that a good field exists for the seed that is to be sown.

FLORENCE A. MARSHALL.

FREE LIBRARIES AND THEIR WORKING.

To one looking earnestly round him upon the conditions of human life, it would seem as if nine-tenths of the misery and crime of England were the fruit of two habits of its people—Improvvidence, showing itself most mischievously in early marriages contracted before the breadwinner has saved enough to meet the necessities of a single year's illness or depression of trade, and adding largely to the number of mouths to be fed, whether trade is good or bad; and Intemperance, taking the bread out of these hungry mouths and leading, both directly to crime in moments of madness, and indirectly to it through the loss of character and the misery which is its almost invariable consequence.

Far from showing *malice prepense*, these evils are both rather indicative of feelings of good fellowship and domestic affection, which only require moderating and guiding by a wider knowledge; and their cause will be easily distinguished as misemployed time and energy. And the means to counteract the mischief is to be found in supplying pursuits, in attracting and employing the energies and time thus misspent, and in guiding them into other channels, which will lead to good instead of evil.

For this purpose Education is undoubtedly the first step. Without the three Rs little time now can be occupied advantageously; and few efforts will be attended with more solid, widespread, good results, than those, either legislative or private, which are directed to the effective carrying-out of such elementary work.

But when the School Boards have done their work thoroughly, and every

child has passed the Sixth Standard, what then? Is the die cast, and the character of the children moulded for good or evil? Can no more be done for the guidance of their still growing energies? It is not even among them that this crime and folly shows itself. It is at the end of the seven years, after leaving school that all the mischief begins to bud; at a time of life when the energies are strongest, when the world looks brightest, and each one feels a wish to take his part in it. This is sad; but it points clearly to what we have said—that this evil is misdirected energy; and, since the redirection of it must be from within, the best work for the reformer to attempt, is to place before each agent a wide choice of pursuits, and each one with advantages and attractions. Thus a natural selection may be made, and wholesome ambitions developed, absorbing the time and the energies, which the lack of such pursuits throws back upon their owner, merely to break out in results of sorrow and evil.

For this evil, we repeat, like all other evil in this world, can only permanently be overcome by good. In the restless, energetic character of the modern Aryan, and especially of that self-asserting variety, the Anglo-Saxon, there will never be that submission to instruction, and that negative self-control, which moralists are always recommending, as a "preventive check." Other attractions and occupations must be supplied. The half-educated frequenters of the taverns where ruin is supplied so freely, are like children too young to argue with, whose evil tempers, cherished while the scolding lasts, and persisted in until the strict dis-

ciplinarian is driven to despair, may be banished at once by a lively diversion of their thoughts into another channel. Pulpit Oratory, and Permissive Bills, Church Temperance, or Total Abstinence Societies, will do little to attract the class they hope to help. They may strengthen such as do stand, but they scarcely reach the habitual haunter of the gin palace, and can therefore do very little to affect him. The efforts made to counteract his pleasures and make a Puritan of him rather harden him in his assertion of liberty. His attention must be absorbed, and a more interesting way of spending his time offered him in some other resort. News-rooms are, no doubt, the first step upwards for him, even if his special attraction be one of those trials which on one sheet all the newspapers denounce as most demoralising, while at the same time perhaps they call attention to something specially dreadful given in full on another sheet!

To attempt to make men of this class readers of good literature at once is hopeless. A newsroom or two such as that at Nottingham, which the librarian reckons to have been visited 350,000 times in the year, or 1,000 times each day, can hardly be overvalued for its power in drawing visitors from the public-house, breaking the evening and keeping them sober, although, perhaps, not altogether leading them to give up its use.

The unrivalled popularity of the newspaper, as compared to any book, with this class of readers, is conclusively shown by its being the only literature provided for them in their present haunts. And its value, as a first step in their education, is also shown by the great popularity of the reading-rooms at such places as Wednesbury and Cardiff. Even in America "everybody reads the newspaper; the book readers are comparatively few."¹

But if the first important work of

¹ *Public Libraries in the United States*, p. 462. Washington, 1876.

a Free Library be that of employing the leisure time of the working classes in a more rational way, and weaning them from the degrading haunts of drink and vice through its newspapers, its second great function—one of rapidly growing importance, in which both books and newspapers co-operate—is that of carrying on the education of the coming race.

Mr. W. C. Todd writes in the *American Report*² :—

"Indispensable as are newspapers to the business of the world, they, with the numerous magazines that have been started, nearly all during the present century, are equally necessary to education. A nation with many papers and magazines must be well informed, their circulation can almost be taken as an exponent of its intelligence. Not only does a first-class journal contain a record of events, but the best thought of the day. What a noted man may say to-night to a small audience, to-morrow will be read by millions all over the land. The substance of whole volumes is published frequently long before its appearance in book form. . . . Much of the best poetry, romance, biography, criticism, discussion of every subject and information on every topic appears in our newspapers and magazines; and scholars and men of science as well as general readers must read them or be left behind."

In addition to those who read for pleasure, others, a much more important class, require a more active occupation; for the function of affording a luxurious way of passing time is of little consequence compared with the more important one of supplying textbooks, for attracting and guiding the energies of more vigorous temperaments to whom they are the instruments and machinery of productive labour. Carlyle says—

"We learn to read, in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of books; but the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the books themselves! It depends on what we read, after all manner of professors have done their best for us.

² *Ibid.* 460.

The true university of these days is a collection of books. All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been : it is lying as in magic preservation, in the pages of books."

"Theoretic knowledge," however, is but a small part of what books contain, and of transitory value compared with the great storehouse of technical concrete knowledge which they constitute. There is no science or art, the very latest discoveries of which are not registered and made available to all who have well-supplied libraries at their command ; few, if any, for the pursuit of which the study of books is not absolutely requisite ; nor is there any for which a special aptitude lying dormant may not be brought out by the perusal of some book on the subject.

Most satisfactory indeed has been the issue from the press, of books specially adapted to this purpose, during the last few years. Many of them have been written or edited with the greatest care by scientific men known to the whole civilised world ; men whose predecessors a generation ago would have thought it either beneath them or of no benefit to devote their time to the production of such works. Yet the publication of them is of little use to the class who most need them, unless they are put into their hands at little cost. Free libraries are so cheap a way of doing all this and much more, that the slowness of the progress of the movement is the most astounding part of its history. A free public library will not only start a man in studies of this class, but, in all, except perhaps the smallest towns, it will be able to carry him forward to the fullest and most recent accounts of all that mankind "has done, thought, gained, or been," and give him advantages which affluence alone will secure to private effort. He will soon, from the free use of such books, be able to distinguish and to record what is of value in his own observations, in such

style and such English also, as will entitle his book to take its place with the productions of the most educated.

The author of *Working Men and Women*, by a Working Man, after remarking that it is not a common thing for a working man to appear in the character of an author, continues : "but, given that an individual working man has a taste in that direction, it ought to be no matter for surprise to find that, having something to say, he can express himself with some touch of literary method. In the present day the whole range of English literature is open almost to any working man who cares to exert himself to get at it ; and there are few men, not of independent means, who can devote more time to reading than, say, a comfortably situated artisan." His own book shows how he has profited by such advantages ; and the Coventry Free Library, whose experiences we wish to take as a text, can quote a strong case in the same direction. Imagine the strain upon a careful librarian's judgment when a chimney-sweep sends for the first volume of Grote's *History of Greece*. Is he justified in putting a costly book into hands so far from clean ? Is there any mistake as to the spelling of the subject ? His anxiety is succeeded by relief when in due time the first volume is returned without readers' marks of any kind ; and by surprise when the second and each of the twelve in succession is duly taken out and read.

The third and fourth functions of free libraries are of sensible value to those who pay the rates for their support. They may be made to supply a large amount of general reading of a higher description than is required by the working classes as a rule, and accordingly this class of book will remain clean enough for drawing-room tables. And they become the great Encyclopædia of the neighbourhood, especially where the reference department is largely developed, as it

naturally is in the large wealthy towns, and at places like Brighton, not the residence of a manufacturing population.

It is a mistake for the well-to-do classes to think that a free library should be treated like a charitable institution, and left for the use of the poor only. It is paid for by owners of property, and by using it freely they get, to say the least of it, a fair return for their money, besides securing to the public generally many advantages which no charity could confer.

"The free library will benefit many of its supporters through the minister's sermon and the physician's practice; the editor's leader will lead towards sounder conclusions: the teacher will learn not only something worth communicating, but the best methods of imparting knowledge orally to opening minds."¹

The clergy would find the constant use of such a supply of books of immense value in sermon-writing: for nothing gives such deadness and flatness to sermons as the usual absence of any allusion to the new and interesting questions of the day. The ground generally gone over, the sentiments expressed, often even the expressions used, are so familiar, that while they may be as correct and orthodox, they are also about as interesting as the multiplication table. The events of the day, either as illustrations or as matters of comment, give a most unwonted life to a discourse on which perhaps little study or scholarship have been spent. Imagine a magazine or journal of any description being conducted on the principle of leaving out all treatment of the questions of the day, and yet expecting a wide circulation among all the various classes of which preachers know their audiences to be composed.

In fact it need hardly be remarked that a supply of really good and at-

tractive books is a luxury to all grades of society, from the highest to the lowest. In London, and towns so large that the ground required for many of the favourite pursuits and recreations of the country must be either too costly or too distant, reading is an occupation that still further recommends itself as an eligible pastime. The experience of Westminster shows that there is no real obstacle to its supply by free libraries either in London or elsewhere, and it is most shortsighted of its inhabitants so steadily to refuse their adoption.

The higher work of a healthy free library should be that of an Athenæum, a centre from which advanced students can draw the accumulated experience of the highest authorities on their special subjects, and a meeting-place for all the intellect of the neighbourhood—a common ground on which clubs for the most varied purposes can meet to contribute their quota of knowledge and agree as to its further distribution, whether by exhibitions, museums, classes, or lectures. The bulk of its work should be the furnishing of facts, figures, dates, and authorities to writers and students whose inquiries take them over wider fields than private collections of books are generally large enough to cover; and in supplying the newest and most costly works, which in these days follow each other too quickly for any but the most ardent student to buy for himself, though he must read or consult them if he is to know the state of the question he is considering.

Surely these are large and beneficial ends, and to be obtained at a cost felt by hardly any ratepayers; and yet among all the wealthy towns of the United Kingdom *seventy-nine is the whole number of those who have availed themselves of the Act*; while in the United States of America more than *three hundred and forty* are in active operation as free public libraries, besides a total of other collections, partly

¹ *Public Libraries in the United States*, p. 399.

of higher and partly of more restricted objects, amounting to thousands!

One reason, no doubt, of this slowness in adopting the free library system is the feeling that it is a sort of compulsory charity; that the rich man is taxed for the sake of teaching the poor matters which some of their masters and mistresses think they are none the better for knowing. And the idea that the taxpayers themselves are going to derive any of the profit from it is looked upon as "robbing the poor."

We wish to draw attention to a case where the opposite effect has been secured with the most satisfactory results, and latterly with much of the feeling that a city was forming itself into one great book club, in which, no doubt, the wants of the working classes were to be considered first, though the rights of the ratepayers were not overlooked. We shall first give a sketch of its history, and then endeavour to draw from it some useful hints for the benefit of those who may now or hereafter be engaged in promoting similar institutions.

Coventry is a manufacturing town of about 40,000 inhabitants, of whom some 8,000 are householders. It is already in possession of many charities for the school-education of its rising generation. A library was formed in the year 1790, one of the leaders in the movement being the well-known antiquary, Thomas Sharp. An entrance fee of 5*l.* 5*s.* and an annual subscription of 3*l.* 3*s.* show that the advantages it had to offer were far from free, but also speak for the value of the books collected there. The library formed part of the premises in which the office of the father of Professor Huxley was situated, and the young philosopher spent many of his holiday hours in ransacking its shelves. For almost half a century the library was supported by a large proportion of the best educated of the inhabitants. But in the course of time the habits and tastes of a

much more numerous and less exclusive class of readers operated greatly to the prejudice of the old society and its material interests; and in March, 1864, it was offered as the basis of a free library, provided that its outstanding debts were liquidated. The offer, however, met with little favour from any side, and it fell through.

In 1868, however, the movement was more successful. A small but enthusiastic meeting was held, the Free Libraries Act was adopted, and the offer of the old library gladly accepted. The money for the acquisition of this foundation (about 140*l.*) was quickly subscribed by about fifty gentlemen favourable to the scheme; and gifts of two sums of 100*l.*, and nearly 1,000 volumes of books went a long way, in filling up the gaps left by the small purchases made during the later years of the old library. At the end of ten months, when the first report was drawn up, the 9,369 volumes (old and new) with which a start was made, had had a circulation of 57,954, and from that day the success of the library was certain.

The second year there were over 4,000 borrowers, drawing on an average fifteen volumes each during the year; and the crowded reading-room received a welcome addition from the Chamber of Commerce, who placed there, for the convenience both of the public and of themselves, the Central News telegrams, a luxury which the free library funds could hardly have paid for, and which has proved most valuable in attracting many readers who otherwise would perhaps have rarely entered the reading-room.

The question of the funds requisite to work such a free library in a town like Coventry forced itself upon the attention of the public, when in their third report the committee had to state that up till then no portion of the rate had been available for the purchase of books; and from this

time, after which donations were made with rather less enthusiasm, and three years' wear and tear began to tell upon the most popular and widely circulated volumes, the cutting down of working expenses so as to allow of the purchase of a fair supply of new books has always been the difficulty.

A new chapter in the history of the Coventry Free Library was commenced in the year 1871, when Mr. Gulson, a much esteemed and munificent citizen, who had watched the satisfactory progress of the work, decided—with the help of 1000*l.* from another old citizen, the late Mr. Samuel Carter, who had given one of the donations of 100*l.* already mentioned—not only to present a fine central site, but to erect upon it a handsome and commodious building.

This splendid gift greatly increased the interest felt in the Free Library; and the latter took shape in a practical and substantial form.

Mr. Gulson had left the fittings, furniture, and interior decorations to be supplied by private subscription. For this purpose, a total sum of money was raised amounting to 2,634*l.*, one half of which was absorbed in the above purposes, leaving 1,300*l.* for expenditure in valuable books necessary for the formation of a reference library, such as had hitherto been quite beyond the means of those who now used it. Of this total, one-fourth was obtained from a highly satisfactory source. A "Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition" was held at Coventry in the year 1867, on the completion of a new Market Hall, not unfit to act the part of a Crystal Palace. This exhibition had been so well patronised that a final profit amounting to 775*l.* had been left in the hands of a committee, who naturally found it difficult to fix on an object which men of all classes and politics could agree to support. And the fact that no appreciable opposition was raised to its

bestowal on the Free Library shows how thorough and deep-seated was its popularity. The committee had already cautiously given a sum of 100*l.*, and they now handed over the balance of 675*l.*

The Sixth Annual Report had little in it which was noteworthy. The difficulty still remained that although the *l.*d. rate had increased from 362*l.* in 1869 to 420*l.* in 1875, the expenses on the larger premises and larger circulation had increased in still greater proportion, gas alone swallowing up the ratal increase. The consequence was that no money out of the income could be expended in the purchase of books. In these circumstances recourse was had to a plan which, for successful working and for the mutual benefit of all concerned, we cannot too strongly commend to communities in a similar position.

Although their number in proportion to the population of Coventry was but small, still there were a few constantly frequenting the Free Library, whose wants were rather above those of the ordinary Subscription Library, and who would gladly have kept up the old library. They were disappointed with the constant reply of the Book Committee of the Free Library that what money they had to spend must be spent in the purchase of the more popular books, whose circulation would be incessant till they were fairly worn out. An appeal was made to these readers to form themselves into a book club in connection with the Free Library, and, after a few slight alterations in the third year, its organisation took the following shape.

The subscription was made one guinea annually, with an understanding that each member would nominate books to about that value, and a small committee was appointed to arrange and carry out such orders. But many members joined for the mere purpose of supporting the Free Library, and made little use of the books, and

many others were attracted only by the most celebrated and favourite works published; so that practically all the expenditure of the money fell into the hands of the Book-Club Committee, and their number was increased accordingly. At the end of six months after the purchase of any book it was offered to the Free Library at one-fourth of the published price, and none have ever been declined.

The Book Club started with thirty-eight members, which increased in successive years to forty-six, fifty-three, sixty-three, and sixty-five, and at the present time it numbers ninety-seven, with every prospect of further increase.

The working of it has been this: New books were purchased during the year *as they came out*, not, as is necessary in some clubs, all together at a certain time in the year, and these new books lay upon a table at the Free Library for any member of the club to take out at his choice, and by the end of six or nine months the members had, generally with a few exceptions, read such works as they cared for. A marked advantage of the connection of this club with the Free Library was, that after the books had passed on to the shelves of the Library they still were at the service of the members of the club, and remained so as long as they continued to live in the town. Any one who has belonged to a circulating book club in the country knows well the unsatisfactory end of the year, when the books are put up for sale, and a member buys volumes which either he did not care to read as they came round, or which he did read, and whose value to him therefore is greatly diminished.

Another advantage of this club—*i.e.* to the Free Library—indirect but by no means small—is that persons of the highest position in the town make the Free Library a place of call almost daily. Interest is thus excited among the wealthy, and every want becomes

quickly known. At Bolton this system of supporting a public library has from the beginning been carried out on a very similar arrangement, though on a much more liberal scale, three hundred and seventy-six guineas being contributed, and constituting more than two-thirds of the sum defrayed in the purchase of books. Of course with so large a number of subscribers the books remain longer in their possession, and to balance that, they are handed over free at the end of one year. Indeed the original Act of 1850 contemplated that the whole of the rate should be expended in the housing and administration of the Library only.

But to return to Coventry. In 1875 a collection of nearly 500 volumes of works, English and French, connected with horological science, brought together during fifty years by the late Mr. J. Ferguson Cole, and standing about third as the most complete of its kind in existence, was purchased by the watch manufacturers of the city and presented to the Free Library; a help to the trade which could hardly have been made so generally available under any other arrangement. It has been largely used by young workers, who could by no other means have taken advantage of it, if, indeed, they could have been aware of such a life's labour.

During 1875 the balance-sheet first showed a debt, which increased in the following years. The purchase of fresh books, however necessary, had to be reduced, and almost stopped. The Juvenile Library became completely worn out, and the last liberal help which the Free Library has received is the sum of 65*l.* subscribed by about half-a-dozen gentlemen for the purpose of carrying on the work so strongly appreciated by the much needing class of juvenile readers.

Many useful hints may be drawn from the above experiences.

The first to which we wish to draw attention, though touching only those

who have already availed themselves of the Free Libraries Act, may also be profitable to those about to do so. It is the important part which the working classes themselves must take if anything of this sort is to prosper: they must really and earnestly avail themselves of all advantages which are offered them; for where this is not eagerly done mortification sets in and advantage after advantage is lost till the most enthusiastic supporter of free libraries must own that it is a failure, and that no amount of fostering will make dry bones live. In the case before us, had the first year's circulation been small, many gifts of books would never have been received, and if these small gifts had not been really acceptable and attention called to the active use made of all such donations, the Exhibition Fund would never have been voted to the institution. Had the reading-room been thinly attended the Chamber of Commerce would never have posted up its telegrams there; a small matter, apparently, but really not without very important indirect effects, for it brought gentlemen to the reading-room, night after night, who could not but be struck with the crowd of readers there, many of them of a class not at all studious, and they must have felt that the money was well spent which supplied such a want or drew such a company from the taverns.

Above all it was of course the eager use made of the Free Library by the working classes that called forth Mr. Gulson's great liberality, and that made it, as we have said, possible to collect money to supply all that was left for others to do. The circulation in 1873 (before the removal to the new building) was 70,553; the years following that change were 79,625, 60,858, 76,750, on an average a very small increase. It was not the handsome gift which brought about the large circulation, but the large circulation which drew the handsome gift.

The penny rate produced in Co-

ventry a sum varying from 362*l.* in 1869 to 476*l.* in 1879. Upon which we have to remark that 1*d.* ratable upon a town of that size is barely sufficient for the working of a free library. Our sketch shows how many helps the rate has required to enable it to meet all wants; and how, although its amount has steadily increased of late years, the balance *against* the Free Library has nevertheless been steadily increasing also. Although it is satisfactory to see with what very moderate expenses a Free Library like that at Aston can be started, yet there are a number of fixed expenses which *cannot* be avoided. All attempts to curtail them by cheap and unattractive premises, ill-qualified librarians, very limited hours of attendance, gloomy lighting, or anything likely to bring contempt of any kind or degree upon the institution will tell so strongly against its success *indirectly* that it will be false economy, and go far in depriving it of many of the helps and advantages that have accrued to the Coventry Library through its popularity and its high standing. In these respects the Americans set us a striking and enviable example. The handsome buildings, the cheerful open rooms, the bright light, the intelligent and attractive young women who do the business of librarians, the rapid manner in which readers are served, in the Free Libraries of New England, are all worthy of eager imitation on this side the Atlantic.

It is no doubt a most desirable and satisfactory achievement, to see Manchester with its six branches, Sheffield with its four, Salford with its three, Nottingham, Bolton, and others, with branches which they can well support. But the cost of administration is a strong argument against too much subdividing the funds at the disposal of a Free Library committee. Leeds, with its twenty branches, is a giant that seems well able to run its course so heavily weighted, but manages, as we re-

mark elsewhere, to work the smaller ones very economically.

It is wearying, unsatisfactory work when, with splendid buildings provided by the public money, as at Sheffield, or by private munificence, as that of Mr. Bass at Derby, or Mr. Gulson at Coventry, public support is not sufficient to work them to their full powers. It is hardly possible to go round with a subscription-list, begging; indeed, such a proceeding would gain but little support, the outward and visible signs of prosperity would tell so much against it. But for the same reason an increase of the rate would be grudged but little, and in such circumstances a town should be permitted and encouraged to tax itself to a larger amount, especially if the functions of its public library are correspondingly increased.

In the case then of a smaller town, such as Lichfield, it is necessary, if the rate is to support the library, that something above the 1*d.* rate should be allowed; while perhaps there are a few great centres of population where other libraries of high-class books are at the service of the better educated, and only the more popular class of books are required to supplement them, in which a halfpenny may be quite sufficient.

A Permissive Act, therefore, leaving it to "Local Option" to fix the amount of the rate, is necessary for the most successful adoption of the Public Free Libraries Act.

Still a small rate may be the nucleus round which a great deal of private liberality can gather. At Coventry the rate has supplied only one fourth of the total means of the library; gifts of 11,000*l.* and 2,500 volumes having been acknowledged against 4,330*l.* rate collected. It is hardly possible to grudge twopence paid as a rate where voluntary donations add 6*d.*, and no ratepayer can dispute the liberal and abundant return which is offered him for his money.

The Reference Library, now containing a large collection of costly works, requires more careful observation to elicit the important work it is doing. Two considerations, however, will show how important that work is. On the one hand a single volume consulted for an evening may have done a greater service than dozens of volumes taken out for amusement in the circulating department; and, on the other hand, there are many books which can be in the reach of most citizens by hardly any other means, not to speak of the almost unique copies of books of local interest which will eventually find their way there, and the relief it will be to a worker on any subject to find there a collection of all the principal books bearing upon it.

The number of volumes with which the Reference Department at Coventry worked at first was little over 1,200, but the liberal response made to the appeal, on the gift of the new building by Mr. Gulson, enabled it to be raised by 1875 to over 5,000 volumes. In that year the issues to inquirers were little over 4,000, while in the last two years their number has been over 12,000.

A practical difficulty has always been how to allot important books to their respective departments of Lending and Reference. On the one hand it greatly curtailed the value of a book to many readers, that they were required to read it at the library; on the other hand, many books were considered too costly, and too liable to damage, to be allowed to circulate among the "great unwashed" with perfect freedom; and it was necessary to consider the annoyance to applicants for books catalogued as in the reference department when they were found to be "out." Opposing counsels were reconciled by putting the bulk of such volumes into the reference department, but authorising the librarian, with sanction of any two members of the committee, to allow them to be taken home to be read.

During all these years the proportion of fiction to other classes of books was marvellously regular, both in the

proportion contained in the library and in circulation. The following table shows both :—

	Total Vols. in Library.	Fiction.	Proportion.	Total Issue.	Fiction.	Proportion.
1869	8,083	3,259	·40	57,954	37,501	·65
1870	8,710	3,535	·41	61,076	41,633	·656
1871	9,091	3,685	·40	58,252	36,328	·63
1872	10,838	4,867	·45	50,547	35,803	·71
1873	11,000	4,897	·44	70,553	52,232	·74
1874	11,956	5,112	·43	63,305	45,159	·71
1875	14,777	7,410	·50	79,626	63,462	·80
1876	14,334	6,700	·47	60,858	45,872	·75
1877	14,934	7,016	·47	76,756	54,972	·71
1878	15,348	7,036	·46	74,548	55,612	·69
1879	15,762	7,250	·48	83,035	58,880	·72

The experience at Coventry is the same as at Aston, Stockport, West Bromwich, and Westminster, that to maintain a circulation of works of fiction, it is necessary to renew them frequently. The largest circulation here is in 1875, when a very liberal supply of new books was purchased. The following year, when a weeding out of old three-volume novels had been made, instead of many additions, the circulation fell, and the lowest percentage since was in 1878, when only twenty volumes of fiction were added. The same want is felt in the United States :—

"A library will find it necessary to supply the novel department in its younger days until it is firmly established. . . . A small library, which is not a treasure-house for scholars, but rather a drinking-basin for wayfarers, depends, if not even from month to month, certainly from year to year upon the public demand for entertaining reading being understood and met and gratified and managed. The large library is valuable for what it has in it. . . but the small circulating library, like a retail shop, depends upon the prompt gratification of the demands of the day."¹

So says Mr. F. B. Perkins ; and the Chester Free Library Committee have perhaps taken the first step in the

right direction by supplying novels only, until their arrangements are fully developed ; but the incentive to gaining information, and exercising one's own powers, which a newspaper affords, is so far greater than that afforded by a novel, that it seems to us that novels should be held up as works rather of luxury than of utility, and if freely supplied to applicants, should not be encouraged to the extent of eleven-twelfths or nineteen-twentieths of the total circulation, or even of five-sixths, as at Salford. A liberal supply of newspapers and magazines will meet the wants of many who take out novels, while no *books* are such cheap literature.

This question of novel reading seems greatly to have exercised the contributors to the American Public Libraries Report. Mr. J. P. Quincey says :—²

"Surely a state which lays heavy taxes upon the citizen in order that children may be taught to read is bound to take some interest in what they read. . . Physicians versed in the treatment of those nerve centres whose disorder has so alarmingly increased of late years have testified to the enervating influence of the prevalent romantic literature, and declared it to be a fruitful cause of evil to youth of both sexes. . . It has been rashly assumed that if our young people cannot obtain the

¹ *Public Libraries in the United States*, p. 420.

² *Ibid.* p. 393.

sensational novels which they crave they will make no use of the town library. But this is not so. Boys and girls will read what is put in their way, provided their attention is judiciously directed, and the author is not above their capacity."

And he quotes a case of a successful Free Library (Germantown, Pa.), which excludes all novels from its shelves. On the other hand Mr. Fletcher, of the Watkinson Library,¹ calls this "a course which will unavoidably result in alienating from the library the very class most needing its beneficial influence." And he adds, "the public library being largely, if not mainly, for the benefit of the uncultivated, must to a large extent come down to the level of this class, and meet them on common ground."² He suggests a short supply of the best novels in order that the librarian may have an opportunity of recommending books of a higher standard:—

"This result will also be furthered by such an arrangement of the catalogue that books of an inferior order cannot be looked for without encountering the titles of those of greater value. This is one of the strongest arguments against furnishing a separate catalogue of works of fiction; for it makes it possible for a reader to forget that the library contains anything else."³

Mr. Perkins, of the Boston Public Library, lays it down⁴ that—

"The first mistake likely to be made in establishing a popular library is choosing books of too thoughtful or solid a character. It is vain to go on the principle of collecting books that people ought to read, and afterwards trying to coax them to read them. The only practical method is to begin by supplying books that people already want to read, and afterwards to do whatever shall be found possible to elevate their reading tastes and habits. . . . A habit of reading is more necessary than any particular line of reading, because it is the one indispensable previous requisite; and to form the habit, easy reading—that is, reading such as people want, such as

they enjoy—must be furnished first, and afterwards that which requires more effort. . . Readers improve; if it were not so, reading would not be a particularly useful practice. . . . No case has ever been cited where a reader, beginning with lofty philosophy, pure religion, profound science, and useful information has gradually run down in his reading until his declining years were disreputably wasted on dime novels and story weeklies. The idea is ridiculous even on the bare statement of it. But the experience of librarians is substantially unanimous to the contrary: that those who begin with dime novels and story weeklies may be expected to grow into a liking for a better sort of stories; then for the truer narrative of travel and adventure, of biography and history, then of essays and popular science, and so on upward."

Mr. Justin Winsor, of the same library, gives the practical conclusion of all this, viz., that while works of fiction, with the exception of a few that are positively harmful, should form a considerable part of a circulating library, it should be the hearty desire and effort of the librarian to turn the course of his readers' studies into better channels.

In the second and fifth columns of the preceding table we have a curious practical proof of the importance of the librarian's part in the working of a Free Library. Few are the men who, while making the office their work and their duty, will throw their whole soul into it as if it were a pet scheme of their own; who, with knowledge sufficient for the library's greatest readers, both of books and the book trade (two very distinct things, yet each necessary to an efficient administration of a library), have yet the kindness of manner and sympathy which do much to make the juvenile department popular. To such a librarian, readers of every shade look as a friend, and the influence of such a character in such a post is significantly pointed to at Coventry by the large decrease in the issues of 1876, which was traced to the unaccommodating idleness of a young assistant. We cannot attribute it to

¹ *Public Libraries in the United States*, p. 410.

² *Ibid.* p. 416.

³ *Ibid.* p. 411.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 422.

bad trade, though Coventry was then suffering much, since the numbers have risen again, while the depression has increased. But, curious as it may seem, that workmen "at play" cannot give as much time to reading as when busier, we have no doubt that it has had such an effect at Leeds as that report says. This importance of the librarian can scarcely be overrated:—

"A large proportion of Free Library frequenters are generally dependent upon the librarian for advice and direction. . . . His influence as an educator is rarely estimated by outside observers, and probably seldom realised even by himself. Performing his duties independently of direct control as to their details, usually selecting the books that are to be purchased by the library, often advising individual readers as to a proper course of reading, and placing in their hands the books they are to read, the librarian may gain ascendancy over the habits of thought and the literary tastes of a multitude of readers who find in the public library their only means of intellectual improvement."¹

It is of little value to contrast the numbers of volumes issued by one library with those of another. A most unreasonable system, it seems to us, has been laid down by many libraries of requiring every volume, whether large or small, to be returned in seven days, and then entering the renewal of it as a fresh issue. It is dangerous to allow books to remain out for too long a period; but, on the other hand, the above practice is most misleading; for the more slowly a book was read, the larger the circulation of it would be! According to the Derby Free Library Report, *every volume* throughout the library is being issued at the rate of twenty-one times in a year; and *every user* of the library is drawing out fifty-one volumes in that time!

The indicators, which are so highly praised as of great value in doing the work of a popular Free Library, were tried at Coventry, but without success. They would save the librarians an im-

mense amount of trouble if each applicant for a book was the reader of it, and could understand the lettering, and figuring of the indicator. But a large number of those who actually come to exchange books are children, too small to see the upper rows of an indicator large enough to work a library of 10,000 to 20,000 volumes, and if tall enough, seldom scholarly enough to compare lists, catalogues, and indicator together. Very many, moreover, have no special want at all, but ask the attendant for "another book."

Few things hinder a Free Library from doing a large work among the unlearned classes more than requiring any considerable exertion or trouble on their part, and we are highly pleased to quote the experience of Dundee and Wednesbury, that where the troublesome system of guarantors and constant renewing of tickets has been dropped, but very little loss has been sustained; in fact, none beyond what the most rigidly worked libraries have been subject to. It seems, therefore, a retrogression that has occurred at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. A recent purchase has been made there of 20,000 volumes of valuable and carefully selected books. A catalogue also giving their contents almost as completely as their titles has been industriously drawn up. Yet this library has burdened itself with such harsh working regulations, that (if any genuine attempt is made to enforce them) they must keep at a distance the class which it is most desirable to attract.

We would specially mention the very large proportion of readers and borrowers in the juvenile department. A steady proportion of from two-fifths to one-half of the borrowers in every year have been under twenty years of age, and even this does not represent the full proportion of young readers. When an adult takes out a book it is generally for his own reading; but a book taken home by a child is often read by a

¹ *Public Libraries in the United States*, p. xi.

family of brothers and sisters, so that it almost comes to a multiplication of their numbers.

This large proportion of juveniles is found not only in Coventry, but in most Free Libraries, and the lending department is much the best way of supplying their wants. It is hardly desirable to draw the young away at night from their homes, where a book and an elder brother may thus become a centre of instruction. At Manchester and at Plymouth the experiment has been tried of providing boys with a reading-room to themselves; but it will create little surprise that if they were troublesome under the eye of their seniors, they became unmanageable and mischievous when assembled together to follow their own sweet wills.

We can hardly exaggerate the importance of the juvenile department, as supplementing and continuing the work of school, and, in many cases, preventing school acquirements from being forgotten and lost.

And if the educational work of Free Libraries, and the education of the working classes too, is so great, is it not desirable that School Boards, which have the working of the fundamentals of education, should have some voice in the working of the Free Library also?

Of course it is likely enough that the same men will be chosen as most fitted for the one business as for the other, but it ought hardly to be left to chance. The English system of working everything independently has many advantages, but is dreadfully wasteful of time, which is felt to be so valuable in these hurrying days; and when it is seen that from the public library have naturally emanated, in

some towns, lectures; in others, science classes; in others, museums; in others, art exhibitions and public galleries; in others, field clubs, both naturalist and antiquarian; and in others, even parks; it does seem a very clumsy waste of the time of many gentlemen, whose help is almost indispensable, that they should, as at present, have to attend the meetings of many committees instead of working in one central body, by whom the whole business might be transacted at an expenditure of time, labour, and money very small compared to the amount required by the present arrangements. Such a committee would work well with South Kensington, and carry out all the objects which that department has in view much more efficiently than can be done by the fragmentary bodies of the present day.

Few better steps in this direction have been taken than those initiated by Mr. James Yates, the librarian, at Leeds, where eleven of their branch libraries are worked free of rent, coals, gas, &c., in Board School rooms. A more excellent way of keeping up a youth's efficiency in school work, too apt to die a natural death, and leading parents to take an interest in the school buildings, and all the wonders their walls display, and cherishing, if not creating, an earnest wish that none of these things may be sealed books to their children, could hardly be devised. It is a means of thoroughly carrying on the work for which not only were the buildings erected and their situation chosen, but the members of the School Board also were elected; and when we see both bodies working together as at Leeds, the only wonder seems to be that they did not start on that principle!

LUCRETIA MOTT.

THE *Times* of the 13th November contained an announcement by telegraph of the death of Lucretia Mott, at the age of eighty-seven.

With her passed away almost the last of that band of early Abolitionists who, for fifty years, never ceased to protest against the iniquity of slavery, and to stir the national conscience, till the people of the Northern States were, at last, ready to accept the proclamation of Emancipation of 1863, and to endure calamity after calamity for the sake of the freedom of the slave.

Lucretia Mott came of a race "ennobled," as Mr. Ruskin says, "by purity of moral habit for many generations." The story of her ancestry shows how heroism and enthusiasm in moral causes may last through many generations as tenaciously as any physical peculiarity. The Coffins, her father's people, belonged to an ancient family of Devon. In the time of Elizabeth they are spoken of as being among the gentlemen of the country side who first armed at the approach of the Armada.¹

Another paternal ancestor was Thomas Macy, who came to America about the year 1640, from Chilmark, in Wiltshire, and settled at Salisbury, Massachusetts. During the time of the persecution of the Quakers by the Puritans a law was passed imposing a fine of 5*l.* per hour upon any one who should entertain a member of this sect. In a severe storm of rain two Quakers came and sheltered themselves by the side of Macy's house. He invited them to come in, but they declined, giving as a reason that they did not wish

to bring him into trouble. He kindly insisted that they should enter his dwelling, and they consented, and remained there thirty-six hours. This was soon known, and when he learned that he was subjected to the rigour of the unrighteous law, taking his family, and accompanied by Edward Starbuck and Isaac Coleman, he put to sea in an open boat with these words on his lips—"We will go to the ends of the earth to find peace." This was in the year 1659. Whittier, in one of his poems, has commemorated the perilous voyage and the arrival in the Island of Nantucket. The Indians, numbering about a thousand, received them in a friendly manner, and invited the strangers to purchase some of the land. This was done, without fraud or force, and with goodwill on both sides. The purchase was supplemented the following year by a grant of land made by Lord Stirling to Thomas Mayhew, by whom it was conveyed in fee to ten proprietors. One of these was Tristram Coffin, the direct ancestor of Lucretia Mott.

Subsequently, several Quakers, driven from Massachusetts by the cruel and intolerant laws of the Puritans, settled on the island; and in time it became a Quaker community. Mary, eldest daughter of Tristram Coffin, and the first English child born on Nantucket, married a son of Edward Starbuck. She became a convert to Quakerism, and a preacher in the Society. It was under the influence of her preaching, in 1716, that the Nantucket Quakers sent forth the first protest ever made against slavery, declaring, "that it is not agreeable to the truth for Friends to purchase slaves and hold them for a term of life."

This protest was made again in 1727; it was repeated again by the

¹ Kingsley, in his novel of *Westward Ho*, speaks of the Coffins of Portlodge as having "lived there ever since Noah's flood (if, indeed, they had not merely returned thither after that temporary displacement)."

English Friends in 1729. In 1776 the Society authoritatively declared all members disowned who continued to possess slaves. The Society of Friends were absolutely the first to move in this great cause. Before Wilberforce had raised his voice, before Clarkson, in the flush of youth and success, as Senior Wrangler and prizeman, riding along the Cambridge lanes, had vowed to consecrate his life to the cause of the slave, the Quakers, alone among religious bodies, voluntarily purged themselves of the sin of slavery. And it is curious to note that it was an ancestress of Lucretia Mott's who gave the first impulse to this righteous movement.

On her mother's side, Lucretia Mott was of noble blood in the same true sense. Her direct ancestor was Peter Folger, spoken of by Cotton Mather as "a godly and learned Englishman." He sailed from Norfolk in March, 1635, crossing the Atlantic in the same ship with Hugh Peters, and became one of the first settlers in Nantucket. He was a man of learning in the mathematical sciences, and was held in honour by his fellows for his probity and judgment. He, with five others, was appointed to lay out the land of the island, the Government order declaring that "whatever shall be done by them, *Peter Folger being one of them*, shall be accounted legal and valid." This Peter Folger, the mathematician, it is interesting to note, was great grandfather to Benjamin Franklin. He was the ancestor, as has already been said, of Lucretia Mott. It was no fanciful likeness which has been often pointed out in the broad brow and penetrating eyes of Mrs. Mott to the head of Franklin.

Another member of the family (Mrs. Mott's uncle) was Mayhew Folger. He it was who, in 1809, discovered the mutineers of the *Bounty* on Pitcairn's Island. He arrived off the island supposing it to be uninhabited. To his surprise, a boat came out to him, and the men on board answered

him in English. He landed, and received from the lips of Adams and the others the story of their settlement on the island. He communicated his discovery to the British Admiralty, and thus the strange romance of the Pitcairn Islanders was made known to the world. Mayhew Folger was a man of refinement and of cultivated mind. He used to say that he knew few moments in life which were happier than when, at the end of the day, the course of his ship having been calculated, and his entries all made, he could sit down in his cabin to his much-loved books.

Of Lucretia Mott's own parents it may be said, as it was of those of S. Vincent de Paul, that "they lived not only without reproach, but in perfect innocence and uprightness." Her mother was a woman of noble character and remarkable energy. Upon her the earlier training of her children mainly depended, for her husband was at home only for brief intervals. He had more or less to do with the whale fishery,¹ which at that time was the chief occupation of the people of Nantucket.

The last voyage of Thomas Coffin was in search of seals. He was captain and part owner of his vessel, and had been out more than a year, when his ship was seized by the Spaniards in one of the ports of the Pacific coast. He could obtain no redress, and in order to get home had to cross the Andes and travel to a port in Brazil or Buenos Ayres. After an absence of three years he returned to his home. Eighty years could not erase from the mind of his daughter the memory of this wondrous homecoming. Some letters of Thomas Coffin to his wife remain; they are written with the tenderness and grace which mark the domestic letters of William Penn, and are the reflection

¹ Let any one who wishes to know what the perils and hardships of this life were, read a curious and interesting book, *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise*, &c., by J. Rosse Brown (1846).

of a refined and entirely religious mind.

Upon Anna Coffin, as upon many of the women of Nantucket, fell unusual responsibility and care. During the long voyages of her husband, the whole management of the household was hers. She had to transact all business, making frequent journeys to the mainland. Under this kind of unsought discipline a woman grows in moral and intellectual strength, and the household which she directs and controls breathes an atmosphere of fortitude and purity.

Fleeing, as the first settlers of Nantucket did from persecution,¹ they had yet brought with them the foundations of peace and riches for their new homes; they had brought with them the love of justice and the fear of God. They lived in peace and friendliness with the Indian inhabitants. As time went on, patience and industry turned the rough shelter first offered by the island into a prosperous and peaceful home. The Quaker system preserved that voluntary plainness of living which, if it be not the parent of high thinking, is, at least, its best companion. Every family had its heroic memories—a tradition of self-sacrifice at the call of conscience. And the children, as they grew, learned that noble freedom of spirit which counts life itself of less value than the principles which dignify it.

Out of the good ground of their moral strength grew many a gentle

grace, and the austerity and simplicity had a beauty all their own.

The island scarcely knew the vices which afflict larger communities. Quakerism laid on the little colony "the strong hand of its purity." Little other constraint seemed needed. The prison of the island was moss-grown, and sunk into decay for want of use. There was indeed a tradition in the colony that a prisoner had *once* been confined there, but that he had sent a message to the authorities to say that he must decline to remain longer within its walls unless the sheep were kept out.

During the quarterly meetings, one of which fell annually at Nantucket, Friends from different parts of Massachusetts and New Bedford came, and were received, whether strangers or not, with a hospitality which, in its simplicity and dignified gravity, was no poor realisation of that recommended by the Apostle. There were also the "*Feasts*." When a calf was killed in a Nantucket household, Friends and neighbours were called in to share in the good cheer. Long tables were spread; the children and young people of the family waited on the guests. The prophetic injunction was obeyed, and "portions were sent to them for whom none was prepared." To those who were sick or unable to come were carried bowls carefully wrapped in linen napkins. A set of these napkins always formed part of a young Nantucket woman's marriage outfit.

In the midst of this pure and primitive life, Lucretia Mott was born, and here she lived till she was eleven years old. At that time her father removed and settled in business in Boston. With her younger sister, Lucretia Coffin pursued her studies. Later on they went to a Friend's boarding-school, where, at the end of two years, and at the age of sixteen, she accepted the position of teacher. No true sketch could be made of Mrs. Mott without mention of this beloved sister, towards whom through

¹ That the Quakers, most tolerant of people, had yet some vehement feeling mixed with their memories of the persecuting Puritans, is plain from the utterances of Benjamin Franklin Folger, who, some thirty years ago, lived on the Island of Nantucket, leading a strange recluse life—his books his only companions. "The Puritans of the mainland," said he, "who had themselves been the objects of persecution in England, began the same infamous and brutal career of intolerance in America, by establishing a code of cruel and revolting laws which would have put a Herod to the blush. I thank God I am not descended from that vile fanatical race. Let others boast, if they will, of their Puritanic blood; mine knows not the contamination."

life she preserved an unalterable affection. This sister, spoken of in one of her father's letters as "the desirable little Elizabeth," was a woman of the greatest sweetness and purity of character. Of a gentle and retiring manner, she yet possessed an unusual clearness of judgment, and a subtle power of personal influence. Of her it was said, that a shade of disapprobation on her gentle face was as good as a stern rebuke from others. For seventy years the two sisters, both singularly happy in their own domestic relations, met almost daily, and in all changes of life Mrs. Mott took counsel of her shy and retiring sister.

At the age of eighteen, Lucretia Coffin married James Mott of New York, and settled in Philadelphia, which ever afterwards remained her home. Difficulties beset the young couple at the outset. In 1812 came war with England, and in consequence an embargo and great depression in trade. Anna Coffin — Lucretia Mott's mother — was at this time left a widow, with five children to support. Lucretia Mott, with her own family cares, set herself to meet with cheerfulness and energy the difficulties of her position. While her husband, in whom to the last day of his life she found the truest friend, companion, and support, struggled with the perplexities of his business, she began her old work as a teacher. "These trials in early life," she says, "were not without their good-effect in disciplining the mind, and leading it to set a just estimate on worldly pleasures." It was thus, in the midst of hindrances, that a household life was begun which, developing as years went on, presented a picture of goodness and moral worth which is not often equalled. Fifty years later, and but two years before the death of the excellent James Mott, this household life received its crown on the festival of the golden wedding, when children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, were gathered in the old homestead near Philadelphia, to do honour to the aged bride and

bridegroom, who still remained the centre and heart of the wide-spreading family circle.

The young couple, beginning life in "a sea of troubles," and having to meet difficulties which would have absorbed the whole energy and thought of most people, found it yet possible to preserve lofty convictions and aspirations. They were ready to sacrifice much, and to make their daily path even harder than it was, by a steadfast testimony against slavery.

In 1818, when, at the age of twenty-five, Lucretia Mott took her place as a preacher in her Society, the most serious obligation laid upon her heart was to witness against the sin of slavery, to plead the cause of the slaves, and to use her own expression, "to put my soul in their souls' stead, and to aid all in my power, in every right effort, for their immediate emancipation."

Of this solemn call as a spiritual teacher, and of her religious opinions, let her speak for herself :—

"At twenty-five years of age, surrounded by a little family, and many cares, I felt called to a more public life of devotion to duty, and engaged in the ministry in our Society, receiving every encouragement from those in authority, until a separation among us in 1827, when my convictions led me to adhere to the sufficiency of the Light within us, resting on truth as an authority, rather than taking authority for truth.¹ The popular doctrine of human depravity never recommended itself to my reason or conscience. I searched the Scriptures daily, finding a construction of the text wholly different from that which was pressed upon our acceptance. The highest evidence of a sound faith being the practical life of a Christian, I have felt a far greater interest in the moral movements of our age than in any theological discussion."

The above extract sufficiently indicates the basis of Mrs. Mott's religious opinions. In great measure she accepted the Unitarian view of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, at the same time that she held to the full the faith in the indwelling light of the Spirit, the essential doctrine of Quakerism.

¹ Referring to the secession of Elias Hicks and his followers from the Society of Friends.

It may not be out of place to give here, in her own words, the summary of the motives and principles that guided her life, and the opinions which she held :—

“My sympathy,” she says,¹ “was early enlisted for the poor slave by the class-books read in our schools, and the pictures of the slave ship, as published by Clarkson. The ministry of Elias Hicks and others on the subject of the unrequited labour of slaves, and their example of refusing the products of slave labour, all had their effect in awakening a strong feeling in their behalf. The unequal condition of women in society also early impressed my mind. Learning, while at school, that the charge for the education of girls was the same as that for boys, and that when they became teachers women received but half as much as men for their services, the injustice of this was so apparent that I early resolved to claim for my sex all that an impartial Creator had bestowed.

“The temperance reform early engaged my attention, and for more than twenty years² I have practised total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. The cause of peace has had a share of my efforts, leading to the ultra non-resistance ground—that no Christian can consistently uphold, and actively engage in, and support a Government based on the sword, or relying upon that as an ultimate support. The oppression of the working classes by existing monopolies, and the lowness of wages, have often engaged my attention; and I have held many meetings with them, and heard their appeals with compassion. The various associations and communities leading to greater equality of condition, have had my hearty God speed. But the millions of down-trodden slaves in our land, being the greatest sufferers, the most oppressed class, I have felt bound to plead their cause in season and out of season, to endeavour to put my soul in their souls’ stead, and to aid all in my power in every right effort for their immediate emancipation. This duty was impressed upon me at the time I consecrated myself to that Gospel which anoints to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that are bruised. From that time the duty of abstinence, as far as practicable, from slave grown products was so clear that I resolved to make an effort ‘to provide things honest’ in this respect. The labours of the devoted Benjamin Lundy, added to the untiring exertions of Clarkson, Wilberforce, and others in England, including Elizabeth Herrick, whose work on slavery aroused them to a change in their mode of action, and of William Lloyd Garrison in Boston, prepared the way for a Convention in Philadelphia in 1833 to take the ground of immediate, not

gradual, emancipation, and to impress the duty of giving unconditional liberty, without expatriation.

“Being actively associated in efforts for the slaves’ redemption, I have travelled thousands of miles in this country, holding meetings in some slave States; have been in the midst of mobs and violence; and have shared abundantly in the odium attached to the name of an uncompromising *modern* Abolitionist, as well as partaken richly of the sweet return of peace attendant on those who would undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke.”

Unfortunately there is little more from Mrs. Mott’s own pen in regard to the story of her life. The anti-slavery work to which she consecrated herself, had its proper beginning at the time of the meeting in Philadelphia in 1833, at which the Anti-Slavery Society was formed. Previously to this—before indeed even the time of the Revolutionary War, the Abolition Society, of which Franklin was a member, took its rise. Almost every public man, at that early period, deprecated the growth of slavery, and was an advocate of at least gradual emancipation.

But, as time went on, changes of opinion came. During the first fifteen years of the Union, the slave States had made gigantic strides towards power, and in 1809 the Abolition Society had to record a great change in public feeling towards their cause. The area of slavery was rapidly increasing. The wastefulness of slave labour and the consequent rapid exhaustion of the land made the acquisition of fresh land a constant necessity. As new territory was acquired, the Southern people demanded that it should be opened to slavery, and that their preponderance in the Union should be secured to them by the admission of new slave States.

But there was more than this. The trade and prosperity of New England and the middle States were in great measure bound up in their union with the slave States. Thus it happened that Pennsylvania and New England, though often sore in conscience, yielded to claims which their better mind dis-

¹ From an autobiographical letter.

² This was written many years ago.

avowed. For thirty years the political history of the United States is little more than a lamentable story of insolent threats and breaches of compact on the one side, and base compromise and compliance on the other. Up to 1830, and for many years following, throughout the North the feeling was such that the two political parties vied with each other in *disclaiming* hostility to slavery. As a witty American once expressed it, "their struggle was which could get soonest to the bottom of the gutter."

It was in the face of popular opinion of this sort that the members of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society had to carry on their work. They put themselves, small body as they were, in array of battle against the gigantic power which held the whole country in its grasp.

About 1829 a more aggressive spirit entered the ranks of Abolition in the person of William Lloyd Garrison, a champion equipped by Heaven with every gift for the conflict. Having learned the trade of a printer, he wrote, composed, and printed with his own hand his protests against slavery. As the attitude of the Abolitionists became more decided, the popular dislike to them grew deeper and more rancorous. They were ostracised, and in a democratic country ostracism harsher than the harshest we can know is possible. Society is not there divided into self-protecting circles, in which individuals find the sympathy of their own class a bulwark against the inroads of others. In the dead level of democratic equality, a man who by his opinions or actions renders himself obnoxious or conspicuous, is like a boat in an open sea. Every wave breaks over him. The *respectable* class raised their voices to reprobate and denounce the proceedings of the "pestilent sect." They were debarred from the use of all public halls and meeting rooms; their meetings were broken up; mobs of "gentlemen" were formed to hoot and howl down their

speakers. At best they were treated with coldness and suspicion.

Among the foremost to endure all this dislike and censure was Lucretia Mott. During all the period between 1833 and 1860 hardly a day passed without some active effort on her part to help forward anti-slavery work. With her this unceasing warfare was a religious necessity; but it was a warfare carried on without tumult or excitement, and with the entire unself-consciousness which is the accompaniment of the noble mind. She sheltered and aided fugitive slaves; she helped and befriended free coloured people; she bore unceasing testimony against that hostile prejudice shown towards the negroes, which was the peculiar sin of the North. She travelled from place to place preaching the doctrine of emancipation. Few that ever heard her can lose the memory of her face, full of sweet solemnity, her grave tranquillity of manner, and the singularly full and musical tones of her voice. Her discourses were usually of the most direct and simple character, forcible in their entire simplicity, though here and there broken by a sentence of poetic force and beauty—a thought which suddenly illuminated the theme like a shaft of light.

In recalling the small and fragile figure of that speaker, so entirely gentle, so exquisitely womanly, it is hard to think that more than once she had to face the violence of hostile mobs; and that her long Quaker cloak was singed with vitriol, thrown through the windows by a howling crowd of proslavery zealots during an anti-slavery meeting.

Referring to the burning of Pennsylvania Hall by slave-owner sympathisers, Dr. Channing wrote of the persons who were then driven by the fire from the building:—

"In that crowd was Lucretia Mott, that beautiful example of womanhood. Who that has heard the tones of her voice, and looked on the mild radiance of her benign and intelligent countenance, can endure the thought that such

a woman was driven by a mob from the spot to which she had gone, as she religiously believed, on a mission of Christian sympathy?"

But more hard to bear perhaps than brutal and violent opposition, was the odium attached to her as a *woman* Abolitionist. She had daily to meet the criticism and insults of the dull, luxurious class, padded with its vulgar interests and common-place wisdom, the class which, if it be not the incarnate enemy of everything good, is an eternal hindrance to it.

In spite of criticism Lucretia Mott retained her tranquillity, and possessed her soul in peace. Once, in speaking to the present writer of this time in her life, she mentioned that some persons of her own religious community had refused to recognise her in the street and railway, which, to use her own measured expression, "had caused her considerable pain." But her calm and gentle manner was never ruffled. Words of complaint or even comment rarely passed her lips, and no odium ever deterred her from steadfastly witnessing against the prejudices of society. When travelling by the railway, she would usually make her way to the seat behind the door (allotted to persons of colour), and speak kindly to the passenger avoided by all others.

At Mrs. Mott's table were often to be found men and women who, though black, were, through their intelligence, worthy of being her guests. If an English peer happened to be of the company the same day, not a shadow of a shade of difference could be detected in the sweet and dignified courtesy of their hostess. Perfect simplicity and unworldliness, combined with a natural dignity and gentleness, entirely peculiar to herself, gave a charm indescribable to her presence. As she approached any high theme a serious animation deepened on her face, and her voice became full of solemn sweetness.

Even those most prejudiced against the cause she represented were often, on meeting her, amazed and subdued. After the celebrated trial of Daniel

Dangerfield, a fugitive slave, during which Lucretia Mott appeared in the Court as the friend of the slave, Mr. B——, the counsel for the Southern master, met Mrs. Mott's son-in-law, the advocate on the other side, and said, "I have heard a great deal of your mother-in-law, H——, but I never saw her before to-day. She is an angel."

On one occasion she and all the audience and speakers were being driven from an Abolitionist meeting by an angry mob. She placed a friend who was with her under the care of a gentleman.

"But what shall you do?" asked the lady.

"This man," answered Mrs. Mott, touching the arm of a man among the hooting opponents, "will see me, I think, safely through."

The man instantly responded to the appeal, protecting her, as well as he could, from further insult as they passed through the crowd.

A writer, himself of a pure and noble nature, thus describes with singular correctness the charm of Mrs. Mott's personal presence. Referring to her work in connection with the Anti-Slavery Society, he says:—

"Always present at the annual meetings, she was one of the most impressive and delightful of the speakers. Indeed, the loftiness, the purity, the tranquillity of her mien and manner will be always memorable to those who have heard her. The precision, peculiar to her Society of believers is in her only elegant repose, and a simplicity as lovely as it is severe. Time seems not to have touched her intellectual vigour; and her clear and profound moral insight, the nobility of her nature, the inexpressible sweetness of her manner, the consecration of a spotless life to the welfare of the oppressed—a life showing that the most active interest and participation in the common interests of society may enhance the loveliest womanliness—all these inspire the most affectionate reverence for Lucretia Mott."

It was in 1833; when the slave power was reaching its zenith, that a National Anti-Slavery Convention was called in Philadelphia. It met on the 4th of December. Good old Benjamin Lundy, earliest of the Abolitionists, meekest and most resolute of men; Whittier, the young poet, whose genius never bent to any ignoble

theme ; the buoyant and fiery Garrison, of whom it was truly said, "that no man loved his fellow-creatures more, or feared them less"; Goodall, and Green, and Lucretia Mott, were the most prominent of the band who sat during those short winter days, and signed the Declaration which has since become a national monument. In drawing up this memorable paper, several modifications and alterations were suggested by Lucretia Mott. "She gave her reasons," says Wilson, "why these should be made, with such clearness and precision that they were readily assented to." The paper is at once a declaration of principles, and a manifesto of policy. By it the Abolitionists denounced slavery as a crime embracing all crimes, and pledged themselves to a line of action which they believed would ultimately cause its overthrow. The paper closes with these words :—

"Submitting this Declaration to the candid examination of the people of this country, and of the friends of liberty throughout the world, we hereby affix our signatures to it; pledging ourselves, that, under the guidance, and by the help of Almighty God, we will do what in us lies, consistently with this declaration of our principles, to overthrow the most execrable system of slavery that has ever been witnessed upon earth; to deliver our land from its deadliest curse; to wipe out the foul stain that rests upon our national escutcheon; and to secure to the coloured population of the United States all the rights and privileges which belong to them as men, and as Americans, come what may to our persons, our interests, or our reputations."

The time has passed for calling the late American War "a war of Independence," "a war of tariffs," "a war between the antagonistic elements of aristocracy and democracy." Slavery was the cause of the war. If a desire for Free Trade, sectional jealousy, and the hatred of a planter-aristocracy had to do with it, slavery was behind them all. It was the cause of all causes. And it was the Abolitionists who, from the beginning, declared slavery to be the centre of strife.

When, in 1833, they put forth their Declaration, they threw down a gage of battle. They were aware that their

position was a perilous one. But high hope sustained them. "Let us be prepared," said the President of the Convention, when at the close of the short winter day the little band prepared to separate, "Let us be prepared for the worst. Let us fasten ourselves to the throne of God with links of steel. If we cling not to Him, our names to that document will be but as dust."

Scarcely a member of that Convention but had to bear his share in the increasing popular dislike which followed. Some were denounced by name in the newspapers; some received threatening letters. Garrison, two years later, was dragged through Boston streets with a rope round his neck. The gentle, long-suffering Benjamin Lundy, after having been driven from place to place, saw his every earthly possession destroyed in the burning of Pennsylvania Hall. "They have not yet got my conscience," said the brave old man. "They have not yet taken my heart."

In 1840, a World's Anti-Slavery Convention was held in London, and Mrs. Mott was one of the delegates appointed to represent the Pennsylvania Society. Her credentials, and those of two other representatives, were not accepted because they were held by women. She and these two ladies, however, were treated with all courtesy and respect, and admitted to chosen places as spectators. The full absurdity of refusing such a worker as Lucretia Mott her place among the representatives of the anti-slavery cause was apparent, and did much, as Mrs. Mott herself said, to bring the question of the claims of women into view. Mr. Garrison marked his disapproval of the action of the Convention, in refusing Mrs. Mott a place, by declining himself to sit as a delegate.

A somewhat curious incident is told, which connects this American leader among women with one who has been called the "foremost English lady of her time," Florence Nightingale :—

"When Mrs. B—— was in America she visited Mrs. Mott, and the following record

was made by one who was present. Talking of Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Mott asked Mrs. B — what had incited Florence Nightingale to go out of her quiet home sphere to minister to the suffering soldiers in the Crimea. With indescribable grace and impressiveness Mrs. B — replied, 'Seed of your own sowing, Mrs. Mott.' The English visitor then went on to explain that years before, when in 1840 Mrs. Mott and the other American women were denied admittance as delegates to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, many courteous attentions were shown to the ladies in question to soften the refusal. On these social occasions there was naturally much talk on the subject of 'woman's sphere.' Among those who heard Mrs. Mott give her views, and who listened with the deepest interest, was Mrs. B —'s aunt, who was also an aunt of Miss Nightingale. By this lady was this seed transplanted into the young hearts of her nieces, and Florence Nightingale's labours, with their far-reaching results, both in example and otherwise, may, in part at least, be traced to the sweet and gentle, but none the less impassioned appeals of the unknown and unheralded American teacher."

Lucretia Mott, like Garrison, and Wendell Phillips, and Whittier, lived to see the triumph of the cause to which she had devoted her life, and to witness also one of the most singular reactions in popular feeling which can be found in the history of any nation. She lived to hear the Proclamation of Freedom of January, 1863; and to witness also the swift ebbing away of the miserable prejudice towards people of colour. That time also caused a strange revolution of feeling towards herself as an Abolitionist, and brought with it a general recognition of her claim to admiration and esteem, was to her of little import. The criticism of the world had never greatly moved her. Her latter days were days of peace. She lived to see her great-grandchildren round her knee; and to the last she was attended by all

"That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

More than this,—as those who saw her might reverently guess, she dwelt within that inner chamber of serenity and peace, reserved for the soul which has been ever guileless towards the world, and loyal to God.

One picture of her as a closing memory.

In the spring of 1859, all Philadelphia was thrown into excitement by the trial of a Daniel Dangerfield, before mentioned, claimed as a fugitive slave, who had been seized under the powers of the infamous Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. The hearing of his case took place before the United States Commissioner sitting in Philadelphia. The trial lasted part of two days. A great crowd, principally composed of the lower part of the population, with a large intermixture of the Irish working class, whose jealous antipathy to the negro was too often shown, was gathered round the court room. In the crowd were hundreds of black people, waiting to hear the fate of their comrade, expressing their hopes and fears with tears and exclamations. The cause on both sides was argued with ability and obstinacy. The trial continued all day, and on through the night till the dawn of the second day, when the Court adjourned for a few hours' rest, and resumed its sitting at ten o'clock. During all those long hours, Mrs. Mott remained in the court sitting by the side of the prisoner, sustaining him under the anguish of suspense, as they awaited a decision which would make him either a free man or send him back to the power of an angry master. Through some discrepancy of dates in his claim, the slave owner was defeated, and Daniel Dangerfield was acquitted.

The sentence had been awaited with intense excitement by the crowd outside, and it was evident that there might be danger to the acquitted man in leaving the State House. But when the doors were thrown open, and he met the crowd, shouts and angry cries were hushed in silence, the people fell back, making a pathway through their ranks for the released black man. But he was not alone. By his side, and with her hand resting on his arm, walked Lucretia Mott, protecting, as she had done through all her life, the unpopular and the oppressed.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

IN the summer of 1874 a number of navvies were at work upon the line of railway between Glasgow and Paisley. They stood back upon the approach of an express train which, after passing them, would cross a lofty viaduct. The engine was in sight. One of them saw that a sleeper had started, and that unless it was replaced the train would be wrecked,—wrecked upon the viaduct. There was no time for words. The navvy made a sign to his nephew standing beside him, and the two rushed forward. They fixed the sleeper, saved the train, and were left dead upon the line.

The funeral was largely attended, especially by fellow-workmen, who had turned out to do honour to their comrades. "We laid them," writes the Rev. James Brown,¹ "in the same grave, in an old churchyard on a hill-side that slopes down to the very edge of the railway. As the two biers were carried down the hill, the bearers being the friends and comrades of the dead, the trains were coming and going. No fitter resting-place could have been found. I thought of Tennyson's lines on the Duke of Wellington's funeral in the crypt of St. Paul's:

"Let the feet of those he wrought for,
Let the tread of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore."

"I hope some day to get a simple stone set up that will be seen by passing travellers."

¹ Of St. James's Manse, Paisley. He wrote in March, 1875, as follows:—"I am not aware that any account—other than the reports in the newspapers of the time—has been written of the brave deed, but I will make full inquiry and get the best record of it I can to send to you. Your request on the head has suggested to me the thought of perhaps writing some little narrative of it for some magazine. The lessons which the deed of self-sacrifice teaches are certainly worth enforcing."

I do not know if the "simple stone" has been set up, but I know that in a place far away, one that they had probably never heard of, there is a monument to the two men of more enduring worth, which has grown up around the orphan child of the elder of them. This little girl was the first child received into a home at Clapham where other children succour a few forlorn and destitute little ones; teach them, work for them, play with them, and help to support them. Such an orphan home is so far peculiar, and yet so easy to be imitated, that it is worthy of description in these pages.

A lady near London who has a large boarding school for girls, was not satisfied to carry on mental and physical training with the help of incessant and judicious exercise, and to trust the moral nature to precept and example only. She saw that if girls were to be noble and unselfish women, thoughtful and considerate to parents, mindful of the sorrow and care of those around them, they must put into practice consideration for others, and judiciously exercise their goodwill.

Moral precepts, however carefully instilled, do not of necessity lead up to self-sacrifice, and the practice of religion and morality are as essential as sound doctrine. But practice is beset with difficulty in youth, and under the conditions of school-life. The sorrows of men and women are mainly beyond the range of apprehension of young people, and should not prematurely be forced upon their notice. Charitable work confided to them should be simple, natural, and within their power. Now the wants of little children appeal to the understanding and sympathy of the young; work for and with children is easy and natural, and within the power of a child.

School life offers limitations. There

ought to be absolute regularity of work and perfect discipline in every large school. The mechanical arrangements necessary to secure these essentials, preclude friction; and there is little opportunity for the give and take of home life. School life runs in a groove, and in this lies both its perfection and its defect. Something beyond the school is needful for the discipline of the child, as something beyond the home is necessary to enlarge the sympathy and call out the full powers of the adult.

The schoolmistress of whom I speak set herself the task to discover work for her girls which should not make too great demands upon their time, their thought, or their sympathy; which should enlarge the school horizon, and prepare them for a worthy future. She tried the experiment of bringing poor children from London for a day's holiday in the country. She found that very suspicious outbreaks of measles and other disorders were apt to occur subsequently amongst the girls who had waited upon and played with the London children. This experiment had to be abandoned.

She took some of the elder girls by turns to visit the poor. This plan also failed. Girls, who are and can be merely spectators of suffering and want, become either callous to the manifestation of it or morbidly sensitive. They are satisfied with desultory or impulsive almsgiving. It is not well to stand by as an onlooker when others are chastened by want or pain. It cannot be done with impunity, and the young suffer more deterioration even than the adult, if they become so familiar with the sight of sorrow that it calls out no sympathetic throb of anguish, and leads to no helpful effort.

It is difficult to say which child has suffered most, the one who cannot sleep, or sobs in her dreams, at the remembrance of little children stretched on beds of pain in the hospital, or the other who reflects how much better off she is, and how grateful she ought to be, and how nice it is to give a shilling

or a toy of which she is tired, to a poor person who is duly thankful.

The lady of whom I speak tried some experiments, and devoted much thought to the subject; and in 1874 she heard the story of the heroic death of the two navvies, and the destitute condition of the orphan child of one of them. She sent for this little girl, received six others equally forlorn, has gradually increased their number to sixteen, has established them under a matron in a small house near the school, and has discovered that her difficulties are at an end.

She has found work for her pupils, which is unattended by risk, in which girls of all ages can take some share, which makes no great claim upon their time, and does not demand more mature thought or keener sympathy than they are able to give. The sorrows of little children appeal readily to their understanding and compassion; the wants of children are intelligible and can be supplied. Kindly deed and thoughtful love can be put into practice, and will grow as the girl grows. Motive and action can be watched and trained, the hand that gives will be guided by the heart that feels, and feels aright. It is not enough to let young people hear good sermons, read good books, and contemplate good examples. A very noble unselfish person may make all around him selfish and self-seeking, if they are shut out from participation in the self-sacrifice that lies at the root of true nobility; and we not unfrequently find that love of duty and desire to live for others have been extinguished, by the sedulous attention paid to the physical wants and intellectual training of children of the middle class.

And now we will consider what the small orphanage attached to a large school may and can do, and how it is to be supported. In the case in point, the orphan children are trained for domestic service, which they enter at about fourteen years old. They learn house-work and cooking; they wash and bake; they make and mend their own clothes. The chief requirement in such a home is the

matron, who must be motherly, wise, and kind, not above her work, able and willing to teach the children, and to work with them. There are plenty of women who for 20*l.* a year will thankfully accept such a post.

The large house will always be able to supply a certain proportion of broken victuals to the small; if a farm is attached to it there will be milk and butter, eggs and vegetables to spare. There will be furniture and fittings which, with the frequent renovations of the best schools, can well be bestowed upon the orphanage and adapted to it. House-rent and taxes will, near London, be considerable, but in the country such a home as children who are to go to service ought to have, should not be expensive. It should never be forgotten that the orphans are to be educated and trained for domestic service; if, as is sometimes the case, they are made spoilt and petted children, they receive as grave an injury as can be done to them.

And now we come to the work of the school girls. The elder volunteer to teach, and the education of the orphans, under supervision of more experienced instructors, is confided to them. No girl can well spare, or should be allowed to devote more than one hour in the week, but if she does this regularly and without any break, giving up any unexpected pleasure, and making sacrifices for the sake of her duty to others, she will not only do good but will receive it. The school girl who volunteers to teach, and none should be urged to do so, will take an eager interest in her little orphans. She will want to "get them on," and the difficulties of the process will not be without excellent result. The endeavour to teach others is the best way to show a girl not only what she does *not* know, but how she ought to work, and if she knows this she at once becomes more helpful to others and gains much for herself.

There are many girls who wish to work for the orphans, and yet who cannot teach; they have no taste for it, are not qualified, or their help is not

wanted. Some of these, who can do nothing with the three R's, can help the orphans with needlework, teach them to sew, and hem, and knit; talk to them "like a mother," as a little girl once said that another very little girl had done, and impress upon them the need of clean hands and aprons, and careful work, tidily folded up and put neatly away.

A very little girl, who can do nothing else, can help one of the orphans to keep tidy the small shelf and share of cupboard assigned to her, to fold her night-dress, and take pride in seeing her bed as neat as it can be made to look. All children have pleasure in household work, and most children have pleasure in all reasonable employment that has an object. It makes them feel "grown up." In a large school there are so many types of character and such variety, that assistance will be available for the orphans in every direction, and girls will learn that they can always do something to help another, if they have the will and are prepared to give up self.

There are girls with artistic taste who will paint the panels of cupboard doors, and give occupation and delight to the children who gather flowers, collect leaves, and watch the wonderful performance of the "young lady" who can copy all these things "like life." The love of nature as well as the love of art is called out, and the children will love the flowers of the field all the better for their love of the flowers on the cupboard door.

Other girls have an incipient love of carpentry. Nothing pleases them so much as to drive a nail, or mend a box, or fix up a curtain. There is room for them and their work in the little house; and they also teach something, if it is only that there is no reason why a housemaid should not use a hammer and nail when it is wanted.

There are girls who love good children, and girls who love naughty ones. Little girls are very observant of the naughty tempers in other little girls; often very patient, and most anxious to make other children "good."

Cast off clothing will naturally go from the school to the home; girls will tell their parents of the work which excites so much interest, and the small number of orphans will be easily and well clothed from garments discarded or outgrown.

Money will also be given. The girls will contribute small sums and will see that giving means not merely putting money into a hole in a box, but spending it for the good of others. Those who have left school will not fail to give from their allowance to the support of a work that has grown under their own hands. And thus, if the attempt is not too ambitious, if it is not allowed to outgrow the school, there need not be, and there ought not to be, any appeal to the public to support an institution which is the outcome of private benevolence.

Very little time and thought would show any head of a large school how many orphan children could be supported, lodged, and fed by the charitable efforts of the school. Better take only three or four, and place them in a cottage with a poor and honest woman to mother them, than allow yourself to be led on by cases that appeal to your sympathy, until the orphanage outgrows all possible relation to the school, and has to fight for its existence with other institutions before the public.

Charity associated with debt, and with that form of dishonesty which spends money not our own in the expectation that we may get it from others, is not true charity. Children should know nothing about it. They should be taught to give what they have got, and not to give something and expect to obtain it from others without any sacrifice soever on their own part.

When two people are hungry one is not to eat the whole loaf. That is really what we want to teach children, and it must not only be instilled as a maxim, but the habit to give a share of the loaf and careful thought for the

hungry must be encouraged by practice, and it will extend to every good gift. Education, well-being, happiness, all these belong to all, and must be shared by all. The orphans of the universe have a right to them. The happiness of children should never be allowed to consist in their own mere selfish enjoyments. Christmas and New Year should bring thought of the little orphans, and active preparation for their happiness, which the school girl will share though she is absent from them. Every orphan in the home will have a friend, a "young lady" who will be kind to her, will sympathise with her sorrows and troubles, write to her when she goes to her first "little place," understand her trouble and her sorrow at being separated from her companions, and keep alive in her the love of home and friends, and of all things excellent and of good report.

All this is very good for the orphan, and it is very good for the school girl.

She, who has learnt as a child to give to others time from her own leisure, money from her own pocket, pleasure that has cost a sacrifice, who has seen sorrow which she knows how to alleviate, trouble which she has been able to lighten, who has learnt—

"To meet the glad with joyful smile,
And cheer the weeping eyes,"

will also have the inestimable gift of:

"A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise."

Such a girl, returning to her own home, will take with her willing hands for service, a loving heart to cheer parents who have toiled for her, and are beginning to grow weary of the struggle of life, a possibility of unselfish devotion which has been called forth in youth and wisely directed, though the full development and the gracious abundance of it will be seen only in the woman, the wife, and the mother.

FRANCES MARTIN.

CLASSICAL ARCHÆOLOGY IN RELATION TO LITERATURE AND HISTORY.¹

THE subject of archæology is far too vast, not merely for my knowledge and abilities, but for those of any one man. In the wider sense of the term, archæology may be made to comprise the history of institutions, of law, of manners; indeed there is scarcely any branch of the knowledge of the past with which it may not claim to concern itself. And even if we take the term in its narrower and now more usually accepted sense, as the science only of the history of the outward and material life of man in past ages, and especially of the extant works of human ingenuity, yet even then the historical limits of our subject are set by the first appearance of man on the earth, and its geographical limits are those of the world itself.

To a knowledge of all branches of a subject so vast no man can reasonably aspire; or if there be one or two men living who have so keen an insight into style, and so practised a knowledge of human handiwork that no object produced by human labour seems quite unfamiliar to them, I certainly have no claim to be one of these few. I therefore feel confident that I shall best discharge my duty to my University and to Mr. Disney, the founder of the Chair which I hold, if I consider myself concerned only with classical archæology. And indeed classical archæology alone is of such extent that the student can expect only to know a little portion of the field here and there as time and opportunity may have served.

No doubt Christian antiquities, those of the Middle Ages, those of the Renaissance, those of India, China, Japan, and of Mohammedan countries are all in their own way of the utmost

interest, and worthy of all attention. Each of these branches of the great study of archæology might well occupy a life-time, and on any of them a life-time might be usefully and fruitfully spent. Each has its peculiar charm, and each is capable in scientific hands of becoming far more important and valuable than it has yet been. But so long as classics are considered, as in my opinion they must always be considered, as the foundation of a literary education, so long the study of classical, and more particularly of Greek antiquities, will have especial claims on the attention of Cambridge men.

The relation of classical archæology to archæology in general is almost precisely that of classical to general philology, or that of classical to general philosophy. It is not pretended in any of these cases that the classical branch of the study absorbs the whole of its interest. But in each case the classical branch has been for many generations a subject of special study, a strict method has been followed in its exposition, the highest intellects have been continually exercised upon it. Of course, the worth of the remains which have reached us of the scientific and artistic activities of the ancients possess in themselves an immense value. But it is not so much this value which makes the study of the classics indispensable to a good education as the neat way in which the field is circumscribed, the exactitude with which it is mapped out, the pains which have been taken with the culture of even the remotest and least important parts of it. To take philology as a special instance. It is certain that immense pains are continually taken with small points of Greek and Roman verbal derivation or usage, pains apparently quite out of proportion to the interest

¹ Inaugural Lecture, delivered at Cambridge, 3rd February, 1881.

of the matter in hand. The same amount of trouble bestowed on some one of the less cultivated fields of philological science would produce results which from the point of view of pure knowledge would appear far more valuable. But a classical philologist would defend this disproportional devotion of time and energy to small points, on the ground alike of the extreme value of the least ray of light which can be from any quarter shed on classical literature, and of the importance that some one branch of philological research should present a model for all other branches, should be all that human labour and skill can possibly make it. And it is obvious that the branch thus selected for detailed and elaborated perfection ought to be the one wherein the young have their training. The student who is faithful in little things may be intrusted with greater, and he who has been in classical philology thoroughly and methodically trained to weigh the force and trace the descent of words, will carry the same method into other departments of philology and even into other studies.

The analogy in the case of archaeology is complete. Here too we have a well fenced field in the classical branch of the subject. In Germany more than in England classical antiquities have occupied for generations the best energies of a set of scholars of the greatest ability, men such as K. O. Müller, and Boeckh, and Welcker. In all German universities there is a professor and a class of students especially devoted to this one subject. Long discussions as to the meaning and character of the works of classical artists are incessant, small discoveries as to the history of a particular design or the authorship of a type bring distinction and fame. In its classical branch archaeology is now a highly organised and well ordered whole, and thus a standard is set up after which those who occupy themselves with other branches of the subject may continually strain. And so

a gymnasium is prepared where the minds of students may be formed, and imbued with the methods which should be practised in all the domain of archaeology.

Students who approach classical archaeology may be actuated by very various purposes. There are many who have gained from the perusal of the classical writers a certain familiarity with ancient manners and thoughts, who are acquainted with the usual works on ancient history, and who feel that their ignorance of ancient art and of the external circumstances of the life of the Greeks and Romans is a decided blank in the circle of their knowledge and a frequent originator of misconceptions. Such students have not very much time to give, and they are unable to undergo a long course of archaeological discipline. They desire to reach results by the shortest paths, to select from the armoury of the archaeologist such weapons only as will help them in the studies to which they have specially devoted themselves. They are willing to attend lectures, to read a few books so long as they are not too technical, to spend an occasional day in a museum. They are disposed to listen to those who will give them any help in understanding the relation of ancient art to literature, or even better to comprehend detached passages in the classical writers.

I can scarcely be mistaken in supposing that to this class may be rightly assigned a large number of the teachers and students of classical literature at Cambridge. And in fact at Cambridge the study of the classics has so long been dominated by a philological and literary rather than a historical and archaeological spirit; we have so long been used, except perhaps in the case of philosophy, to regard rather the words of the ancients than their meaning, their style than their matter, that the interest felt in archaeology often stops short at that point. Those on whom falls the task of instruction in archaeology here must be

content to find the larger part of their audience composed of listeners of this class. And I think that they should for a time be willing to accept this state of things. And although archaeology reserves her choicest secrets and her dearest delights for those who give all their time and energy to her alone, yet I venture to think that even a small expenditure of time and thought will enable all classical students to obtain from archaeology some real light on their own subjects. If the reader of Homer will take the trouble to compare the Homeric descriptions of works of art with actual specimens of ancient craft from graves in Cyprus and Rhodes and at Spata, he will learn a great lesson as to the working on its narrow surroundings of the glorious though infantile fancy of the poet, whose genius turns all that it touches into gold, and finds life and motion in the rudest representations, clothing them with that splendour of fancy which the superstition of the barbarian confers upon his wooden images of the gods, or the imagination of young girls on their dolls. So again those who pass in review the arrangements of the Olympic Festival, or, far better, spend a few hours on the soil of Olympia itself, now uncovered by German archaeologists, will better understand not merely detached passages in Pindar's Odes, but the meaning of the odes themselves and their position in relation to ancient life. What light do the column of Trajan and the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars cast on the pages of Tacitus and Suetonius! How necessary is some knowledge of the temples, the religious processions, the superstitions, the popular manners of the age of Pericles as a corrective to the narrative of Thucydides, full as it is of narrow political bias!

I think, then, that any attention on the part of students of classical literature to the archaeology of ancient life will be of use. It will be something even to have one's eyes open to the existence of a source of entirely

independent light, which may be made to fall on ancient life and ways. I have been told by teachers of long experience at Cambridge, that it is quite usual to find among classical students so complete an absence of the feeling of the reality of ancient life, so complete a stagnation of the historical imagination, that they will sometimes in construing put into the mouth of one of the characters of history or fiction a sentiment in ludicrous disaccord with his position and with what might have been expected, and will do so without any sense of incongruity. I would venture to say that were the teaching of archaeology, even of the most rudimentary sort, usual in our schools and universities, it would tend to cure this disease. The mere illustration of the classical writers by engravings from works of ancient art, may do something, so long as the one condition is rigorously observed, not to use for purposes of illustration a work of art of an age quite different from that of the author illustrated. Still more may be done by the use in class of photographs and casts of coins and gems and reliefs, which may happen to illustrate the author who is being read, if the selection be made with wide knowledge and sufficient discernment.

But of course the genuine student of archaeology, who takes up the subject in a serious spirit, will soon pass beyond these poor elements. Such students have, since the changes in the classical tripos, become possible at Cambridge; and I may venture as one of the class to speak a few words for the attraction or encouragement of younger brethren.

The first thing which an intending student of archaeology should note, is that archaeology is an inductive science. Its method indeed is nearly the same as that of the physical sciences which do not involve recourse to experiment, such sciences, for example, as botany and geology. Indeed, the prehistoric branch of archaeology is almost considered as a part of the science of geology, the products of primitive man

being so mixed up with the remains of primitive animals, that these two sets of objects can scarcely be treated of apart, and neither can be satisfactorily examined except in conjunction with inquiries into the history of rocky formations and into the processes through which the surface of the earth has passed. Hence, geology being a specially English study, prehistoric archaeology has attracted considerable attention in this country, and is on all sides allowed to take its place among the recognised inductive sciences which deal with our physical surroundings.

The space between prehistoric and classical archaeology is bridged by the archaeology of the great empires of the east—of Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria, with their subject and surrounding peoples. In this case the monuments are partly artistic and partly epigraphic, and by comparing the one class with the other, it has in late years been found possible to throw a flood of light on the history and the manners which prevailed before the rise of Greece rolled the world on to a new level of civilization.

In prehistoric archaeology, then, our only sources of information are the monuments of the time. In early oriental archaeology we have in conjunction with the monuments a running commentary of inscriptions. But when we reach Greek archaeology we have yet a third source of information, namely a literature. For the term literature cannot as yet be applied to the papyri of Egypt or the baked tablets of Assyria, nor to the scanty remains of writers like Berosus and Ctesias, who wrote of the great empires of the east. And the two reasons which place Greek archaeology at an immense height above that of the earlier peoples are, first, the inherent superiority of Greek artistic workmanship, and secondly the close connection between Greek art and the marvellous literature and the wondrous history of the Hellenic race. The excellence of Greek art in itself has

caused a study of it from the practical point of view to be regarded as the indispensable commencement of an artist's training, and attracts to our galleries of antiques thousands of visitors who know nothing of Greek life and history. But the true archaeologist is not content to regard this excellence merely by itself. He wishes to search for its origin alike in the genius of the Greek race, and in the teaching which they derived from earlier art. He wishes to trace its progress and decline, its various phases and geographical distribution. And he wishes to observe its close connection with the religious beliefs, the moral condition, the manners and the customs, the poetry and literature, of each successive age of Greek development. To him archaeology is to be pursued in subordination to history, and in contemplating each period of Greek development he will try to elevate his mind until he can see in close relations to one another the two parallel streams of Greek literature and Greek art, neither of which can be fully appreciated unless viewed in relation to the other.

There is thus in Greek archaeology a large admixture of the literary element. The classical writers must ever be in the hands and the mind of every student of archaeology. Yet this literary element, although as an element indispensable, must never be allowed too dominant a position. It was because they studied monuments in too strict subordination to the literary point of view that the older archaeologists made so little progress. In our own day the progress of classical archaeology has been prodigious. It has advanced as fast as almost any of the physical sciences. And the reason of its advance is just that it has adopted the methods of physical science. Induction in all its forms of comparison and abstraction has for some time been the familiar method of the classical archaeologist. And although he is not able literally to add the

method of experiment to that of observation, yet something closely resembling experiment does exist. Future excavations furnish a perfect test of the rightness or wrongness of a theory generalised from a number of examples.

I will take two instances to exhibit alike the scientific exactness of the method of modern archaeologists and the far-reaching value of their results.

Some twenty years ago little was known as to the artistic character of the Phenicians, and it was entirely a matter of hypothesis and argument how far the Greeks had copied their handiwork and been influenced by their style. Suddenly this question has been made luminous from many sides at once. Sir Henry Layard found in the ruins of Nimroud a number of bronze bowls with *repoussé* designs of which the style differed in many respects from that of other Assyrian monuments, and showed a decided likeness to the art of Egypt. Their real origin was at first scarcely suspected, but when vases of not dissimilar style were found, as they soon were, in Cyprus and in Italy, it began to be suspected by acute archaeologists, such as Dr. Helbig of Rome, that they must have been spread into countries so far apart by the agency of Phenician merchants, and were probably the productions of Phenician workshops. And at once came a vast mass of evidence in support of the theory. A bowl of the class was found at Palestrina, in Italy, with a beautifully incised legend in Phenician characters. And then whole groups of tombs were explored in Cyprus, in Rhodes, in Italy, where, in conjunction with works of which the style could now be identified as Phenician, there occurred masses of metal-work, of painted vases, of terracottas. In Cyprus temples of Phenician origin were exhumed still full of figures, large and small, made of stone and of terra-cotta, and representing divinities of the Syrians and Sidonians. It would be possible now to

stock a rich museum with remains of Phenician handiwork, many of them bearing inscriptions. And the light thrown by all these discoveries on the character of the Phenicians is immeasurable. In discussing the question what the Greeks owed to them in religion, in art, and in science, we no longer move in the dark, guided by a few stray passages of the ancients and the *ignis fatuus* of theory. We now proceed by argument founded on wide induction, and support our conclusions not merely by an appeal to reason, but by an appeal to sense, and to that knowledge of style which, when founded on long experience, is as rapid and true as an instinct.

The later art of Greece will furnish us with a second instance. Three lines of Pliny and five of Pausanias constitute the whole of what the ancient writers have to tell us about the school of sculpture of Pergamum. "Many artists," says Pliny, "sculptured the battles of Attalus and Eumenes against the Gauls." Pausanias tells us of a trophy set up by Attalus I. on the Athenian Acropolis, with representations of the battles of the Gods and Giants, and the Athenians and Amazons, of the fight at Marathon, and of his own victory over the Gauls; the figures two cubits high. Until quite recently it was not known that we had sculptures of the Pergamene school, and it was debated whether the *anathêma* of Attalus consisted of reliefs or of detached figures. The learned Raoul-Rochette first showed that the group called Paetus and Arria in the Ludovisi Gallery at Rome represented a Gaul slaying his wife and himself, to save himself and her from captivity, a group which would be a likely subject for a sculptor of the court of Attalus. Then it was seen how similar in style and idea to this group is the figure formerly called the dying Gladiator of the Capitol, and now known as the dying Gaul. Professor Heinrich Brunn made

a special study of these sculptures, and was able from them alone to form some idea of the Pergamene style of sculpture. Then by the light of that knowledge he advanced to a most brilliant and happy discovery. He found in several of the museums of Europe—at Venice, Naples, the Vatican, the Louvre—small statues of overthrown and wounded combatants. The style of these sculptures is the free and advanced style of the period after Alexander, their size corresponds with the words of Pausanias, their treatment is like the treatment of the dying Gaul of the Capitol. Putting all these detached statues together, some of which had failed to attract attention, while others had been pronounced modern, Professor Brunn was able to prove that we have in them remains of the groups of combatants from the trophy of Attalus at Athens, and even representatives of the defeated party in every group, of Giants, Amazons, Persians, and Gauls. When this had once been proved, our knowledge of the history of ancient art received an enormous accession, and a view was given us of the state of art and manners in Asia Minor under the Pergamene princes. If Professor Brunn's theory required verification like other scientific theories, it would certainly have received it, when within the last year or two there were discovered at Pergamum itself, and taken to Berlin, the sculptures of a gigantic altar, sculptures which in style bear the closest likeness to the scattered figures of Giants and Gauls brought together by Brunn.

Put into the hands of a trained classical archæologist an object of Greek work without telling him anything about it, and he will proceed towards its scientific explanation by the well-known methods of inductive science. He will begin by discovering in it characteristics which enable him to attribute it to a class, or rather to several intersecting classes. In respect to date, he will assimilate it to one class of monuments; in respect to

place, he will observe some flavour of locality or school. Also, in respect to subject, he will class it with monuments which he knows. Suppose that on these grounds alone he decides that it is of Athenian work, and represents an offering to Æsculapius, and afterwards learns that it was dug up in the temple of Æsculapius at Athens; or, again, suppose that he decides on intrinsic grounds that it belongs to the time of Alexander the Great, and afterwards discovers that it was found in a tomb, together with one of Alexander's coins. What verification could be more complete or more strictly scientific?

Thus, in classical archæology, progress is made from the known to the unknown. The statements of trustworthy historians, the discovery of inscriptions, the evidence afforded by excavations, give us fixed points. About those fixed points we group our facts in such a way as to afford a connected and consistent system. And as that system is being formed, it is continually tested in this point and in that by some fresh excavation, or the publication of some unedited monument. Only the theories which are not disturbed or shattered by successive discoveries can survive; and thus archæological theories, like those of other branches of science, are being ever cast into the crucible, whence they emerge purified from dross, or where their superficial glitter disappears beneath the hard and irresistible action of facts. But not a year passes without adding to our stock of proved and safe generalisations.

It is clear, then, that we must make distinction between the two sides from which monuments of ancient handiwork may be approached: the side of action and the side of knowledge, the side which belongs to the artist, and that which pertains properly to the archæologist. What the artist first requires in any ancient work is beauty and meaning. To him the productions of the youth and of the decline of ancient art are

not interesting ; he loves it only in its maturity. He will pass with a gesture of anger or contempt some uncouth work which yet contains a secret to be revealed to the understanding mind. To the archaeologist proper, on the other hand, who looks at the products of ancient art in the dry light of science and of intellect, there is no work which has come down to us which can be called "common," and scarcely any so "unclean" that he cannot extract from it some useful fact, as Samson gathered honey from the dead carcase of the lion. His question on first seeing any production of ancient hands is not "Does this please or displease me?" nor yet "Is this beautiful or deformed?" but rather, "What can I learn from this?" He will at once endeavour to explore to the uttermost its meaning, the relevance of every detail, the intention of every touch of the workman's hand. He will assign it to a class, and at once begin a comparison between it and the other works of that class.

Hence it becomes the main pursuit, in any exact and reasoned study of archaeology, to determine the place which gave birth to each of the works of art which successively come up for judgment, as well as the time at which that birth took place. Time and place might be in philosophical language termed the *forms* of archaeological inquiry, and he who can rapidly and correctly assign the works of any class to their proper districts and periods is in *external matters* a passed master as regards that class of antiquities. Of course, there are other and perhaps higher inquiries still remaining—questions of meaning and interpretation, of beauty or deformity, of progress or decline ; but, comparing the study of archaeology with that of language, we may say that the study of the classification of antiquities by time and place is like learning the grammar of a language, its accidence and syntax. Other questions correspond rather to the study of the literature and poetry belonging to

that language ; or, to put it another way, the classification of antiquities is like the practice of scales by a learner of music, while the interpretation of antiquities is like the study of the works of great masters.

Grammar must precede the reading of literature, scales and musical exercises must come before the study of Beethoven and Mendelssohn ; and in the same way, in the study of any branch of archaeology, we must begin with that class of objects which will best train our eyes and our judgments in the especial questions of time and place. As regards Greek archaeology in particular, there can be no question as to the class of monuments most fitted for the use of a beginner who wishes thoroughly to master the subject. I mean Greek coins, the extent and variety of which are marvellous, which were issued by every little town in every corner of the Greek world, and which are full of information as to ancient religious cults, manners, and art. As M. de Longpérier, who is well versed in all classes of Greek antiquities, expresses it to me in a recent letter : "Coins are serious monuments of public use, bearing on them indications of time and place, either quite exact, or, at the least, approximative. This is an immense advantage of theirs over all other monuments. By studying the types, the style, the inscriptions of coins, we may gain a key to the interpretation of all other antiquities."

Next to coins probably come Greek painted vases, which illustrate abundantly the mythology and the private life of the ancients, but the value of which to students is very much diminished by the great uncertainties which exist as to the date of the various classes of ware, and by the blind way in which the inferior artists who painted the clay copied one another, and the haste and carelessness with which they worked. Of Greek sculpture, with the figures and reliefs in bronze, marble, and terra-cotta, we need not now speak, because the value

of this class of monuments is more generally appreciated, seeing that they appeal not only to our intellects and love of knowledge, but also in the highest degree to our æsthetic faculties. These must always be valued even by artists who know nothing of Greek literature and history, and to whom archæology is an unopened book. But they can never be fully understood or properly appreciated until approached in the strictly historical spirit, and regarded as occupying a definite place in the development of art and the history of ideas.

It is generally understood that the interest of Roman archæology is very inferior to that of Greek. The Romans were naturally deficient in artistic spirit and men of genius among them devoted their attention to other matters than sculpture and decorative art. Hence in the whole domain of artistic production the Romans were little better than imitators. Greek gods and heroes are the subjects of their art, such art as they had, and the canons under which they worked were imported from Greece. Nor is there at Rome any living connection between art and literature such as existed among the Hellenes. What was original in Roman literature, satire and law and politics, did not require the service of art. Yet although in itself and in a literary point of view the archæology of Rome be inferior, yet it is not without great interest to the student of Roman history. The topography of early Rome has been wonderfully illustrated by the very complete excavations of recent years; and for later Roman history quite a storehouse of facts is offered by triumphal arches, by columns, and by medallions. Indeed the reliefs of such a work as the column of Trajan are really in many respects original and national, and for their prototypes we must probably go back not only to what is Greek but to the wall-paintings and reliefs of Assyria, Lycia, and Egypt.

Such then is, in my opinion, the method of classical archæology, such the objects with which it is concerned, and such its relation to literature. But it would be doing the study a great injustice to pass over in silence the greatest of its charms and the richest of its fruits. I have tried to show that classical archæology is sober and sound, and that it is useful. But I have not shown why it is charming and attractive, why it fascinates those who adopt the pursuit with a spell which grows stronger and stronger year by year. As I approach the subject of the relation of archæology to history, I leave the province of intellect for that of feeling and imagination, and I must crave the indulgence of the older part of my audience if I to some extent abandon argument for declamation, for it is especially to the younger among my hearers that I would on this subject address myself.

The aspects in which history may be regarded are as many as the tendencies and prepossessions in the mind of man. One historian cares only to trace in the past the workings of political tendencies and forces; another is absorbed in following the succession of phases and modes of civilization; another regards historical records as the chronicles of the struggles of races and national temperaments; another sees in the annals of nations nothing but a series of biographies of great men. Yet perchance all would alike concede that one of the greatest benefits bestowed by the muse of history on her votaries is that she lifts them out of the ordinary dull routine of a monotonous life and conveys them through bygone scenes and to distant countries; that she enlarges their ideas through the contemplation of states of civilization different from the present; that she widens their charity by laying out before them a vast panorama of forgotten beliefs and endeavours; that she softens their hearts with emotions of pity and admiration for persons who

have lived and died; that she helps them to the goal of right action by mapping out the course whereby others have attained that goal.

But the history which should enlighten the intellect and furnish wings to the imagination, which should make men truly wise, is not to be lightly approached. Only by long and patient discipline alike of mind and fancy can the genius of history be mastered and compelled to do our bidding. To read the pages of historians, to remember the sequence of events and their dates; this is something indeed, but it is only the first step in the study of history. It is but the first step, and there are three. The second step is to go back to original documents, to read the statements of writers who were contemporary with the events they record; to pore over inscriptions, treaties, letters, charters; to place side by side the statements of authorities who have accepted divergent stories as to certain occurrences, and from the comparison to attempt to elicit truth. He who has thus concentrated all the scattered rays of light which original records and documents can shed on the history, be it only of a little Greek city, an Italian family, a German reformer, an English convent, may claim to be an honest and conscientious chronicler, but to him we should as yet be inclined to deny the name of historian.

Before chronicles become history they must be fused by the fire of imagination and re-moulded by a man who combines some of the qualities of the poet with some of the qualities of the man of science, and who can put together naked and disjointed facts according to a scheme or idea which dwells in his mind. And the birth of a formative idea, though it can take place only in a mind adapted by nature, yet in such a mind it will occur when due preparation is made by previous study and thought. Long and laborious is the historical training of the imagination. It demands the concentration of all the faculties,

the absence of mean cares and congenial pursuits. There are two methods whereby it may be accomplished, two methods whereof either separately may partly avail, but only when the two are combined can rich and full and satisfactory results be attained.

The first method or way is the perusal of the literature of the country whose history is the subject of our study. In the literature of each age the spirit of that age finds its freest and most splendid development. When we read the Odes of a Pindar, the Idylls of a Theocritus, we seem to hold a close communion with their minds—minds with which all the spirits of their contemporaries were in close concert. The poet is the mirror wherein the spirit of his time is reflected, and if we gaze on the mirror long enough and steadily enough the forms reflected in it become real, and we seem to dwell among them, to see with their eyes and feel with their hearts. But this is not only the happy privilege of poets. The condition of scientific thought in the best ages of Greece is as accurately reflected in the pages of Plato and Aristotle as are Greek emotions in the songs of the lyrical poets. In the works of the dramatists we see clearly the condition of an important branch of Greek art; we learn what thoughts passed across the minds of the audience which sat all day long in the theatre of Dionysus at Athens on the great festivals. The orations of Demosthenes and Lysias show us to what passions the fiery orators of Athens could make a sure appeal, and on what prejudices they could safely play in order to arouse sympathy and win a cause. Thucydides brings before us in the liveliest form the working of the minds of Greek politicians, the objects of their statesmen, their views of political forces; while on the other hand the older and nobler narrative of Herodotus exhibits the simple piety and open love of knowledge which distinguished the Greeks of the generation

which witnessed the repulse of the armies of Persia.

It is no doubt presumptuous in me to speak thus of Greek literature in the presence of many who are far better acquainted with it than I am or can ever hope to be. I merely mention the place held in the study of Greek history by literature, for fear that I should be supposed in any way to depreciate or to fail to see its value. But the point to which I would gladly lead the consent of my auditors is this, that in spite of the value of the study of classical literature, it is yet in itself not sufficient for a full and complete Hellenization or Romanization of the imagination. There is even yet something that lacks.

The imagination may be roused by the poetry of the ancients and interested by their histories, but it can never be fairly seized and held captive amid the scenes of ancient life and history unless it be approached through the senses. Not only must we sympathise with the emotions of the Greeks and Romans and share their aspirations, but we must also see with their eyes and feel with their hands, stand where they stood, and sail where they sailed. It would be most satisfactory if every student of classical literature could climb the Acrocorinthus and look across the narrow sea at the gleaming temples of Athens; or look from the Acropolis of Athens and see the highway of the *Ægean* blocked by *Ægina*, the eye-sore of the *Piræus*; or could sail the beautiful *Ægean* amid the clustering islands which seem to draw on the mariner by degrees from one to another until he reaches new lands and a fresh climate; or could wander on the *Palatine* at Rome and trace the walls of early Rome, and observe the sites of the first temples of the Republic, and look away thence to the hills where stood in early times the little citadels which sheltered the enemies of the babyhood of Rome. All this I say is most desirable; indeed I incline to think that no one who has not stood

in Pompeii can imagine the vast gulf which separates ancient from modern manners, or understand how far less complex was that civilization than ours.

But all cannot travel, and even those who do travel need a special preparation to enable them to gain all that may be gained from a stay in lands of classical antiquity. The great substitute or complement for foreign travel is the study of archaeology, which, no less than it, acts directly on sense and imagination, and gives to our conceptions of ancient history and manners a vivid reality which they would otherwise never attain. When we carefully restore on architectural principles the *Olympieum* or the *Erechtheum*, when we follow the rise, development, and fall of Greek sculpture, when we examine and compare the innumerable vase-pictures which the piety of the ancients towards their dead has preserved to us, when we hold in our hands the gems wherewith heads of houses sealed their deeds and their cupboards, and the coins which they carried to the fish-market, we acquire through sense a connection with the ancients which is instinctive in character, and of a wondrous force. From feeling with them in small things we learn to appreciate them in greater, until their literature and history alike seem to rise from the grave of centuries and become once more alive.

Surely there never lived a people on the life of which external surroundings worked with deeper effect than on the Greeks. Certainly no people was ever so surrounded on all sides by the works of its own hands—works which acted at every moment on the mind both consciously and unconsciously. In the Greece of history every city was full of temples and porticoes, and every portico, every agora, and every temple, was one vast storehouse full of works of great painters and sculptors. Nor were these intended merely to please the eye and intoxicate the senses. There

was not a statue and not a relief which did not speak to all beholders of some incident of mythology, or some notable deed of history. Mythology and history alike stood there in concrete form in all the streets and public buildings of the country. The Greeks did not hear or read of the gods and the deeds of their own ancestors; they saw them every day wherever they went. Love of their native city was not with them a sentiment, but a passion for this temple, that painting, that stoa. And when they went into their houses the same scenes which they had witnessed without, met them again within. The walls of their rooms, and the pottery of common use, were all painted with exploits of gods and men. Their very mirrors and pins were adorned with human figures, not one of which wanted its meaning. Thus to the Greeks the works of their artists were not merely things to admire, and symbols of worship, they were geography, history, religious teaching, and literature. For the common people the rare scrolls of parchment and papyrus which held the writings of authors were far out of reach; it was less through the ear than through the eye that they received the education which raised them out of the narrow limits of the present. How then can any one aspire to understand Greek manners, Greek civilization, Greek history, if he is ignorant of the chief source of Greek education, and knows nothing of what occupied constantly the largest part in the minds of the people?

"Great and health-giving" is the phrase applied by an eminent statesman to the science of archaeology, and great and health-giving it is. Great because it treats of the outer or external side of all the works of man since he came into being, health-giving because it adds a venerable, almost a sacred character, to all the products of the energy of our fathers and ancestors natural and spiritual, and so

imparts a dignity to life, and a strongly developed sense of a common humanity. And most health-giving is it because it deals entirely with facts, not with words, with actual objects, and not with mere ideas. To the archaeologist every fragment of wood, of stone, or of metal, on which a human hand has worked, is an embodiment of a thought, an illustration of a phase of civilization. Everything has a meaning and a history, and tells of human effort, human progress, human culture.

And in a lesser degree this health-giving property attaches to any, even the least, study of archaeology, if only it be honest. If every man who has a fancy would but give attention to the archaeology of that fancy he would like it better as well as more intelligently. The lover of boating would do well to try and solve the vexed question how the Greeks and Romans arranged and rowed their huge galleys. The athletic man would fix a root in the past if he followed the course of the Greek games, and compared ancient with modern feats. Any man who built a house would build it the better for knowing how houses were arranged in ancient and mediæval cities. Any man who painted a picture would paint it with surer hand if he knew the phases through which the art of painting passed in ancient times. Thus each of us may make himself a spiritual ancestry reaching back into the dawn of history, and know to which of these ancestors of his talent and his method he owes each of the means which he uses for his own purposes. And thus will arise a feeling of continuity to mingle with the current of our lives, as well as a strong sense of the dignity of the position which every man occupies in the history of mankind, and of the permanent results in the world, either for good or ill, of every action, and even every thought.

PERCY GARDNER.

POULTRY-KEEPING IN NORMANDY.

IN a former paper on poultry-keeping,¹ I took occasion to speak generally of what is practised in France, with the view of showing that much more of the success of the French people in the rearing of poultry and the production of eggs is due to their extraordinary carefulness and thrift, than to any supposed advantages in the matter of climate. I will now go further, and, having obtained more information on the subject, will venture to assert that it is not, as is often stated, her being a great grain country that makes France so prolific in poultry and eggs, but a general belief in the profits to be derived from poultry-rearing which causes that industry to be so universal and its results so superabundant.

If we could get this belief established upon a solid basis in the three kingdoms the poultry battle would be won, for it is to individual effort that we must look for our supplies, and effort is sure to be forthcoming when profit is seen to be matter of certainty.

I will confine my remarks to Normandy, for nowhere can the French poultry question be better studied for our purpose than in a province where we find, not only conditions of soil and climate very nearly approaching to our own, but also modes of culture varying with the changes in its natural features, and an immense variety of products; together with a system of land tenure by leases not much unlike that which prevails amongst ourselves, and side by side with it that peasant proprietary which many hold to be a strong bulwark against Communism, and which does, indeed, appear to be a main factor in the material prosperity of France. The possibility of obtaining a vested interest in the soil must naturally conduce both to thrift and the love of order, and it is not

usually from the prosperous agricultural classes that the ranks of Red Republicans are recruited. From the ordinary remarks upon the subject it might fairly be supposed that every French peasant, as a rule, was possessed of a property of more or less dimensions, upon the produce of which he was able to live; whereas the real fact is that a young man, or a man in the prime of life, who either buys or inherits a piece of land, looks upon it as something to fall back upon, a spot in which to end his days, but never dreams of ceasing to work on the farm he already rents, or at whatever other employment he may happen to hold; either letting his acquired possession to some one lower than himself in the social scale, or, if he be a tradesman or hotelkeeper, keeping it in his own hands to cultivate by means of hired labour, going out from time to time to look after it, until the day arrives when he may fairly retire from business, and live in ease and competence, or at any rate spend his declining days in less toilsome labour.

Thus we find in Normandy farmers of all sorts and conditions, from the man who has but one *hectare*, or even less, to the wealthy cultivator of a hundred or more; leases are as a rule, exceedingly short—three, six, and nine years very common, and twelve or eighteen years exceptionally long terms.

We have now to examine what part poultry-rearing plays in the social economy, and as a commencement it may be interesting to visit Honfleur, watch the bi-weekly departure for England of steamers laden with a never-ending succession of chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, and eggs, and inquire where they come from, remembering at the same time that Honfleur is but one of the Norman outlets for this kind of export, and that other ports, including those of Brittany, are constantly contributing to us their quota.

¹ "Poultry-keeping as a National Industry," by Jane Chesney.—*Macmillan's Magazine*, February, 1880.

From Honfleur is principally despatched the produce of the districts around Lisieux, Pont l'Évêque, Cormeilles, Pont-Audemer, &c., and of the small towns along the lower part of the Seine; although much of the latter is now sent by the railway to Havre, instead of, as formerly, to Honfleur by the river boats. Honfleur is, however, the centre of a very important trade, and it is quite astonishing to see the immense quantities of poultry, eggs, butter, and fruit which arrive there for shipment.

When you ask where the poultry and eggs come from, you will be told that they are bought by dealers in the markets of the neighbourhood—and even in those at a considerable distance—and shipped by men who make this matter their special business; and you will also hear that the high prices obtained in England make the trade extremely lucrative.

It is evident therefore that three profits at least must be realised, besides the payment of freight and carriage, before these articles appear upon our tables; and it is perfectly certain that we should not receive any of them unless our payments were such as amply to compensate every person engaged in the transaction, Norman shrewdness being most unlikely to spend its labour for nought. It therefore surely concerns us to discover by what means this industry is made so remunerative, and whether there is any valid reason against our carrying it on with equal success. Some say that it is because France is such a grain-producing country that she rears so many fowls. This is a question that has to be set at rest, for if grain-growing and poultry rearing are necessarily connected, the British Islands may at once resign all attempts at competition with their Continental neighbours.

To decide this matter for myself I undertook a kind of Norman *Voyage en zig-zag*, not following the beaten tracks, but plunging into out-of-the-way regions, taking good care to "interview" the people as much as

possible, so as to learn from all and sundry everything I could get at that bore upon the poultry question; and the more I saw the more I became convinced that the great bulk of the poultry which is imported from Normandy comes, not from the great arable lands of the Vexin and other grain-producing districts, but from the pastoral valleys, and is reared, not upon the large farms, but in the snug homesteads—by the small cultivators, in short, who produce fowls in small numbers but in constant succession. As a matter of course, however, poultry is reared everywhere; the large farm will have its hundreds, and the smaller one its fifties; but the farmer's wife, who has a large household to provide for, consumes her own produce, and rarely sells. She keeps poultry as a convenience and as a main point of economy, but as a general rule does not rear for the market. On the contrary, she very often buys young chickens to increase her stock from those who make hatching their business. Now and then, however, the mistress of a large farm will devote herself very much to poultry-keeping, and find the doing so extremely profitable; but in that case she usually prefers selling eggs to fattening fowls, only carrying on the latter business to the extent of utilising whatever food would otherwise go to waste.

On such a farm as this you may see, if you can get them called together, something like four or five hundred hens, and in the spring time perhaps half that number of ducks and geese; while later there will probably be a goodly number of turkeys, occasionally the handsome white ones, destined, poor birds, to be plucked alive like the geese, for the value of their feathers.

In one's thirst for knowledge, however, it is well to abstain from direct questions, for the wily Norman always suspects his interlocutor of an ulterior design, and can rarely be induced to give a straightforward answer. To suppose that he would tell you truly what he sold his horse or cow for at the last fair, or the exact price he gave for

his pigs, would be the wildest absurdity. If it imports you to ascertain such a fact, you must either weigh one thing against another and draw your own conclusions, or learn the truth elsewhere.

To do the Normans justice, however, you almost always meet with the greatest civility; even if a stranger, you will be shown all over the farm as soon as you have expressed a wish to see it; and making allowance for a little boasting or a little depreciation, according to the idea your host may have formed of your object, you will be able to gain a very fair idea of how things stand; and it is always interesting to compare French ways of doing things with our own.

How like England in many respects is Normandy! How familiar are its trees and flowers! But for the far-stretching arable tracts, divided only by lines of apples and pears, the quaintly primitive carts and implements of husbandry which still remain in many places, the blouses of the men, the headgear of the women, and a felicitous absence of anything like squalor or misery, we might easily fancy ourselves at home, especially when driving for miles between the tall hedgerows of a veritable Devonshire lane, with teeming orchards on this side and that, and sleek cattle contentedly browsing or taking their noontide repose—the illusion being, perhaps, still further carried out by the persistent downpour of rain. But with these external features the likeness ceases; or, at least, to find it in manners and customs, we must step backwards for nearly a century, to a time when housewifery was not an extinct virtue in England, and homely customs still prevailed amongst us.

In Normandy you find almost in its pristine vigour that ancient institution, the district fair, and market day wakes into a perfect Babel the sleepest of little towns. From the market you gain an excellent idea of the productions of the canton, and may form a pretty fair estimate of the extent of its resources, the quality of its cereals, its dairy produce, and its live stock, and may even gather much

of the character and peculiarities of the people, whose customs often differ materially even from those of their not very remote neighbours. But to see a market properly, it is necessary to arrive overnight at your destination, and, waiving all idea of sleep, to secure a room overlooking the *Grande Place*.

From an early hour in the evening, and all through the night, arrive the buyers and sellers in a continuous stream, so that by early dawn the little town is filled to overflowing. Open carts, tilted waggons, long vehicles of mysterious build, drawn by huge Norman horses, deposit merchandise of every description, and at the first streak of daylight business opens, it may be, with the sale of calves, to be followed consecutively by that of poultry, pigs, grain, hay, cattle, butter, and vegetables; and these various markets are held not merely in the *Halles* and in the two or three principal squares, but in every street and alley, while later in the day the aspect is that of a regular fair. Booths of all kinds in increasing numbers spring up like mushrooms, a red umbrella of Brobdingnag proportions doing duty for a tent; and serious business being over, one sees the places lately consecrated to bales of merchandise overspread with toys and *chiffons* of all sorts, even to smart bonnets and caps of latest provincial fashion. Some productions will naturally be always found, while the absence or presence of others will be determined by the prevailing culture of the district, fruit and vegetables, for instance, being splendid in some places, whilst in others they scarcely approach mediocrity. Pears are often immense, and so are cabbages, while it is not at all uncommon to see *radis gris*, which the peasantry eat so largely, weighing from two to three pounds each.

It is, however, the poultry market which specially claims our interest, and here, according to the time of year, ducks, turkeys, geese, and fowls, either fattened or ready for the process, will be found, generally in quite surprising numbers, but, except in special dis-

tricts, no particular breed is usually affected. There are parts of Normandy in which only black fowls find favour, but as a general rule any good large cross-bred birds will sell, and they usually go off with extraordinary rapidity, those of special breeders being bought up as soon as they appear on the ground, and almost indeed before the women have had time to open their baskets. At St. Pierre sur Dives and other great poultry centres, there are particular fairs at which chickens not twenty-four hours old are sold in thousands to those who make it their business to rear them; while in autumn young turkeys are bought up in great numbers by the large farmers, and turned out upon the stubbles to carry on the preliminary fattening processes with great economy and little trouble to their owners. In the neighbourhood of *Formeries*, for instance, droves of three hundred turkeys may be seen feeding together in this way in charge of a child. At Gournay it is the custom to eat duck on the feast of St. Clare, which happens in the month of June, just when these birds are most plentiful and exactly ready for consumption. The duck fair at that time is a sight to behold. A duck should be killed as soon as its wings have crossed; if properly fattened it will then be in perfection, and from that moment, no matter how much you may feed it, it will only deteriorate.

French ducks are therefore fattened up quickly and killed early, which is the great secret of economy in this branch of poultry farming. When reared for the Paris market the earlier they can be brought to perfection the better. In February 1880, Duclair ducks fetched fourteen francs each in their own market, to be sold at nineteen in Paris, and at anything like this rate the industry must be excessively remunerative. No wonder, therefore, that not merely along the banks of the Seine, but almost all over Normandy, especially in the well-watered valleys, every peasant or small farmer rears ducks.

Around Duclair, and even in remote districts, the velvet-clad, white-breasted beauties which have won so many laurels in their own country, and have now come over bravely to compete with our Aylesburys and Pekins, are the prime favourites, though many contend that black ducks put on flesh much more rapidly than any other kind. But in other parts of Normandy we often find in preference a handsome cross-bred bird, which has all the brilliant plumage of the Mallard, with a considerable admixture of white feathers, and grows rapidly to a great size. The breed to be adopted depends, however, very much upon locality. Near the *embouchure* of the Seine, just above the spot where it is joined by the river Rille, there exists a semicircular marshy plain of considerable extent, backed by wooded hills and called the *Marais Vernier*. The part nearest the hills has been reclaimed and let out in market gardens and fields which are remarkable for the growth of excellent seed wheat, but much of the remaining part is peat bog and swamp, the lake in the centre being greatly frequented by wild duck. The people near the *Marais* therefore breed immense quantities of small brown ducks, much esteemed in the market, sometimes giving the eggs of the wild birds to tame ones to hatch, and having also a number of cross-breeds, which are turned out every day to provide for themselves in the *Marais*, but recalled and fed at night lest they should happen to take a fancy to go off with their wild companions. Some people have flocks of four and five hundred—for duck keeping in the *Marais* is a lucrative business, although a tax is collected for fowls as well as animals sent there to graze, as is done in all places where there is a *pâturage commune*. Five francs a year is the ordinary rate for a cow and the same sum is paid for a gander, three geese, and their progeny, be they few or many. The cows, must be driven to pasture, but geese will go and return by themselves, even when the distance is as much as

seven miles, and when they come back to the village they know their own dwelling perfectly.

Gradual changes, consequent upon increased railway facilities, seem to be taking place in Norman farming. For example, Gournay, which thirty years ago was surrounded by arable land, is now the centre of a vast pastoral tract, where butter, second only to that of Isigny, is produced in immense quantities, as are also cheeses, which are renowned far and wide. The best qualities are sent to Paris, and all the rest, beyond what is required for home consumption, exported to England and elsewhere. Great *laiteries* have also sprung up which send milk to the capital, and whereas butter and cheese-making used to be a principal business on every Norman farm, it is now very frequently found wanting, as it proves to be better economy selling the milk or cream. The business done depends of course greatly upon the situation of the farm. In the great plateau of the Vexin and other elevated districts you see nothing but tillage for miles and miles, root crops and grain crops succeeding each other in constant succession, just as in other districts you will scarcely see so much as a field of corn. It is, however, principally in these latter districts that poultry-keeping is carried on by small cultivators, but around Lisieux and St. Pierre and in some other parts it is quite a separate trade.

As layers, small breeds of fowls are very much preferred to the larger ones, both as cheaper to feed and as laying larger eggs. In many districts square-built black hens preponderate, while in others cuckoos have a well-deserved repute. Houdans of course have their partisans, and Crèveceurs are unrivalled in their own part of the country, while many people will have none but the very pretty, well-shaped, lively, and bright-looking Poule de Gournay, a black-and-white bird something like the Hamburg, with a comb resembling that of the Minorca, which seldom asks to sit, and lays a great number of

large white eggs. One farmer's wife said she kept about 400 hens of this kind, and usually sold 12,000 eggs in the year, after supplying the wants of her large household and rearing about 400 chickens; and she might probably have doubled the number had she been able to give more attention to the matter.

Artificial incubation is gradually making its way in Normandy, the Voitelier incubator being found to be a real success by all who use it intelligently. I conversed with several people who practised artificial hatching, and their testimony was all in its favour. One *fermière* had had her incubator in use for three years, and found no difficulty with it since she had taken to keeping it in a room where she could often look at the thermometer. She added that she was able to rear a much larger percentage of chickens from a given number of eggs than she could do with either hens or turkeys. I am bound, however, to say that I found incubators only among quite the superior class of farmers, and even then only here and there; it will probably be some time before the thrifty Norman peasant will be found to expend his earnings upon one; nor do I believe that artificial incubation has yet arrived at that perfection which would commend it to that class of persons whose wives and daughters have leisure to devote to their little poultry-yards, and by whose ceaseless care and attention so much profit is made.

The conclusion at which I have arrived is, in the main, that which I propounded last year, that there is nothing to prevent our succeeding as well as our French neighbours, in keeping poultry, provided we will use the same means that they do, namely, thriftiness, carefulness, and adaptation to our surroundings. But if we want to diminish our imports by increasing the home supply, we must contrive that poultry-keeping shall become general, and be the industry of the many, instead of the pastime or the speculation of the few.

J. CHESNEY.

In Memoriam

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE POMEROY-COLLEY.

February 27, 1881.

GENTLE and brave, well skilled in that dread lore
Which mightiest nations dare not to unlearn;
Fair lot for thee had leapt from Fortune's urn,
Just guerdon of long toil; and more and more
We deemed was for her favourite in store;
Nor failed prophetic fancy to descry
Wreaths of high praise, and crowns of victory,
Which in our thought thy brows already wore.

But He who portions out our good and ill,
Willed an austerer glory should be thine,
And nearer to the Cross than to the Crown.
Then lay, ye mourners, there your burden down,
And hear calm voices from the inner shrine,
That whisper, Peace, and say, Be still, be still.

R. C. DUBLIN.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOSE who from however great a distance have shared in the long vigil held in that "little house at Chelsea," of which so much has been heard and said in recent days, must have felt it something like a personal relief and solemn satisfaction when the last bonds were loosened, and the old man, so weary and worn with living, was delivered from his earthly troubles. "They will not understand that it's death I want," he said one of the last times I saw him. He said the same thing to all his visitors. As he sat, gaunt and tremulous, in the middle of the quiet, graceful little room, with still a faint perfume about it of his wife and her ways, still so like himself, talking in the cadenced and rhythmic tones of his native dialect, which suited so well the natural form of his diction, with now and then an abrupt outburst of that broken laugh which is so often only another form of weeping, weariness had entered into his soul. Great weakness was no doubt one of its chief causes; but also the loneliness of the heart, the solitude of one whose companion had gone from his side, and who, though surrounded by tender friends and loving service, had no one of the primary relationships left to him, nothing of his very own still remaining out of the wrecks of life. His course was over years ago—nothing left for him to do, no reason for living except the fact that he was left there, and could do no other. It is scarcely too much to say that the whole nation, in which nevertheless there are so many to whom he was but a name, attended him, with uncovered head and unfeigned reverence, to the little churchyard in Annandale where he is gathered to his fathers. No one now living perhaps, apart from the warmer passion of politics, on the ground of

mere literary fame, would call forth so universal a recognition—certainly no one whose voice had been silent and his visible presence departed for so long before the actual ending of his pilgrimage.

It is possible that any disturbance so soon of the religious calm and subduing influence of that last scene would have seemed harsh and unseasonable; but there is more than any mere sentimental objection to the immediate awakening of contending voices over the Master's grave, in the feeling with which we regard the book which has been so hurriedly placed in our hands—the last utterance of the last prophet and sage, what should have been the legacy of ripest wisdom, and calm at least, if not benignant philosophy. That Carlyle was not one who regarded contemporary progress with satisfaction, or had any optimist views about the improvement of the world, we were all well aware. But never had his great spirit stooped to individual contention, to anything that could be called unkindness; and we had no reason to expect that any honest and friendly contemporary on opening this posthumous record should receive a sting. But now the book, so long mysteriously talked of, and to which we have looked as, when it should come, one of the most touching and impressive of utterances, has burst upon the world like a missile, an angry meteor, rather than with the still shining as of a star in the firmament which we had looked for. The effect would scarcely have been more astonishing if, after having laid down that noble and mournful figure to his everlasting rest, he had risen again to pour forth an outburst of angry words upon us. Had we been less near the solemn conclusion, perhaps the shock and surprise would have been less

painful; and it is possible, as some one says, that "a hundred years hence people will read it, with the same interest." But this has little to do with the immediate question, which is that this record of so much of his life reveals to us a far less impressive and dignified personality than that which—in the reverential myths and legends of the gods of which Carlyle in his old age has been so long the subject—his generation has attributed to him. It is hard to contend against the evidence supplied by his own hand, and it will be very difficult to convince the world that we who think differently of him knew better than himself. Nevertheless, there will no doubt be many eager to undertake this forlorn hope, and vindicate the character he has aspersed.

It is scarcely possible that there should not be an outcry of derision at such an idea. Who, the reader will say, could know him so well as himself?—which is unanswerable, yet a fallacy, so far as I can judge. No one has ever set a historical figure so vividly before us, with dauntless acceptance of its difficulties, and bold and strong presentment of an individual, be he the real Cromwell or Frederick or not, yet an actual and living Somebody not unworthy (if not perhaps too worthy) of the name. But in this latest work of all, where he has to deal not with historical figures but with those nearest and most dear to himself, I venture to think, with respect, that Carlyle has failed, not only in the drawing of himself (made in one sad and fevered mood) but also of those in whom he was most deeply interested and ought to have known best. Nothing can prove more curiously the inadequacy of personal impressions and highly-wrought feeling to reach that truth of portraiture which the hand of an unconcerned spectator will sometimes lightly attain. The only figure in this strange and unhappy book which has real life in it, and stands detached all round from the troubled background, is that of the man who was least to the writer of all the

group, most unlike him, the vivacious, clear-headed, successful, and brilliant Jeffrey, a man in respect to whom there was no passionate feeling in his mind, neither love, nor compunction, nor indignant sympathy, nor tender self-identification. The sketch of James Carlyle, which for some time has been talked about in literary circles, with bated breath, and which critics in general, confused and doubtful of their own opinion, have turned to as the one thing exquisite in these reminiscences, is after all not a portrait but a panegyric—a strange outpouring of love and grief, in which the writer seems half to chant his own funeral oration with that of his father, and enters into every particular of character with such a sense of sharing it, and into the valley and shadow of death with such a reflection of solemnity and awe and the mystery of departure upon his own head, that our interest is awakened much more strongly for him, than by any distinct perception we have of his predecessor. It is impossible not to be touched and impressed by this duality of being, this tremulous solemn absorption of self in the shadowy resemblance; but the real man whom we are supposed to be contemplating, shapes very confusedly through those mists. This sketch, too, was made in the immediate shock of loss, while yet the relations of the dead to ourselves are most clear, strengthened rather than diminished by their withdrawal out of our sight. At such a moment it would be strange indeed if the light were clear enough and the hand steady enough to give due firmness to the outline. That good craftsman, that noble peasant looms out of those mists a hero and prophet like those reflections upon the mountains which turn a common figure into that of a giant. A tear is as effectual in this way as all the vapours of the Alps. Looking back through this haze it is no wonder that the gifted son with all the reverential recollections of his childhood roused and quickened, should see the figures of his kindred and

ancestors, his father chief of all, like patriarchs in the country which in his consciousness had produced nothing nobler. "They were among the best and truest men (perhaps the very best) in their district and craft," they were men of "evidently rather peculiar endowment." The father was "one of the most interesting men I have ever known," "the pleasantest man I had to speak with in all Scotland," "a man of perhaps the very largest natural endowment of any it has been my lot to converse with."

All this is very touching to read; and it is infinitely interesting and fine to see a man so gifted, whose genius has given him access out of the lowliest to the highest class of his contemporaries, thus turning back with grateful admiration and love to the humble yet noble stock from which he sprang. But with all this it is not a portrait, nor are we much the wiser as to the individual portrayed. "I call him a natural man, singularly free from all manner of affectation," Carlyle proceeds, as if the children and the friends were all met together to render honour to the dead, and could respond out of their own experience with emphatic "Ayes!" with sympathetic shakings of the head, "he was among the best of the true men which Scotland on the old system produced or can produce; a man healthy in body and mind, fearing God and diligently working on God's earth with contented hope and unwearied resolution." It is an eloquent *éloge*, like those which in France are pronounced over the grave in the hearing of friends specially qualified to assent, and to confirm the truth. But at the very highest that can be said of it this is description merely, and James Carlyle never stands before us—let us not say as Cromwell does, but even like Father Andreas in *Sartor Resartus*, who was partly, no doubt, drawn from him, and who with half the pains comes out before us a veritable man.¹

¹ The difference between this descriptive treatment and distinct portraiture could scarcely be better shown than by the following

This is true also I think, with the exception already noted, of all we have in these volumes. There are facts and incidents which no man but he could have reported—some of great interest, some, as was inevitable, of no interest at all—but he whose power of pictorial representation was so great, has not been able to make either his dear friend or dearest wife a living image to our eyes. For this purpose, an imagination not limited by details so well remembered, a mind more free, a heart less deeply engaged was necessary. It is not in nature that we should look upon the figures which walk by our side through life, and share every variety of our existence, as we behold others more distant. Carlyle had neither the cold blood nor the deliberate purpose which would have made such a piece of intellectual vivisection possible. Goethe could do it, but not the enthusiast who fixed his worship upon that heathen demi-god, the being of all others most unlike himself in all the lists of fame. It is hard to understand why Carlyle took Irving in hand at all. It was in the heat and urgency of troubled thoughts, when his wife's death had stirred up all the ancient depths, and carried him back to his youth and all its associations: and many a beautiful stretch of

delightful story recalled to me by a noble lady, an older friend than myself, as told by Mrs. Carlyle of her father-in-law. When they met after her marriage, she offered him a filial kiss, which the old man felt to be too great an honour. "Na, na, Mistress Jean," he said, too respectful of his son's lady-wife to call her bluntly by her Christian name, "I'm no fit to kiss the like of you."—"Hoot, James," his wife cried, distressed by the rudeness, though not without her share in the feeling, "you'll no refuse her, when it's her pleasure."—"Na, na," repeated old Carlyle, softly putting away the pretty young gentilewoman with his hand. He disappeared for some time after this, then returned, clean-shaven and in his best Sunday clothes, blue coat, most likely with metal buttons, and all his rustic bravery, and approached her with a smile. "If you'll give me a kiss now!" he said.

Could there be a more delightful instance of the most chivalrous delicacy of feeling? It is worth a whole volume of panegyric.

that youth, of walks and talks, of poetic wanderings, of dreams and musings which we should have been sorry to lose, is to be found in the long and discursive chapter of recollections which he has inscribed with his friend's name; but of Irving little, not much more than a silhouette of him, dark against the clear background of those spring skies. It may perhaps be supposed that I am scarcely likely to touch upon this subject without bias; but I do not think there was the slightest unwillingness in my mind to receive a new light upon it, nor any anticipation of hostility in the eagerness with which I turned over those pages coming from the hand of a beloved Master, as much nearer to Edward Irving as he was superior to any of us. But here, save by glimpses, and those mostly of the silhouette kind as has been said, is no Irving. There is but a vague comrade of Carlyle's youth, mostly seen on his outer side, little revealing any passion, prophetic or otherwise, in him, a genial stalwart companion, of whom the writer is unwilling to allow even so much as that the light which led him astray was light from heaven. And yet it is with no petty intention of pulling down from its elevation the figure of his friend that this is done, but rather to vindicate him as far as possible from the folly with which he threw himself into what was nothing but wretched imposture and hysterical shrieking and noise to the other. Rather that it should be made out to be mere excitement, the ever quickening tide of a current from which the victim could not escape, than that any possibility of consideration should be awarded to those strange spiritual influences which swayed him. But not to enter into this question, upon which it was natural that there should be no mutual comprehension between the friends, we think the reader will make very little of the man who occupies nominally the greater part of one of these volumes. His open-air aspect, his happy advent when he came on his early

visits to Annandale, giving to Carlyle delightful openings out of his little farmhouse circle, afford a succession of breezy sketches; and we see with pleasure the two young men strolling along "the three miles down that bonny river's bank, no sound but our own voices amid the lullaby of waters and the twittering of birds;" or sitting together among the "peat-hags" of Drumclog Moss "under the silent bright skies." All these are pictures "pretty to see," as Carlyle says. But there is no growing of acquaintance with this big friendly figure, and when we see him in London, always against a background more distinct than himself, though no longer now of "bright silent skies," but of hot interiors full of crowding faces, mostly (alas for the careless record made in an unhappy moment!) represented as of the ignoble sort—it is less and less possible to identify him, or make out, except that he is always true and noble, amid every kind of pettiness and social vulgarity, what manner of man he was. This difficulty is increased by the continual crossing and re-crossing of Carlyle himself over the space nominally consecrated to Irving, sometimes striking him out altogether, and always throwing him back so that even the silhouette fails us. Had he lived a hundred years earlier the historian perhaps would have been no more tolerant of the Tongues or the miracles: but he would have picked out of the manifold ravings of the time, however dreary or unintelligible, such a picture of the heroic and stainless soul deceived, as should have moved us to the depths of our heart: perhaps thrown some new light upon spiritual phenomena ever recurring, whether as a delusion of the devil, or a mortal mistake and blunder; at least have set the prophet before us in a flood of illumination, of reverence, and compunction and tenderness.

But this gift which has made Abbot Sampson one of our dearest friends, stands us in no stead with the man who stood by the writer's elbow, whose breath was on his cheek, who was the

friend and companion of his early years. Strange! and yet so natural, that we have only to interrogate ourselves to understand such a disability. He knew his friend far too well to know him at all in this way. He was not indifferent enough to perceive the tendencies of his being or the workings of his mind. These tendencies moved him, not to calm observation, but to hot opposition and pain, and anxious thought of the results—to the anger and the impatience of affection, not to the tolerance and even creative enjoyment of the poet who finds so noble a subject ready to his hand.

In a very different fashion which is yet the same, the prolonged sketch of his wife, which almost fills one volume, and more or less runs through both, will fail to give to the general reader any idea of a very remarkable woman full of character and genius. This memoir shares the ineffectiveness of the others, and labours under the same disadvantages, with this additional, that his "dearest and beautifullest," his "little darling," his "bonnie little woman," continues always young to him, more or less surrounded with the love-halo of their youth, a light which, after the rude tear and wear of the world which they both went through, it is hard to understand as existing thus unmodified either in his eyes or about her remarkable and most individual person. To many of those who loved her there must be a painful want of harmony between the woman they knew, not old because of her force and endless energy, but worn into the wrinkles and spareness of age, with her swift caustic wit, her relentless insight, and potent humour—and all those gentle epithets of tenderness, and the pretty air of a domestic idol, a wife always enshrined and beautiful which surrounds her in these pages. That such was her aspect to him we learn with thankfulness for her sake; though it is very doubtful how far she realised that it was so; but this was not her outside aspect, and I shrink a little, as if failing of respect to so dear and fine a memory, when I

read out the sentences in which she appears, though with endless tributes of love and praise, as the nimble, sprightly, dauntless, almost girlish figure, which she seems to have always appeared to him. It must be added that a strong compunction runs through the tale, perhaps not stronger than the natural compunction with which we all remember the things we have left unsaid, the thanks unrendered, the tenderness withheld, as soon as the time has come when we can show our tenderness no longer; but which may make many believe, and some say, that Carlyle's thousand expressions of fondness were a remorseful make up for actual neglect. I am not one of those who think so; but it would be natural enough. That he had any intention of neglect, or that his heart ever strayed from her I am very little disposed to believe; but there were circumstances in their life which to him, the man, were very light, but to her were not without their bitterness, little appreciated or understood by him.

Here is one case for instance. "We went pretty often, I think I myself far the oftener, as usual in such cases my loyal little darling taking no manner of offence not to participate in my lionings, but behaving like the royal soul she was, I, dullard egoist, taking no special recognition of such nobleness." She "took no manner of offence," was far too noble and genuine to take offence. Yet with a little humorous twitch at the corner of her eloquent mouth would tell sometimes of the fine people who left her out in their invitations as the great man's insignificant wife, with a keen *mot* which told of individual feeling not extinguished, though entirely repressible and under her command. And Carlyle did what most men—what almost every human creature does when attended by such a ministry in life as hers; accepted the service and sacrifice of all her faculties which she made to him, with, at the bottom, a real understanding and appreciation no doubt, but, on the surface, a calm

ease of acquiescence as if it had been the most natural thing in the world. She for her part—let us not be misunderstood in saying so—contemplated him, her great companion in life, with a certain humorous curiosity not untinged with affectionate contempt and wonder that a creature so big should be at the same time so little, such a giant and commanding genius with all the same so many babyish weaknesses for which she liked him all the better ! Women very often, more often than not, do regard their heroes so—admiration and the confidence of knowledge superior to that of any one else of their power and bright qualities, permitting this tender contempt for those vagaries of the wise and follies of the strong. To see what he will do next, the big blundering male creature, unconscious entirely of that fine scrutiny, *malin* but tender, which sees through and through him, is a constant suppressed interest which gives piquancy to life, and this Carlyle's wife took her full enjoyment of. He was never in the least conscious of it. I believe few of its subjects are. Thus she would speak of *The Valley of the Shadow of Frederick* in her letters, and of how the results of a bad day's work would become apparent in the shape of a gloomy apparition, brow lowering, mouth shut tight, cramming down upon the fire, not a word said—at least till after this burnt-offering, the blurred sheets of unsuccessful work. Never a little incident she told but the listener could see it, so graphic, so wonderful was her gift of narrative. It did not matter what was the subject, whether that gaunt figure in the grey coat, stalking silently in, to consume on her fire the day's work which displeased him, or the cocks and hens which a magnanimous neighbour sacrificed to the rest of the Sage ; whether it was the wonderful story of a maid-of-all-work, most accomplished of waiting-maidens, which kept the hearer breathless, or the turning outside in of a famed philosopher. Scherazade was nothing to this brilliant story-teller ; for the Sultana required the aid of wonderful inci-

dent and romantic adventure, whereas this modern gentlewoman needed nothing but life, of which she was so profound and unpretending a student. I have never known a gift like hers, except far off in the person of another Scotch gentlewoman, unknown to fame, of whom I have been used to say that I remembered the incidents of her youth far more vividly than my own.

The story of the cocks and hens above referred to is a very good illustration both of the narrator and her gift, though I cannot pretend to give it the high dramatic completeness, the lively comic force of the original. There is another incident of a similar character mentioned in these *Reminiscences*, when the heroic remedy of renting the house next door in order to get rid of the fowls was seriously thought of. But in the case which she used to tell, there were serious complications. The owners of the poultry were women,—alas, not of a kind to be recognised as neighbours. How it came about that members of this unfortunate class should have domiciled themselves next door to the severe philosopher in the blameless atmosphere of Cheyne Row I cannot tell ; but there they were, in full possession. Nor do I remember how they discovered that Mr. Carlyle's rest, always so precarious, was rendered altogether impossible by the inhabitants of their little fowl-house. When, however, a night or two of torture had driven the household frantic, this intelligence was somehow conveyed to the dwellers next door ; and the most virtuous of neighbours could not have behaved more nobly. That very evening a cab drove up to the door, and, all the inhabitants crowding to the windows to see the exodus—a cackling and frightened procession of fowls was driven, coaxed, and carried into it, and sent away with acclamations. Mrs. Carlyle pondered for some time what to do, but finally decided that it was her duty to call and thank the author of this magnanimous sacrifice. Entirely fearless of remark by nature,

past the age, and never of the temperament to be alarmed by any idea of indecorum, she was also, it must be allowed, a little curious about these extraordinary neighbours. She found a person noted among her kind, a bright and capable creature, as she described her, with sleeves rolled up on her round arms making a pie! almost, one would have said, a voucher of respectability: who accepted her thanks with simplicity, and showed no alarm at the sight of her. It was characteristic that any thought of missionary usefulness, of persuading the cheerful and handsome sinner to abandon her evil life, never seems for a moment to have suggested itself. Was it something of that disgust with the hollowness of the respectable, and indignant sense of the depths that underlie society, and are glossed over by all decorous chroniclers, which appears in everything her husband wrote, that produced this strange impartiality? It would be hard to say; but she was a much closer student of actual life than he, and with a scorn beyond words for impurity,¹ which to her was the most impossible thing in life, had sufficient experience of its existence elsewhere to give her something of a cynical indifference to this more honest turpitude. She went with no intention of judging or criticising, but with a frank gratitude for service done, and (it cannot be denied) a little curiosity, to see how life under such circumstances was made possible. And there must have been perceptions (as the visitor perceived) in the other woman; she showed her gratitude for this human treatment of her by taking herself and her household off instantly into more congenial haunts.

Even this incident, so small as it is,

¹ I have been told a most characteristic anecdote on this point: how returning one evening alone from a friend's house, in her dauntless way, she was accosted, being then a young and pretty woman, by some man in the street. She looked at him with, one can well imagine what immeasurable scorn, uttered the one word "Idiot!" and went upon her way.

will show how little in her characteristic force such a woman is represented by Carlyle's compunctious, tender apostrophes to his "little darling." The newspaper tributes to his "gentle wife," and the "feminine softness" which she shed about him, which abounded at the time of her death, struck me with a sort of scorn and pain as more absurdly conventional and fictitious, in reference to her, than any blind panegyrics I had ever heard—the sort of adjectives which are applied indiscriminately, whether the subject of them is a heroic Alcestris or a mild housewife. It was to the former, rather than the latter, character that Mrs. Carlyle belonged, notwithstanding the careful orderliness of which her husband was so proud—the gracefulness and fitness with which she made her home beautiful, of which he brags with many a tender repetition: and that fine gift of household economy which carried them safe through all their days of struggle. Her endless energy, vivacity, and self-control, her mastery over circumstances, and undaunted acceptance for her own part in life of that mingled office of protector and dependant, which to a woman conscious of so many powers must have been sometimes bitter if sometimes also sweet—it is perhaps beyond the power of words to set fully forth. It is a position less uncommon than people are aware of; and the usual jargon about gentle wives and feminine influences is ludicrously inapplicable in cases where the strongest of qualities and the utmost force of character are called into play. Equally inadequate, but far more touching, are those prolonged maunderings (forgive, oh Master revered and venerable, yet foolish too in your greatness as the rest of us!) of her distracted and desolate husband over his Jeanie, which one loves him the better for having poured forth in sacred grief and solitude, like heaped-up baskets of flowers, never too many or too sweet, over her grave, but which never should have been produced to

the common eye by way of showing other generations and strange circles what this woman was. It will never now in all likelihood be known what she was, unless her letters, which we are promised, and the clearer sight of Mr. Carlyle's biographer accomplish it for us—a hope which would have been almost certainty but for this publication, which makes us tremble lest Mr. Froude should have breathed so long the same atmosphere as the great man departed, to whom he has acted the part of the best of sons—as to blunt his power of judgment, and the critical perception, which in such a case is the highest proof of love. Doubtless he felt Carlyle's own utterances too sacred to tamper with. We can only with all our hearts regret the natural but unfortunate superstition.

It has been said that these *Reminiscences* are full of compunction. Here is one of the most distinct examples of the husband's inadvertence—so common, so daily recurring—an inadvertence of which we are all guilty, but such as has been seldom recorded with such fulness of after-comprehension and remorseful sorrow:—

"Her courage, patience, silent heroism meanwhile must often have been immense. Within the last two years or so she has told me about my talk to her of the Battle of Mollwitz on those occasions [i.e. the half-hour he spent with her on returning from his walk] while that was on the anvil. She was lying on the sofa weak—but I knew little how weak—and patient, kind, quiet, and good as ever. After tugging and wriggling through what inextricable labyrinth and slough of despond I still remember, it appears I had at last conquered Mollwitz, saw it all clear ahead and round me, and took to telling her about it, in my poor bit of joy, night after night. I recollect she answered little, though kindly always. Privately at that time she felt convinced she was dying; dark winter, and such the weight of misery and utter decay of strength, and, night after night, my

theme to her, Mollwitz! This she owned to me within the last year or two, which how could I listen to without shame and abasement? Never in my pretended superior kind of life have I done for love of any creature so supreme a kind of thing. It touches me at this moment with penitence and humiliation, yet with a kind of soft religious blessedness too."

This and a hundred other endurance of a similar kind had been her daily use and wont for years, while she too toiled through the "valley of the shadow of Frederick," her mind never free of some pre-occupation on his account, some expedient to soften to him those thorns of fate with which all creation was bristling. She showed me one day a skilful arrangement of curtains, made on some long-studied scientific principle by which "at last" she had succeeded in shutting out the noises, yet letting in the air. Thus she stood between him and the world, between him and all the nameless frets and inconveniences of life, and handed on to us the record of her endurance, with a humorous turn of each incident as if these were the amusements of her life. There was always a comic possibility in them in her hands.

While we are about it we must quote one short description more, one of those details which only he could have given us, and which makes the tenderest picture of this half-hour of fireside fellowship. Carlyle has been describing his way of working, his long wrestling "thirteen years and more" with the "Friedrich affair," his disgusts and difficulties. After his morning's work and afternoon ride he had an hour's sleep before dinner: "but first always came up for half an hour to the drawing-room and her; where a bright kindly fire was sure to be burning, candles hardly lit, all in trustful chiaroscuro, and a spoonful of brandy in water with a pipe of tobacco (which I had learned to take sitting on the rug with my back to the jamb, and door never so little open, so that all the smoke, if I was careful,

went up the chimney) this was the one bright portion of my black day. Oh those evening half-hours, how beautiful and blessed they were, not awaiting me now on my home coming! She was oftenest reclining on the sofa, wearied enough she, too, with her day's doings and endurings. But her history even of what was bad had such grace and truth, and spontaneous tinkling melody of a naturally cheerful and loving heart that I never anywhere enjoyed the like."

This explains how there used to be sometimes visible reposing in the corner of the fireplace, in that simple, refined, and gracious little drawing-room so free of any vulgar detail, a long white clay *pipe*, of the kind I believe which is called churchwarden. It was always clean and white, and I remember thinking it rather pretty than otherwise with its long curved stem, and bowl unstained by any "colour." There was no profanation in its presence, a thing which could not perhaps be said for the daintiest of cigarettes; and the rugged philosopher upon the hearthrug pouring out his record of labours and troubles, his battles of Mollwitz, his Dryasdust researches—yet making sure "if I was careful" that the smoke should go up the chimney and not disturb the sweetness of her dwelling-place—makes a very delightful picture. He admired the room, and all her little decorations and every sign of the perfect lady she was, with an almost awe of pleasure and pride, in which it was impossible not to feel his profound sense of the difference which his wife, who was a gentlewoman, had made in the surroundings of the farmer's son of Scotsbrig.

My first interview with Mrs. Carlyle was on the subject of Irving, her first tutor, her early lover, and always her devoted admirer and friend. To have been beloved by two such men was no small glory to a woman. She took to me most kindly, something on the score of a half imaginary East Lothianism which she thought she had

detected, and which indeed came from no personal knowledge of mine, but from an inherited memory of things and words familiar there. And I shall not easily forget the stream of delightful talk upon which we were instantly set afloat, she with all the skill and ease and natural unteachable grace of a born minstrel and improvisatore, flowing forth in story after story, till there stood before me as clear as if I saw it, her own delightful childhood in quiet old-fashioned Haddington long ago, and the big grand boyish gigantic figure of her early tutor teaching the fairy creature Latin and logic, and already learning of her something more penetrating than either. There were some points about which she was naturally and gracefully reticent—about her own love, and the preference which gradually swept Irving out of her girlish fancy if he had ever been fully established there, a point on which she left her hearer in doubt. But there was another sentiment gradually developed in the tale which gave the said hearer a gleam of amusement unintended by the narrator, one of those side-lights of self-revelation which even the keenest and clearest intelligence lets slip—which was her perfectly genuine feminine dislike of the woman who replaced her in Irving's life, his wife to whom he had been engaged before he met for the second time with the beautiful girl grown up to womanhood, who had been his baby pupil and adoration, and to whom—with escapades of wild passion for Jane, and wild proposals to fly with her to Greece, if that could be, or anywhere—he yet was willingly or unwillingly faithful. This dislike looked to me nothing more than the very natural and almost universal feminine objection to the woman who has consoled even a rejected lover. The only wonder was that she did not herself, so keen and clear as her sight was, so penetrating and impartial, see the humour of it, as one does so often even while fully indulging a sentiment so natural, yet so whimsically absurd. But the extraordinary sequence of

this, the proof which Carlyle gives of his boundless sympathy with the companion of his life, by taking up and even exaggerating this excusable aversion of hers, is one of the strangest of mental phenomena. But for the marriage to which Irving had been so long pledged, it is probable that the philosopher would never have had that brightest "beautifullest" of companions; and yet he could not forgive the woman who healed the heart which his Jeanie had broken! glorious folly from one point of view, strangest, sharp, painful prejudice on the other.

All that Carlyle says about his friend's marriage and wife is disagreeable, painful, and fundamentally untrue. He goes out of the way even to suggest that her father's family "came to no good" (an utter mistake in fact), and that the excellent man who married Mrs. Irving's sister was "not over well" married, an insinuation as completely and cruelly baseless as ever insinuation was. It is no excuse perhaps to allege a prejudice so whimsical as the ground of imputations so serious, and yet there is a kind of mortal foolishness about it, which, in such a pair, is half ludicrous, half pitiful, and which may make the offended more readily forgive.

Other instances of his curious loyal yet almost prosaic adoption of suggestions, taken evidently from his wife, will readily be noticed by the judicious reader. There is a remark about a lady's dress, which "must have required daily the fastening of sixty or eighty pins," unquestionably a bit of harmless satire upon the exquisite arrangement of the garment in question flashed forth in rapid talk, and meaning little; but fastening somehow with its keen little pin-point in the philosopher's serious memory, to be brought out half a lifetime after, alack! and give its wound. It is most strange and pitiful to see those straws and chips which she dropped unawares thus carefully gathered and preserved in his memory, to be reproduced with a kind of pious foolishness in honour of her who would have

swept them all away, had she been here to guard his good name as she did all her life.

I must say something here about the tone of remark offensive to so many personally, and painful above measure to all who loved or revered Carlyle which is the most astonishing peculiarity of this book. The reader must endeavour to call before himself the circumstances under which all of it, except the sketch of his father, was written. He had lost the beloved companion whom, as we all do, yet perhaps with more remorse and a little more reason than most, he for the first time fully perceived himself never to have done full justice to: he had been left desolate with every circumstance of misery added which it is possible to imagine, for she had died while he was absent, while he was in the midst of one of the few triumphs of his life, surrounded by uncongenial noise of applause which he had schooled himself to take pleasure in, and which he liked too, though he hated it. It was when he found himself thus for the first time in the midst of acclamations which gratified him as signs of appreciation and esteem long withheld, scarcely looked for in this life, but which in every nerve of his tingling frame he shrank from—at that moment of all others, while he bravely endured and enjoyed his climax of fame, that he was struck to the heart by the one blow which life had in reserve for him, the only blow which could strike him to the heart! How strange, how over-appropriate this end to all the remaining possibilities of existence! He was a man in whose mind a morbid tendency to irritation mingled with everything; and there is no state of mind in which we are so easily irritated as in grief. If there is indeed "a far-off interest of tears," which we may gather when pain has been deadened, this is seldom felt at the moment save in the gentlest nature. He was not prostrated as some are. On the contrary, it is evident that he was roused to that feverish energy of

pain which is the result in some natures of a shock which makes the whole being reel. And after the first terrible months at home, kind friends, as tender of him as if they had been his children, would not let him alone to sit forlorn in the middle of her room, as I found him when I saw him first after her death, talking of her, telling little broken anecdotes of her, reaching far back into the forgotten years. They insisted on applying to him the usual remedies which in our day are always suggested when life becomes intolerable. Not to take away that life itself for a time which would be the real assuagement, could it be accomplished, but to take the mourner away into new scenes, to "a thorough change," to beautiful and unfamiliar places, where it is supposed the ghosts of what has been cannot follow him, nor associations wound him. He was taken to Mentone, of all places in the world, to the deadly-liveliness and quiet, the soft air, and invalid surroundings of that shelter of the suffering. When he came back he described it to me one day with that sort of impatient contempt of the place which was natural to a Borderer, as "a shelf" between the hills and the sea. He had no air to breathe, no space to move in. All the width and breadth of his own moorland landscape was involved in the description of that lovely spot, in its stagnant mildness and monotonous beauty. He told me how he had roamed under the greenness of the unnatural trees, "perhaps the saddest," he said with the lingering vowels of his native speech, "of all the sons of Adam." And, at first alone in his desolate house, and then stranded there upon that alien shore where everything was so soft and unlike him in his gaunt and self-devouring misery, he seized upon the familiar pen, the instrument of his power, which he had laid aside after the prolonged effort of *Frederick*, with more or less idea that it was done with, and rest to be his henceforth, and poured forth his troubled agony of soul, his restless quickened life,

the heart which had no longer a natural outlet close at hand.

"Perhaps the saddest of all the sons of Adam!" In this short period, momentary as compared with the time which he took to his other works, fretted by solitude and by the novelty of surroundings which were so uncongenial, he poured forth, scarcely knowing what he did, almost the entire bulk of these two volumes, work which would have taken him three or four times as long to produce had he not been wild with grief, distraught, and full of sombre excitement, seeking in that way a relief to his corroding thoughts. Let any one who is offended by these *Reminiscences* think of this. He never looked at the disturbed and unhappy record of this passion again; "did not know to what I was alluding," when his friend and literary executor spoke to him, two years later, of the Irving sketch. Miserable in body and mind, his nerves all twisted the wrong way, his heart rent and torn, full of sorrow, irritation, remorseful feeling, and all the impotent longings of grief, no doubt the sharpness of those discordant notes, the strokes dealt blindly all about him, were a kind of bitter relief to the restless misery of his soul. This is no excuse; there is no excuse to offer for sharp words, often so petty, always so painful, in many cases entirely unfounded or mistaken; but what can be a more evident proof that they were never meant for the public eye than Mr. Froude's "did not know to what I alluded"? He who would spend an anxious week sometimes (as Mrs. Carlyle often told) to make sure whether a certain incident happened on the 21st or 22nd of a month in the Sixteen or Seventeen Hundreds, it is not credible that he should wittingly dash forth dozens of unverified statements—statements which, if true, it would be impossible to verify, which, if untrue, would give boundless pain—upon the world. And there is nothing of the deliberate post-humous malice of Miss Martineau in the book; there is nothing deliberate

in it at all. It is a long and painful musing, self-recollection, self-relief, which should have been buried with sacred pity, or burned with sacred fire, all that was unkind of it—and the rest read with reverence and tears.

The first sight I had of him after his wife's death was in her drawing-room, where while she lived he was little visible, except in the evening, to chance visitors. The pretty room, a little faded, what we call old-fashioned, in subdued colour which was certainly not "the fashion" at the time it was furnished, with the great picture of little Frederick and his sister Wilhelmine filling up one end, was in deadly good order, without any of her little arrangements of chair or table, and yet was full of her still. He was seated, not in any familiar corner, but with the forlornest unaccustomedness, in the middle of it, as if to show by harsh symbol how entirely all customs were broken for him. He began to talk of her, as of the one subject of which his mind was full, with a sort of subdued, half-bitter brag of satisfaction in the fact that her choice of him, so troublesome a partner, so poor, had been justified before all men, and herself proved right after all in her opinion of him which she had upheld against all objections; from which, curiously enough, his mind passed to the "mythical," as he calls it, to those early legends of childhood which had been told by herself and jotted down by Geraldine Jewsbury, our dear and vivacious friend now, like both of them, departed. He told me thereupon, the story of the "Dancing-School Ball,"—which the reader will find in the second volume—without rhyme or reason; nothing had occurred to lead his mind to a trifle so far away. With that pathetic broken laugh, and the gleam of restless, feverish pain in his eyes, he began to tell me of this childish incident; how she had been carried to the ball in a clothes-basket, "perhaps the loveliest little fairy that was on this earth at the time." The contrast of the old man's

already tottering and feeble frame, his weather-beaten and worn countenance agitated by that restless grief, and the suggestion of this "loveliest little fairy," was as pathetic as can be conceived, especially as I had so clearly in my mind the image of her too—her palest, worn, yet resolute face, her feeble, nervous frame, past sixty, and sorely broken with all the assaults of life. Nothing that he could have said of her last days, no record of sorrow, could have been so heart-rending as that description and the laugh of emotion that accompanied it. His old wife was still so fair to him, even across the straits of death—had returned indeed into everlasting youth, as all the record he has since made of her shows. When there was reference to the circumstances of her death, so tragical and sudden, it was with bitter wrath, yet wondering awe, of such a contemptible reason for so great an event—that he spoke of—"the little vermin of a dogue" which caused the shock that killed her, and which was not even her own, but left in her charge by a friend; terrible littleness and haphazard employed to bring about the greatest individual determinations of Providence—as he himself so often traced them out.

My brief visits to Carlyle after this are almost all marked in my memory by some little word of individual and most characteristic utterance, which may convey very little indeed to those who did not know him, but which those who did will readily recognise. I had been very anxious that he should come to Eton, at first while he was stronger, that he should make some little address to the boys—and later that he might at least be seen by all this world of lively young souls, the men of the future. His wife had encouraged the idea, saying that it was really pleasant to him to receive any proof of human appreciation, to know that he was cared for and thought of; but it was not till several years after her loss that, one bright summer morning, I had the boldness to suggest it. By

this time he seemed to have made a great downward step and changed into his later aspect of extreme weakness, a change for which I had not been prepared. He shook his head, but yet hesitated. Yes, he would like, he said, to see the boys: and if he could have stepped into a boat at the nearest pier and been carried quietly up the river——. But he was not able for the jar of little railway journeys and changes; and then he told me of the weakness that had come over him, the failing of age in all his limbs and faculties, and quoted the psalm (in that version which we Scots are born to)—

“Threescore and ten years do sum up
Our days and years, we see;
And if, by reason of more strength,
In some fourscore they be;
Yet doth the strength of such old men
But grief and labour prove”——

Neither he nor I could remember the next two lines, which are harsh enough, Heaven knows; and then he burst forth suddenly into one of those unsteady laughers. “It is a mother I want,” he said, with mournful humour: the pathetic incongruity amused his fancy: and yet it was so true. The time had come when another should gird him and carry him—often where he would not. Had it but been possible to have a mother to care for that final childhood!

The last time I saw him leaves a pleasant picture on my memory. In the height of summer I had gone a little too late one afternoon, and found him in the carriage just setting out for his usual drive, weary and irritated by the fatigue of the movement down stairs, encumbered with wraps though the sun was blazing; and it was then he had said, “It is death I want—all I want is to die.” Though there was nothing really inappropriate in this utterance, after more than eighty years of labour and sorrow, it is one which can never be heard by mortal ears without a pang and sense of misery. Human nature resents it, as a slight to the life which it prizes above all things. I could not

bear that this should be my last sight of Carlyle, and went back sooner than usual in hopes of carrying away a happier impression.

I found him alone, seated in that room, which to him, as to me, was still her room, and full of suggestions of her—a place in which he was still a superfluous figure, never entirely domiciled and at home. Few people are entirely unacquainted with that characteristic figure, so worn and feeble, yet never losing its marked identity; his shaggy hair falling rather wildly about his forehead, his vigorous grizzly beard, his keen eyes gleaming from below that overhanging ridge of forehead, from under the shaggy caverns of his eyebrows; his deep-toned complexion, almost of an orange-red, like that of an out-door labourer, a man exposed to wind and storm and much “knitting of his brows under the glaring sun;” his gaunt, tall, tottering figure always wrapped in a long, dark grey coat or dressing-gown, the cloth of which, carefully and with difficulty sought out for him, had cost doubly dear both in money and trouble, in that he insisted upon its being entirely genuine cloth, without a suspicion of *shoddy*; his large, bony, tremulous hands, long useless for any exertion—scarcely, with a great effort, capable of carrying a cup to his lips. There he sat, as he had sat for all these years, since *her* departure left him stranded, a helpless man amid the wrecks of life. Ever courteous, full of old-fashioned politeness, he would totter to his feet to greet his visitor, even in that last languor. This time he was not uncheerful. It was inevitable that he should repeat that prevailing sentiment always in his mind about the death for which he was waiting; but he soon turned to a very different subject. In this old house, never before brightened by the sight of children, a baby had been born, a new Thomas Carlyle, the child of his niece and nephew, as near to him as it was possible for any living thing in the third generation to be. He spoke of it with tender

amusement and wonder. It was "a bonnie little manikin," a perfectly good and well-conditioned child, taking life sweetly, and making no more than the inevitable commotion in the tranquil house. There had been fears as to how he would take this innocent intruder, whether its advent might disturb or annoy him; on the contrary, it gave him a half-amused and genial pleasure, tinged with his prevailing sentiment, yet full of natural satisfaction in the continuance of his name and race. This little life coming unconscious across the still scene in which he attended the slow arrival of death, awoke in its most intimate and touching form the self-reference and comparison which was habitual to him. It was curious, he said, very curious! thus to contrast the newcomer with "the parting guest." It was a new view to him, bringing together the exit and the entrance with a force both humorous and solemn. The "bonnie little manikin," one would imagine, pushed him softly, tenderly, with baby hands not much less serviceable than his own, towards the verge. The old man looked on with a half-incredulous, and wondering mixture of pain and pleasure, bursting into one of those convulsions of broken laughter, sudden and strange, which were part of his habitual utterance. Thus I left him, scarcely restrained by his weakness from his old habit of accompanying me to the door. For he was courtly in those little traditions of politeness, and had often conducted me downstairs upon his arm, when I was fain to support him instead of accepting his tremulous guidance.

And that was my last sight of Thomas Carlyle. I had parted with his wife a day or two before her death, at the railway, after a little visit she had paid me, in an agony of apprehension lest something should happen to her on the brief journey, so utterly spent was she, like a dying woman, but always indomitable, suffering no one to accompany or take care of her. Her clear and expressive face, in ivory-

paleness, the hair still dark, untouched by age, upon her capacious forehead, the eloquent mouth, scarcely owning the least curve of a smile at the bright wit and humorous brilliant touches which kept all her hearers amused and delighted, seem still before me. She was full of his Edinburgh Rectorship, of the excitement and pleasure of it, and profound heartfelt yet half-disdainful satisfaction in that, as she thought, late recognition of what he was. To this public proof of the honour in which his country held him, both he and she seemed to attach more importance than it deserved; as if his country had only then learned to prize and honour him. But the reader must not suppose that this gallant woman who had protected and fought for him through all his struggles, showed her intense sympathy and anxiety now in any sentimental way of tenderness. She had arranged everything for him to the minutest detail, charging her deputy with the very spoonful of stimulant that was to be given him the moment before he made his speech—but all the same shot a hundred little jibes at him as she talked, and felt the humour of the great man's dependence upon these little cares, forestalling all less tender laughter by her own. I remember one of these jibes (strange! when so many brighter and better utterances cannot be recalled) during one of the long drives we took together, when she had held me in breathless interest by a variety of sketches of their contemporaries—the immediate chapter being one which might be called the "Loves of the Philosophers"—I interrupted her by a foolish remark that Mr. Carlyle alone, of all his peers, seemed to have trodden the straight way. She turned upon me with swift rejoinder and just an amused quiver of her upper lip. "My dear," she said, "if Mr. Carlyle's digestion had been better there is no telling what he might have done!" Thus she would take one's breath away with a sudden *mot*, a flash of unexpected satire, a keen swift stroke into the very heart of pretence

—which was a thing impossible in her presence. Not love itself could blind her to the characteristic absurdities, the freaks of nature in those about her—but she threw a dazzling shield over them by the very swiftness of her perception and wit of her comment.

There are many senses known to all in which the husband is the wife's protector against the risks of life. It is indeed a commonplace to say so, universally as the truth is acknowledged; but there is a sense also in which the wife is the natural protector of the husband, which has been much less noted. It is she who protects him from the comment, from the too close scrutiny and criticism of the world, drawing a sacred veil between him and the vulgar eye, furnishing an outlet for the complaints and grudges which would lessen his dignity among his fellow men. And perhaps it is the man of genius who wants this protection most of all. Mrs. Carlyle was her husband's screen and shield in these respects. The sharpness of his dyspeptic constitution and irritable temper were sheathed in her determined faculty of making the best of everything. She stood between him and the world, with a steadfast guardianship that never varied. When she was gone the veil was removed, the sacred wall of the house taken down, no private outlet left, and nothing between him and the curious gazer. Hence this revelation of pain and trouble which nobody but she, so fully conscious of his greatness yet so undazzled by it, could have toned and subdued into harmony.

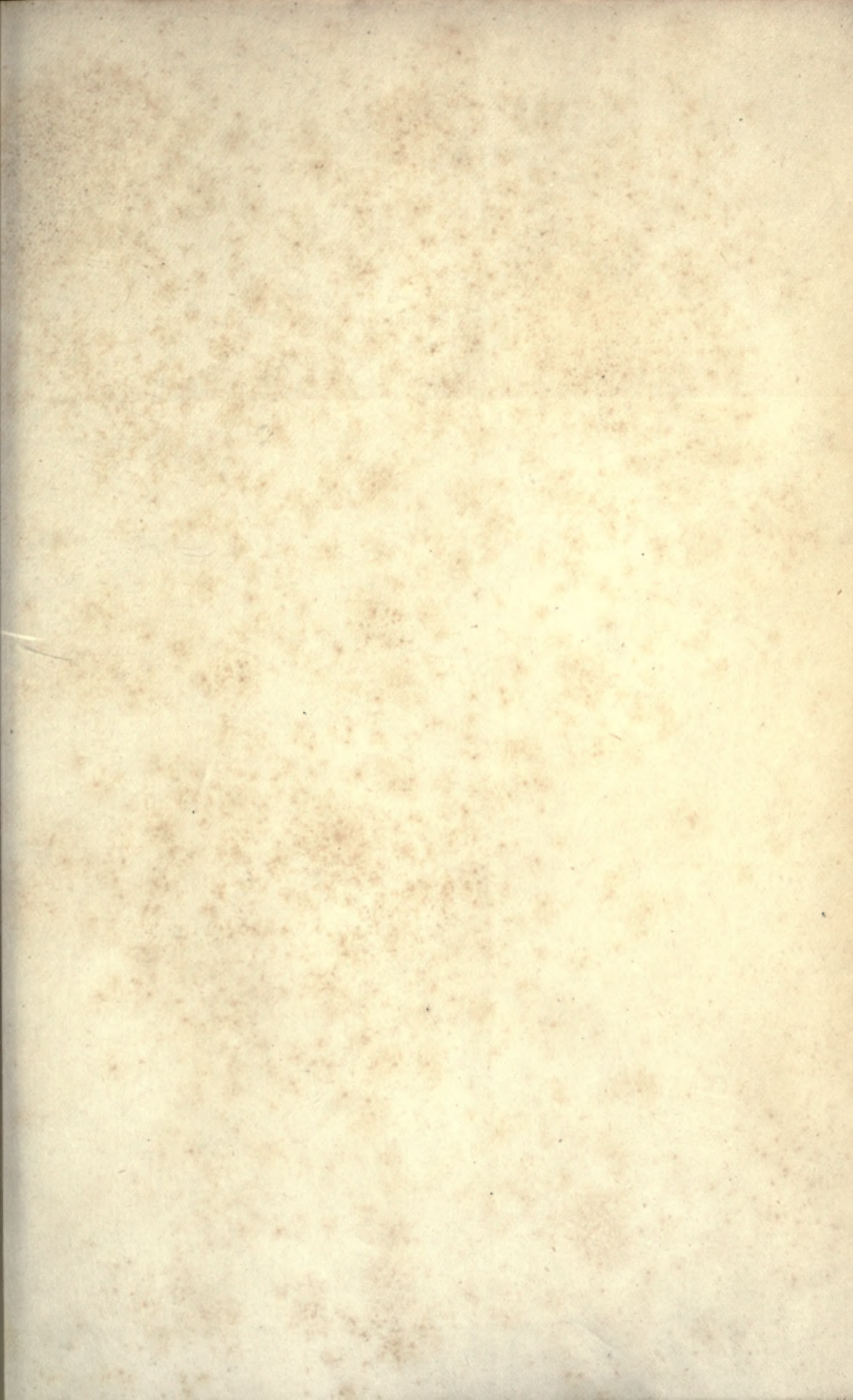
And yet he, with the querulous bitterness and gloom which he has here thrust upon us, in the midst of all the landscapes, under the clearest skies; and she, with her keen wit and eyes which nothing escaped, how open they were to all the charities! One day when she came to see me, I was in great agitation and anxiety with an infant just out of a convulsion fit. By the next post after her return I got a letter from her, suggested, almost dictated, by Mr. Carlyle, to tell

me of a similar attack which had happened to a baby sister of his some half century before, *and which had never recurred*—this being the consolatory point and meaning of the letter. Long after this, in the course of these last, melancholy, and lonely years, I appealed to him about a project I had, not knowing then how feeble he had grown. He set himself instantly to work to give me the aid I wanted, and I have among my treasures a note writ large in blue pencil, the last instrument of writing which he could use, after pen and ink had become impossible, entering warmly into my wishes. These personal circumstances are scarcely matters to obtrude upon the world, and only may be pardoned as the instances most at hand of a kind and generous readiness to help and console.

It would scarcely be suitable to add anything of a more abstract character to such personal particulars. Carlyle's work, what it was, whether it will stand, how much aid there is to be found in it, has been discussed, and will be discussed, by all who are competent and many who are not. A writer whose whole object, pursued with passion and with his whole soul, is to pour contempt upon all falsehood, and enforce that "truth in the inward parts" which is the first of human requisites, how could it be that his work should be inoperative, unhelpful to man? The fashion of it may fail for the moment, a generation more fond of sound than meaning may be offended by the "harsher accents and the mien more grave" than suits their gentle fancy; but so long as that remains the grand foundation of all that is possible for man, how can the most eloquent and strenuous of all its modern evangelists fall out of hearing? He had indeed few doctrines to teach us. What his beliefs were no one can definitely pronounce; they were more perhaps than he thought. And now he has passed to where all knowledge is revealed.







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